

NATIONAL

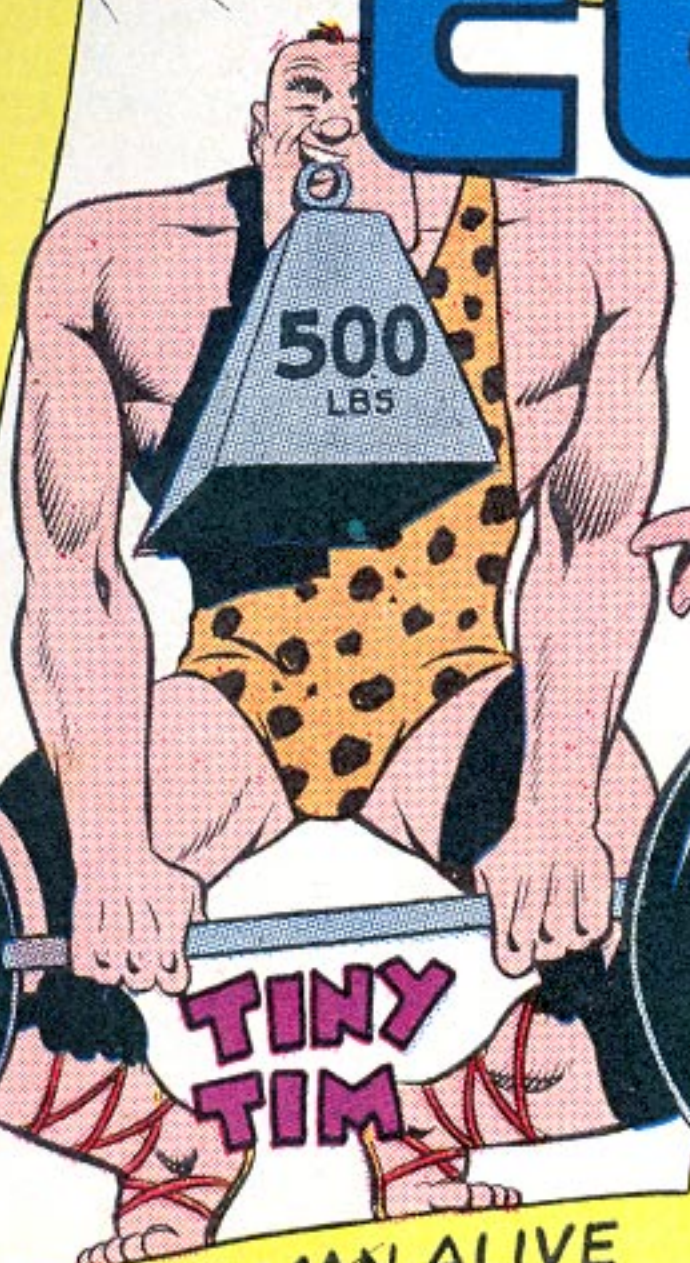
QUALITY
COMIC
BOOK

SM
5

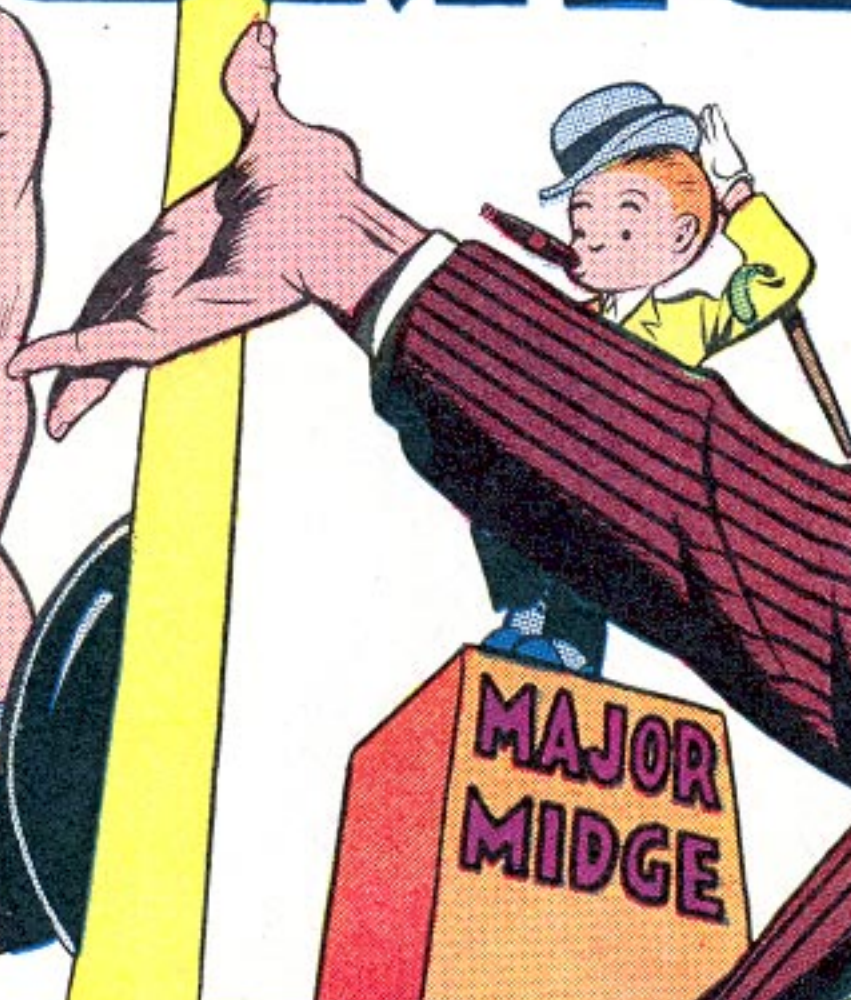
MAY
No. 42

COMICS

10¢



STRONGEST MAN ALIVE



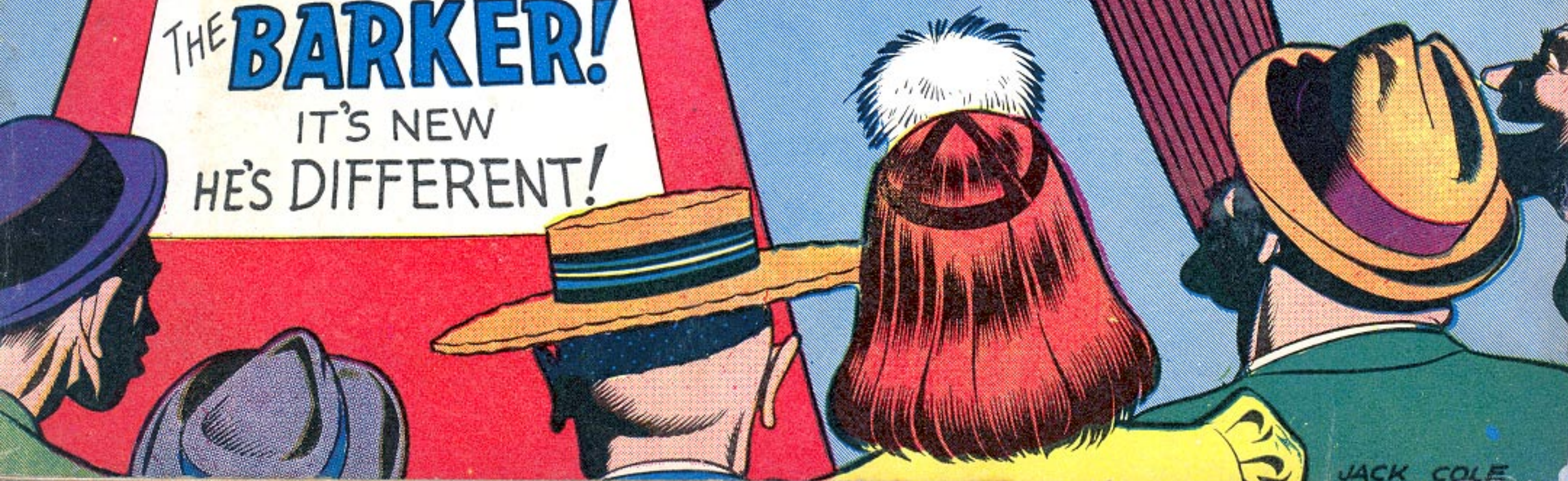
WORLD'S SMALL

LENA



AT LADY

LOOKIE!
LOOKIE!!
LOOKIE!!!
THE **BARKER!**
IT'S NEW
HE'S DIFFERENT!



JACK COLE

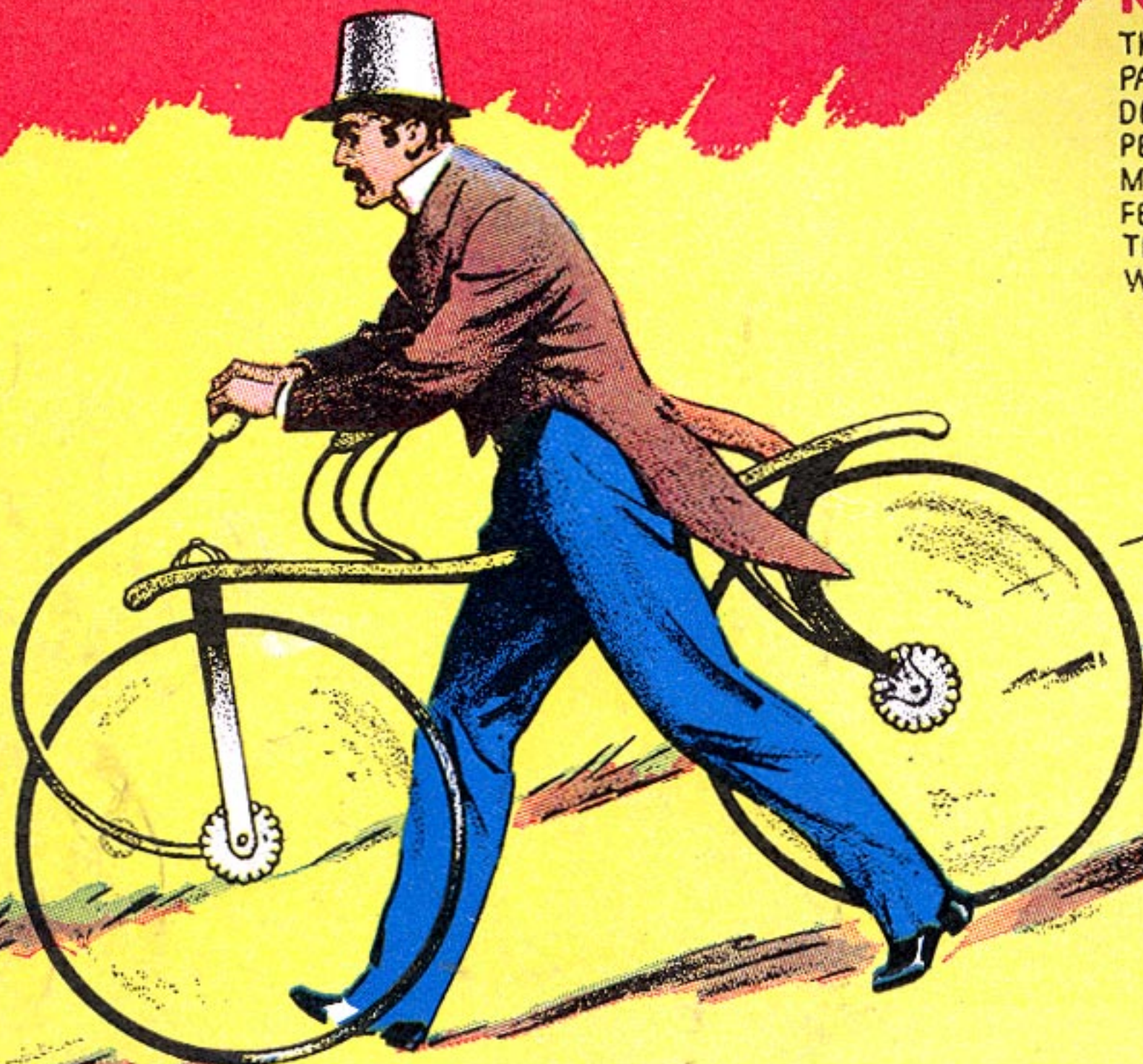


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-LOGY

NO PEDALS

THE FIRST SINGLE-TRACK BICYCLE, PATENTED IN ENGLAND IN 1818 BY DENNIS JOHNSON, DIDN'T HAVE PEDALS. FORWARD MOTION WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY MOVING THE FEET ALONG THE GROUND IN MUCH THE SAME MANNER AS WHEN WALKING —



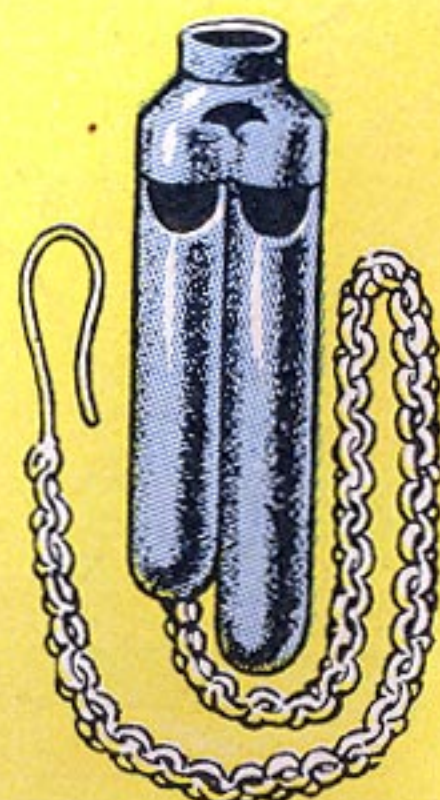
SKY BIKES

FOLDING BICYCLES, USED BY PARATROOPERS, ARE ATTACHED TO PARACHUTES AND DROPPED TO THE GROUND WHERE THEY ARE THEN ASSEMBLED —



THE CALIOPE WHISTLE

ADOPTED BY THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB AROUND 1880. LIKE THE BICYCLE BELLS OF TODAY, THIS WHISTLE WAS USED FOR WARNING PEDESTRIAN AND OTHER TRAFFIC —



THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE-

KNOWN AND TRUSTED SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING, IS THE ONLY AMERICAN MADE BICYCLE BRAKE WITH 31 BALL BEARINGS SERVING AMERICA TODAY ON THE HOMEFRONT, AS WELL AS ON THE FIGHTING FRONTS. IT IS TRULY LIVING UP TO ITS REPUTATION OF A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

NATIONAL COMICS, May, 1944, No. 42. Published monthly except December and June by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1944 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

THE BARKER

HI, LOOKIE-LOOKIE!

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS!
MEET **CARNIE CALAHAN**,
THE BARKER! THE BRAND
NEW COMIC HERO WITH THE
BRAND NEW PERSONALITY!
HE'S FAST-TALKING, QUICK-
THINKING, HARD-HITTING!

AS FULL OF TRICKS AS A
BARREL OF MONKEYS...
AS FULL OF LAUGHS AS A
TENT-FULL OF CLOWNS!!

WATCH **CARNIE** AND
HIS PALS, THE FREAKS AND
WONDERS OF THE SAWDUST
CIRCLE, ROMP AND SCRAP
THEIR WAY THROUGH ONE
HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE
AFTER ANOTHER!!!
TURN THE PAGE NOW AND
READ **THE BARKER!**

PROF. ZELL
SEES THE

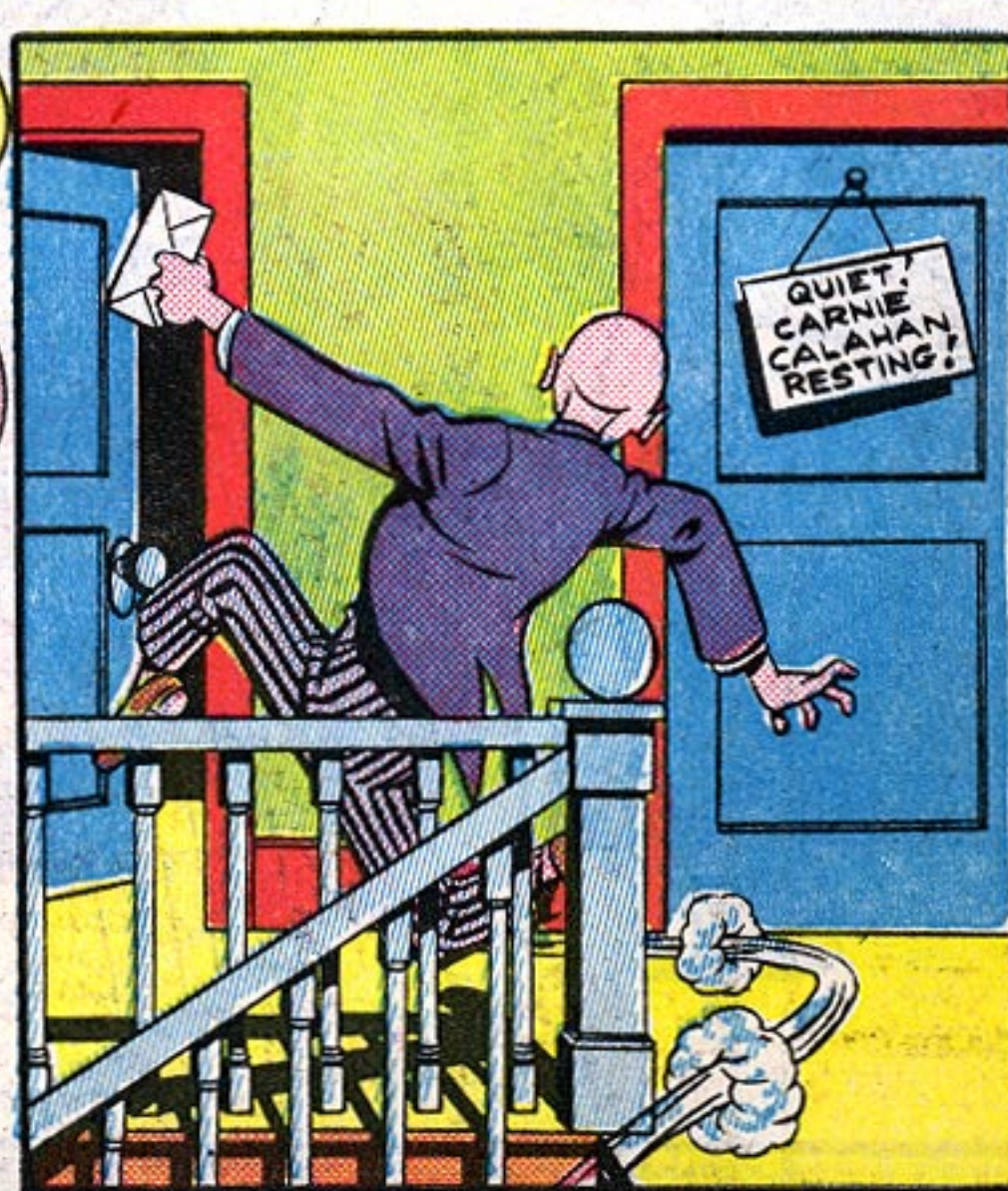
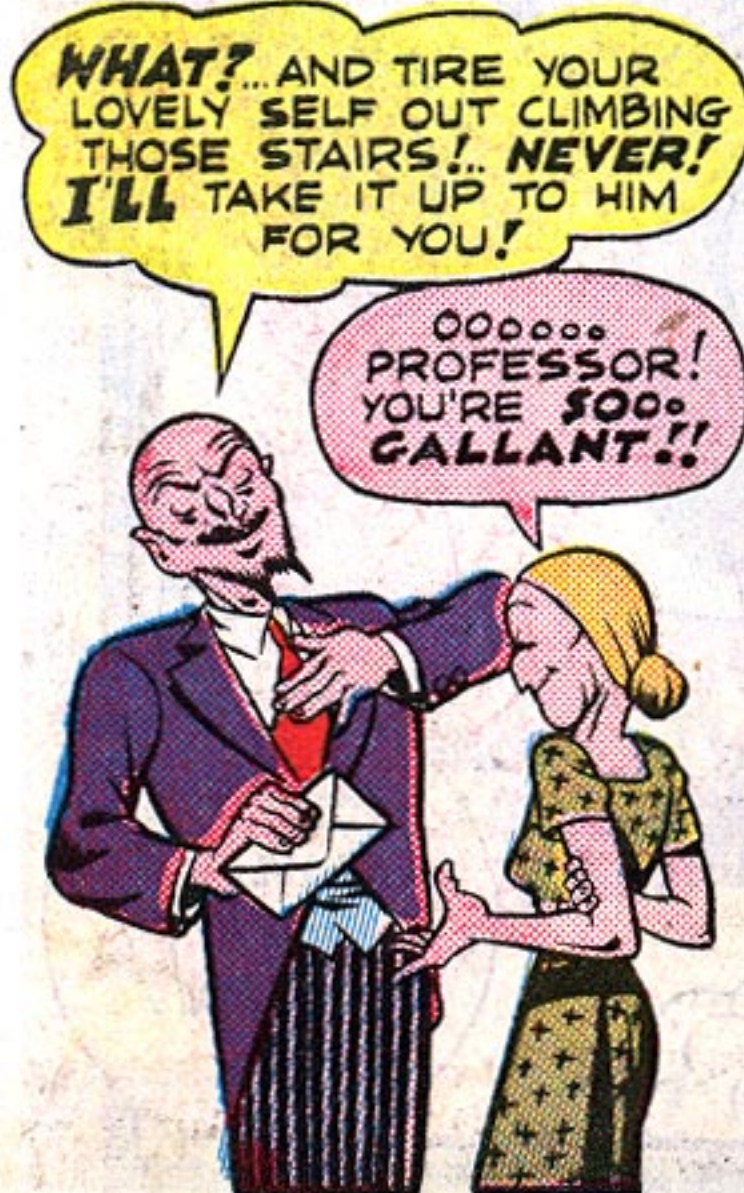
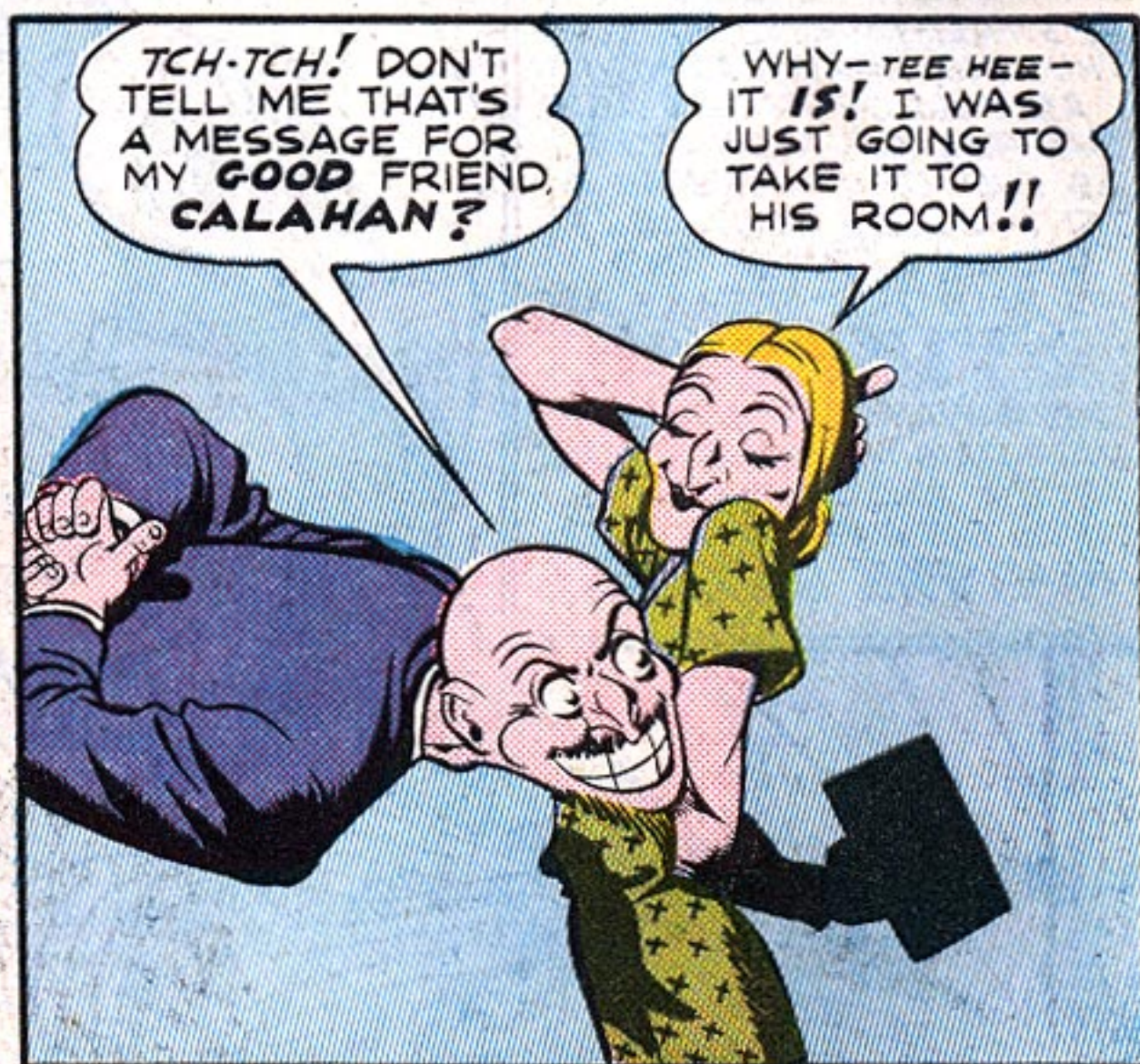
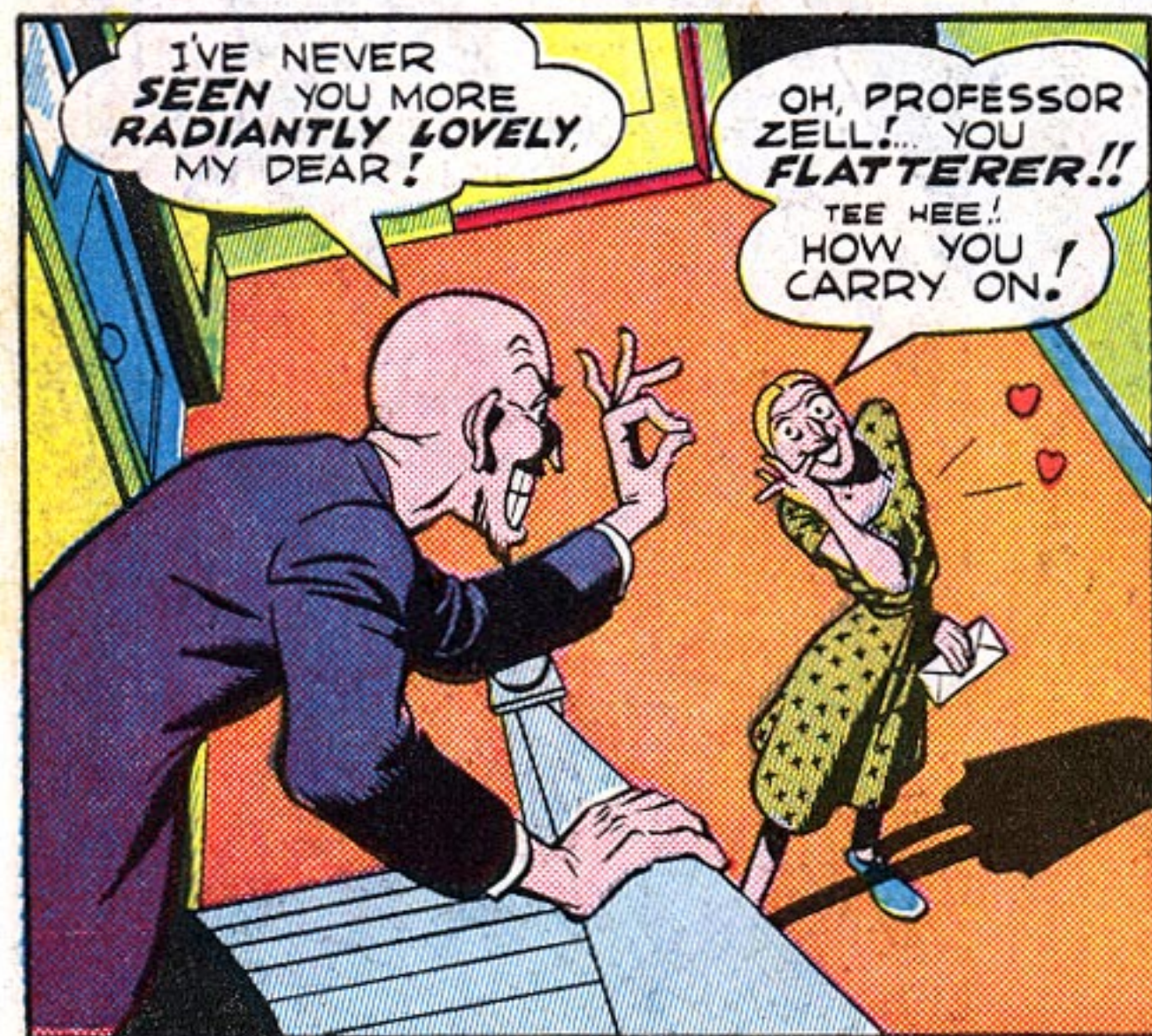
SEER
STARS

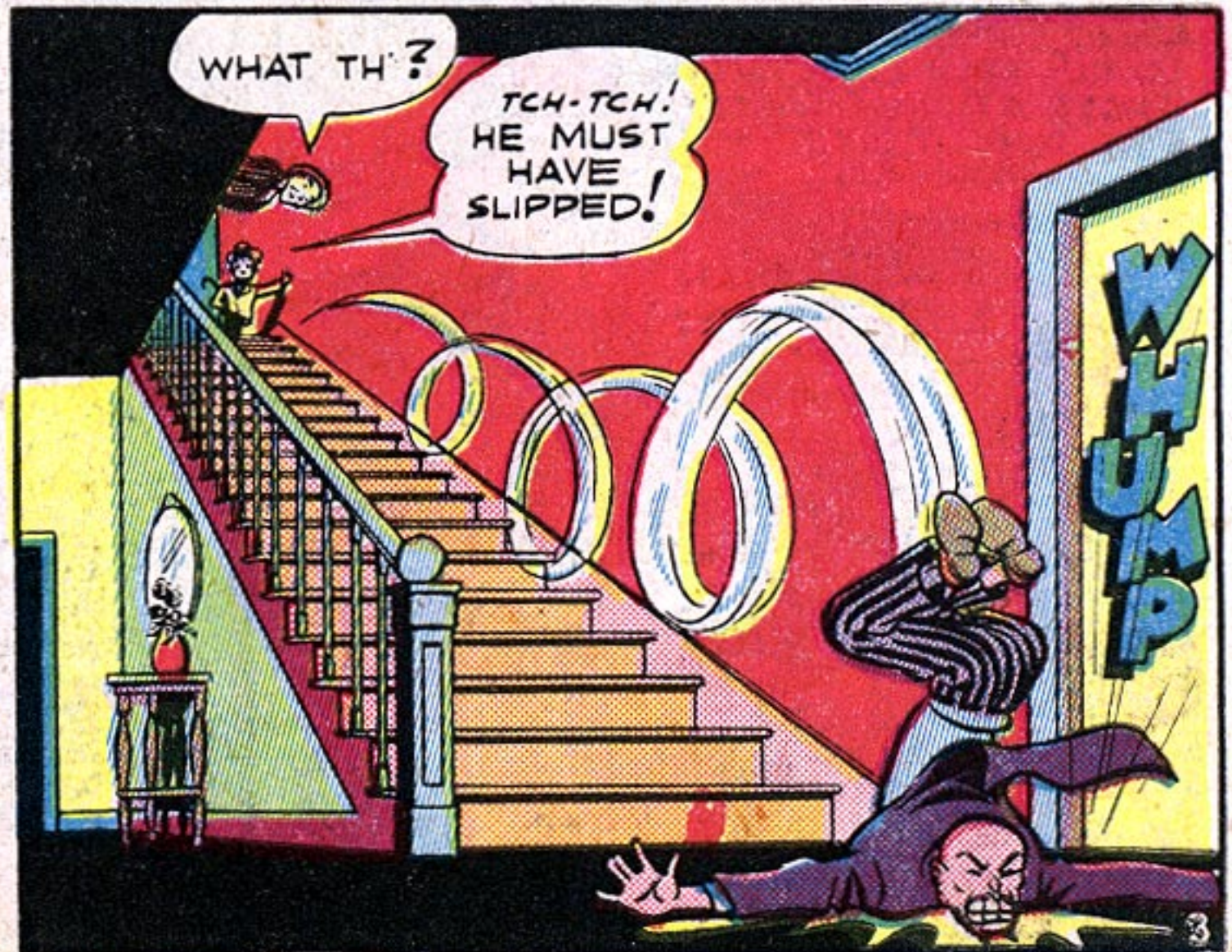
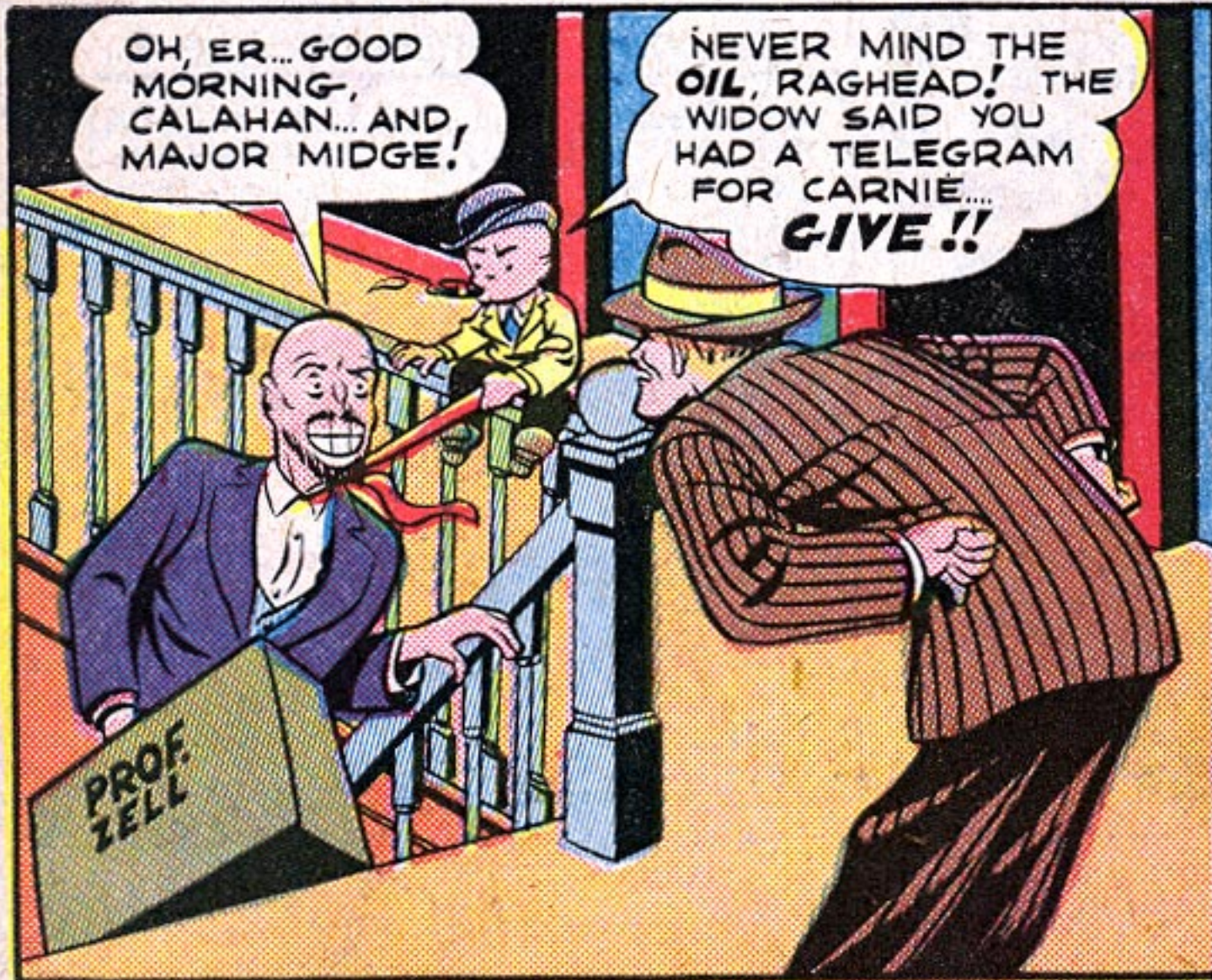
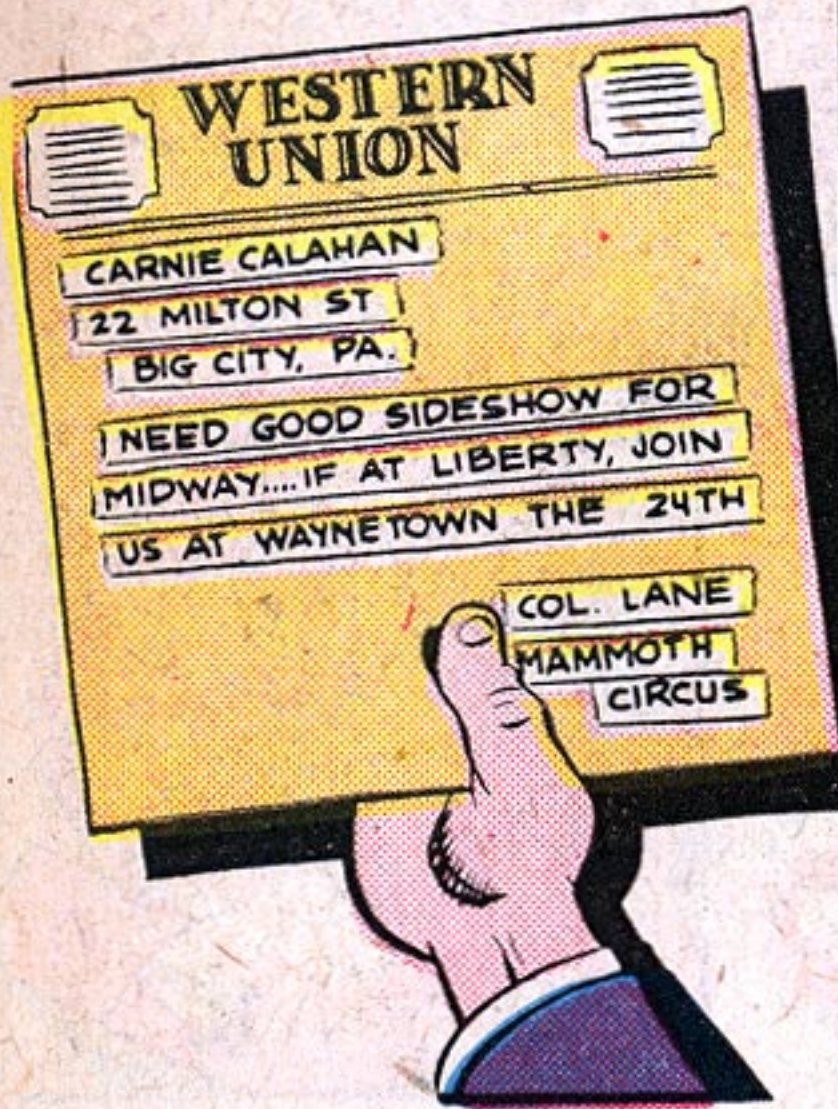
POP!

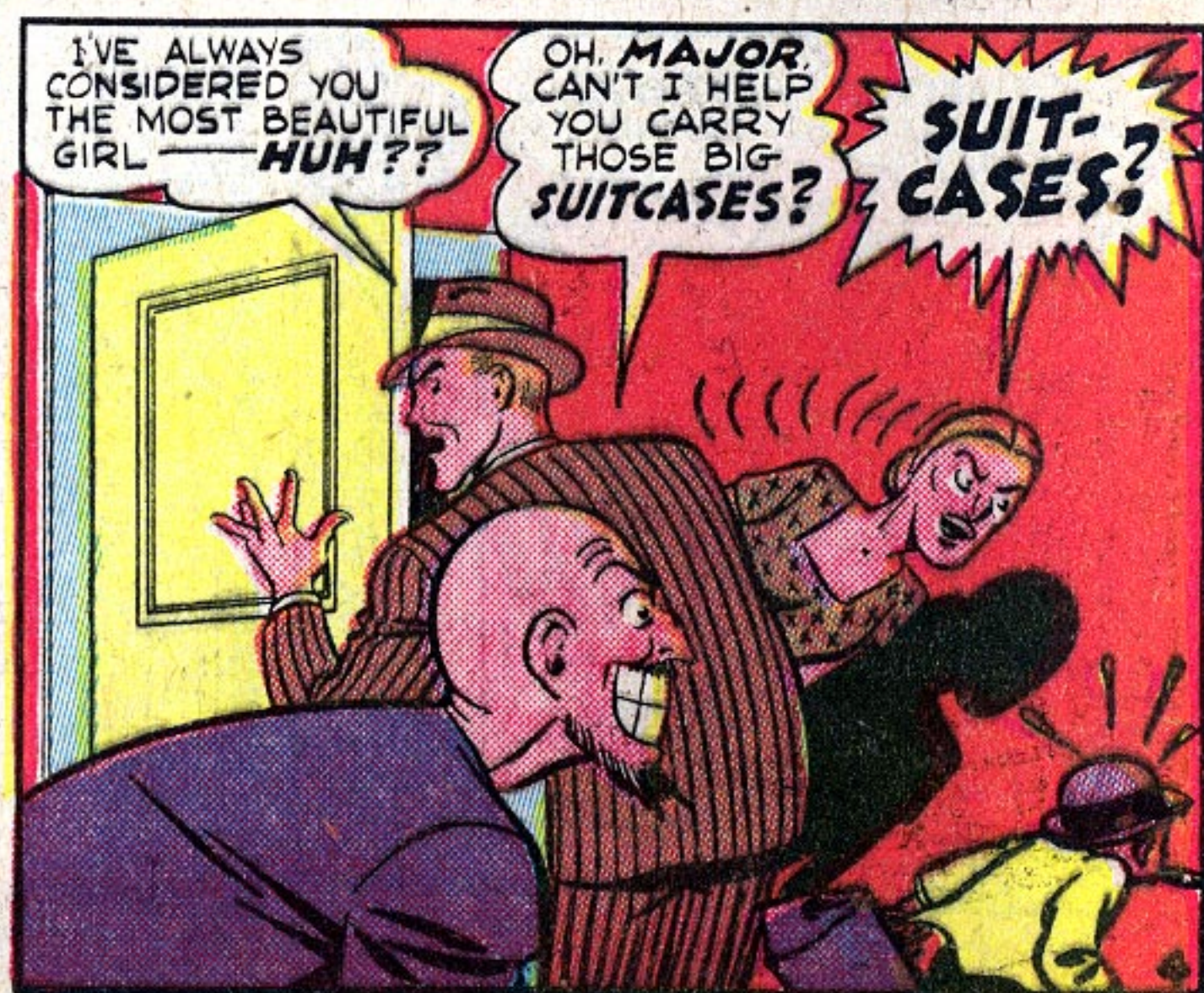
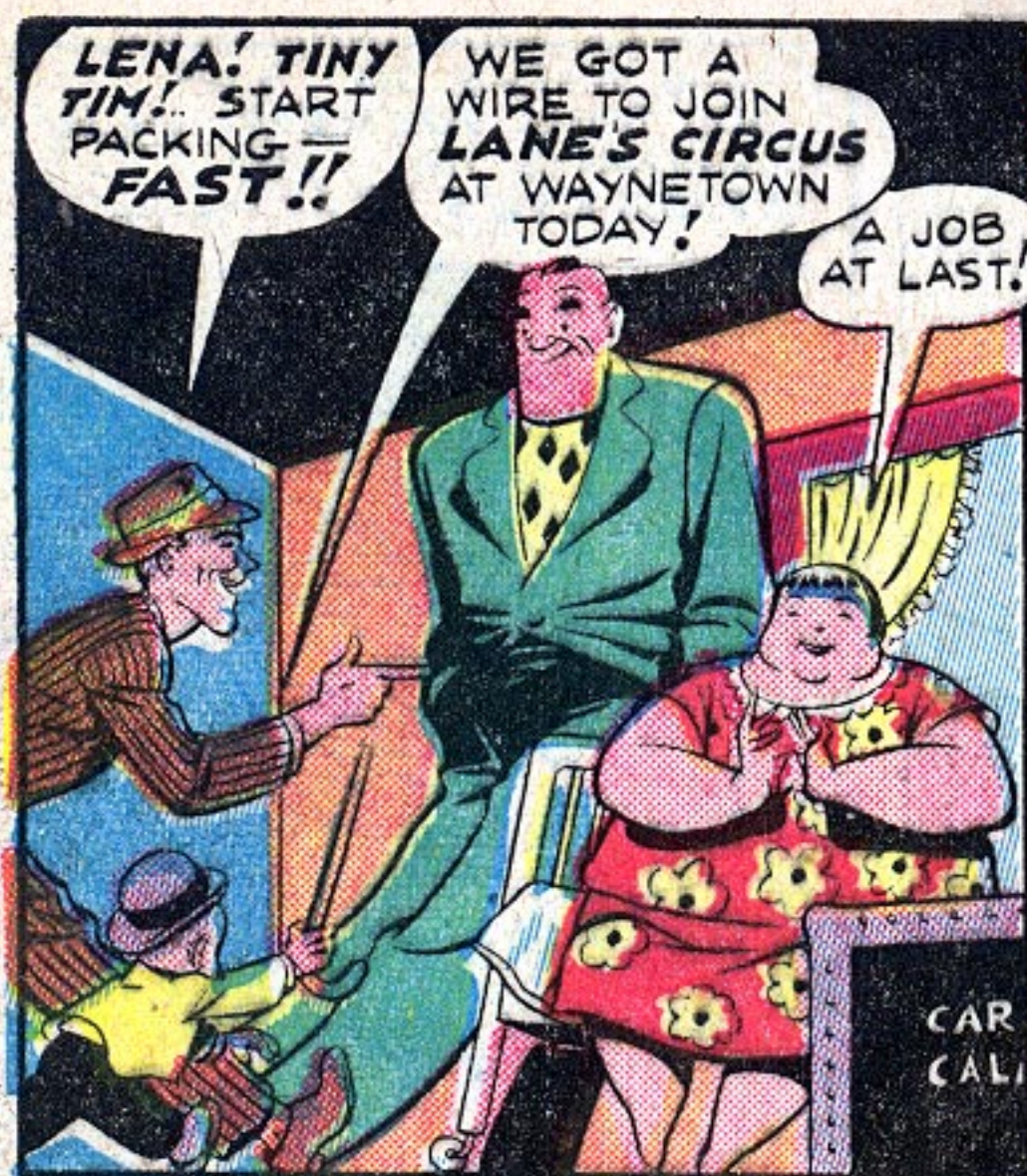
LANE'S
MAMMOTH
CIRCUS

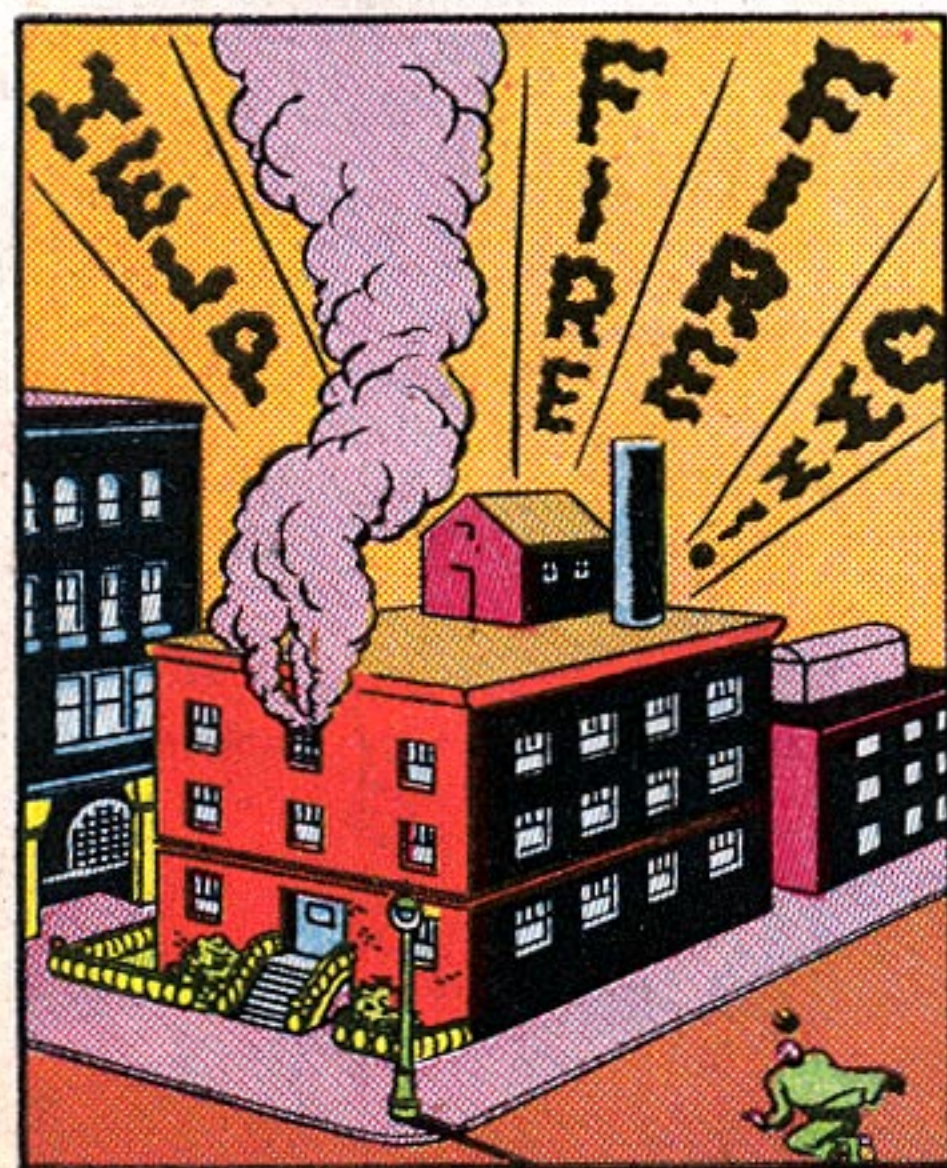
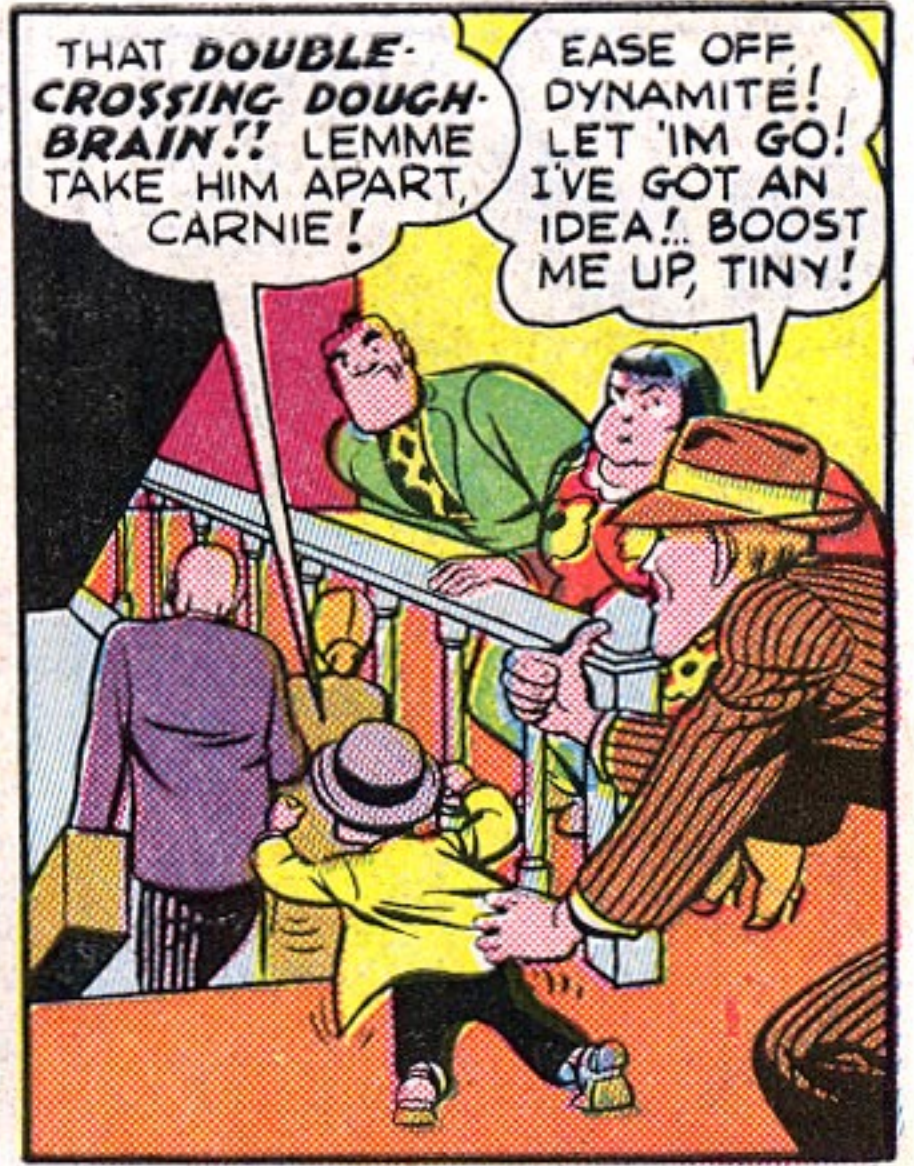
by
JOE MILLARD
AND
JACK COLE

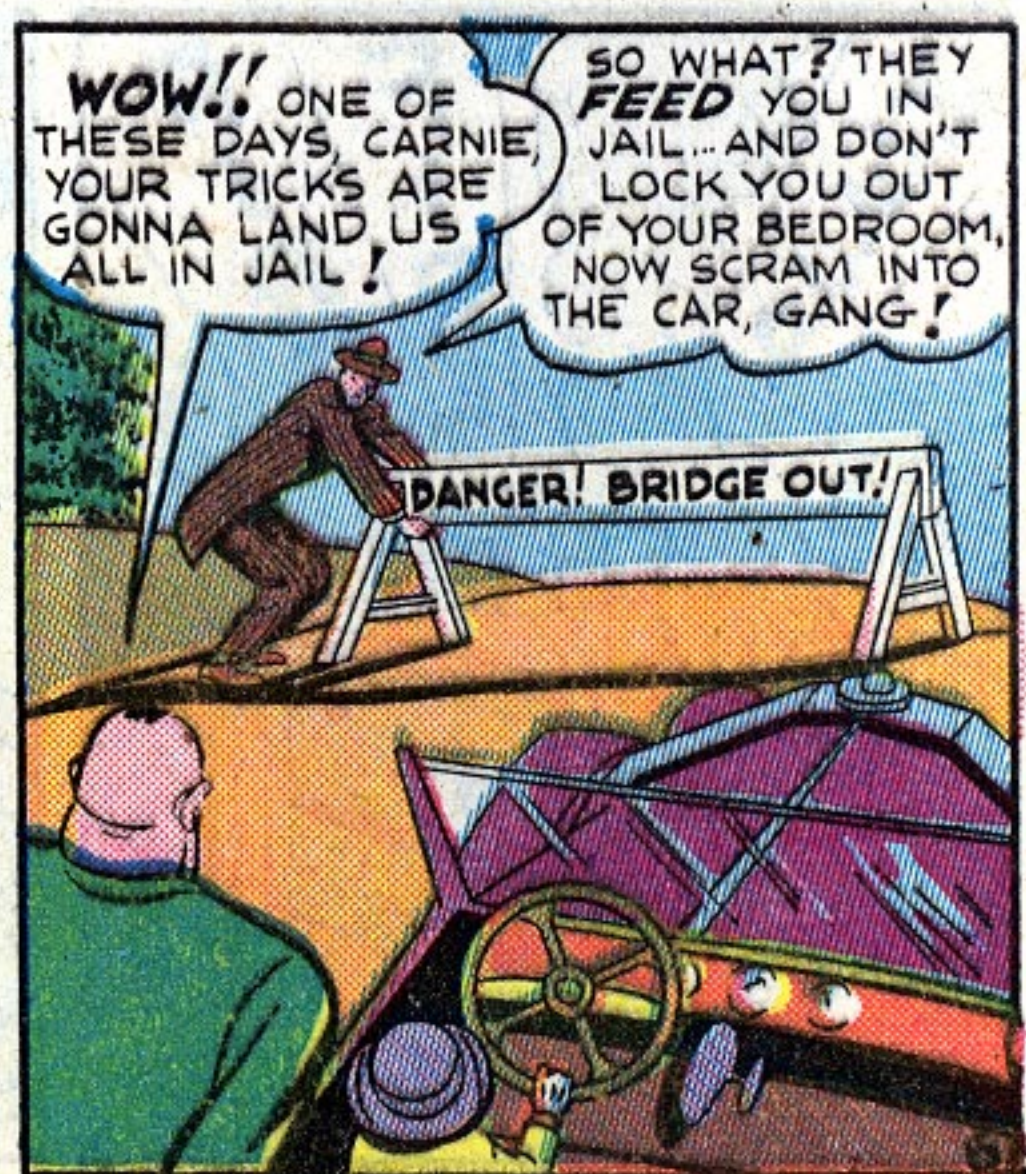
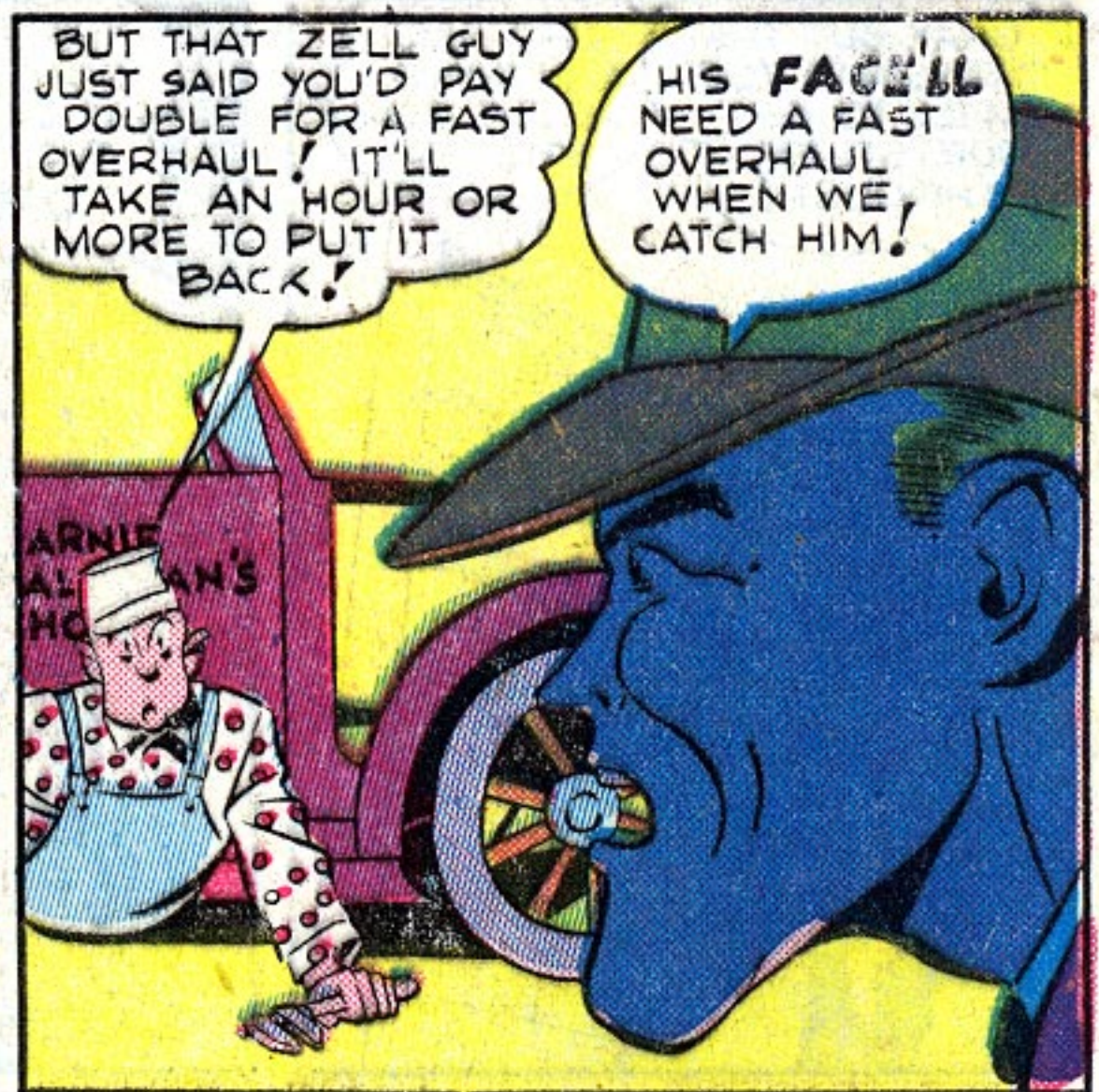
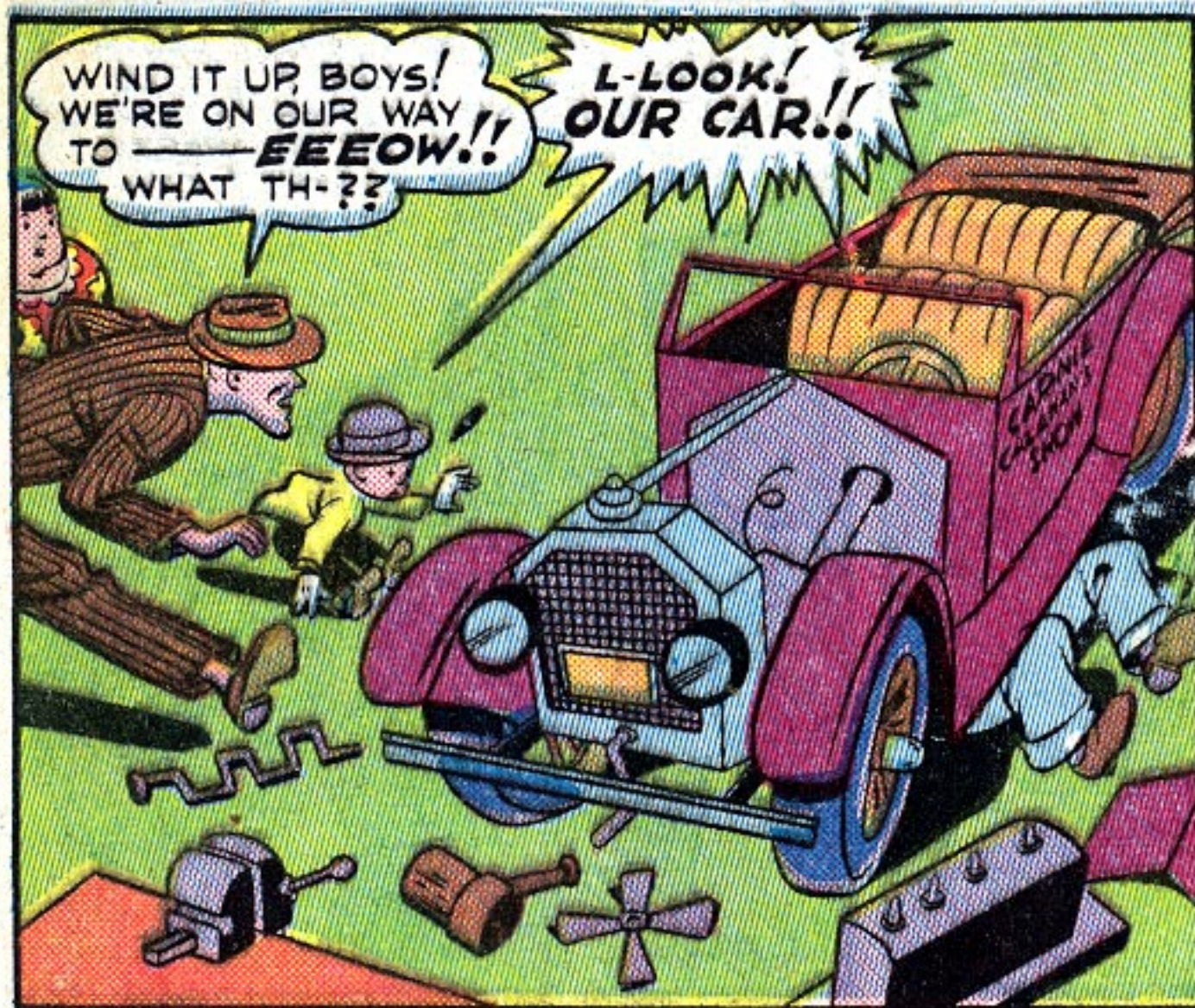
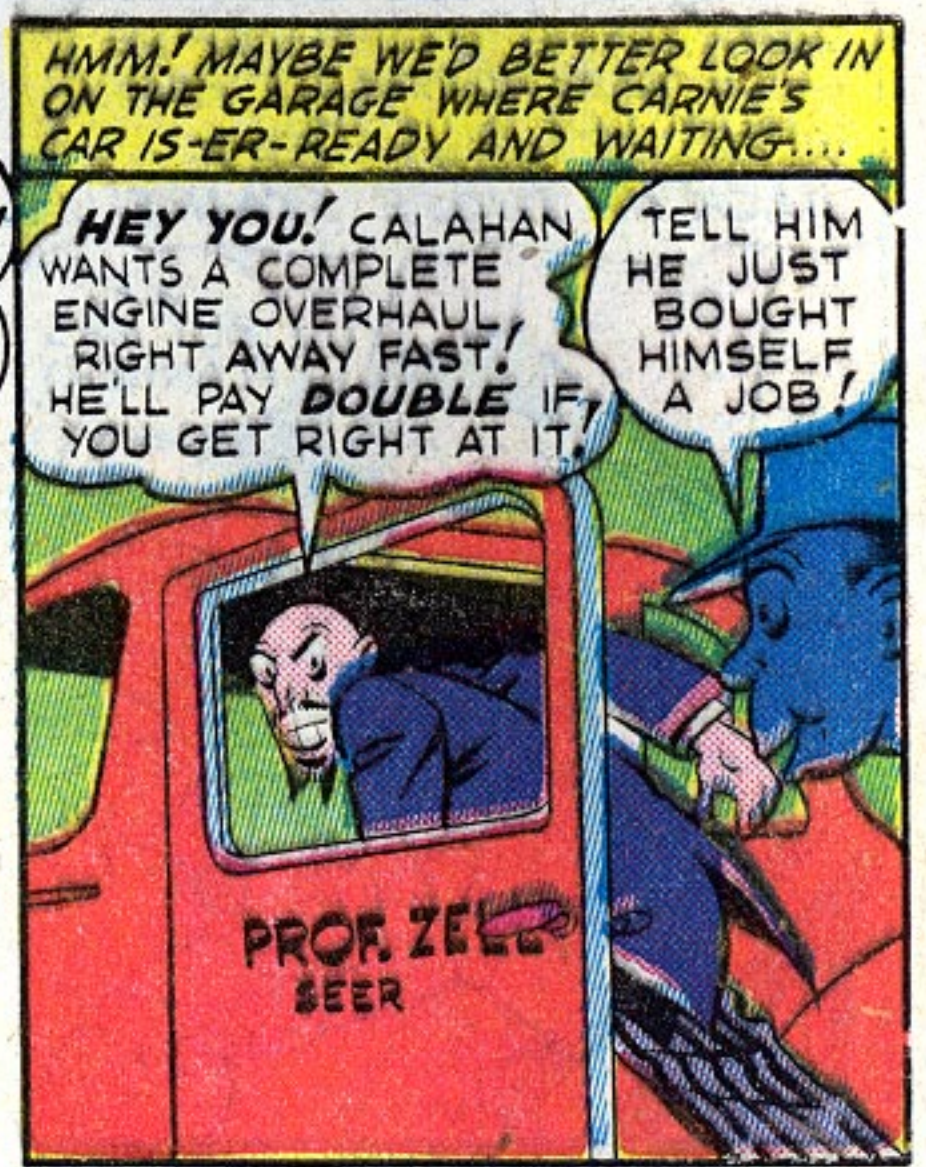
OUR STORY OPENS IN A COLD, UNFRIENDLY CITY, FAR FROM THE RUSTLING CANVAS OF THE BIG TOP...

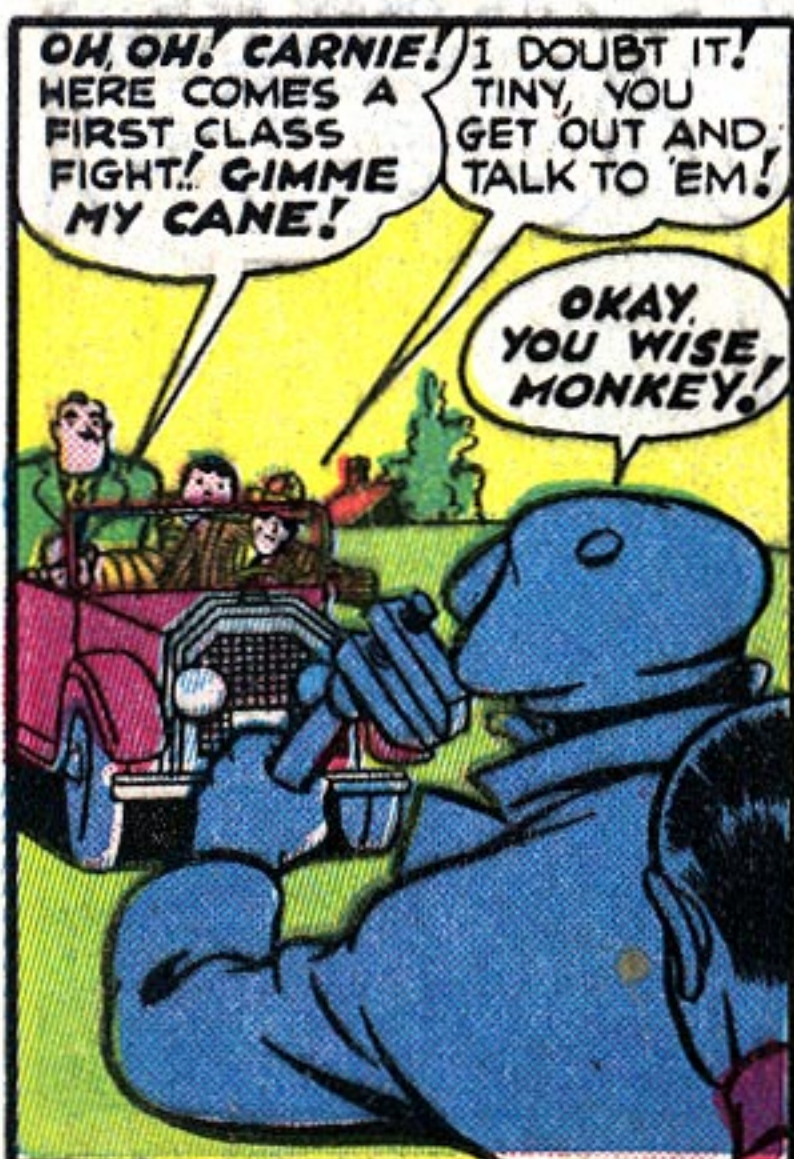
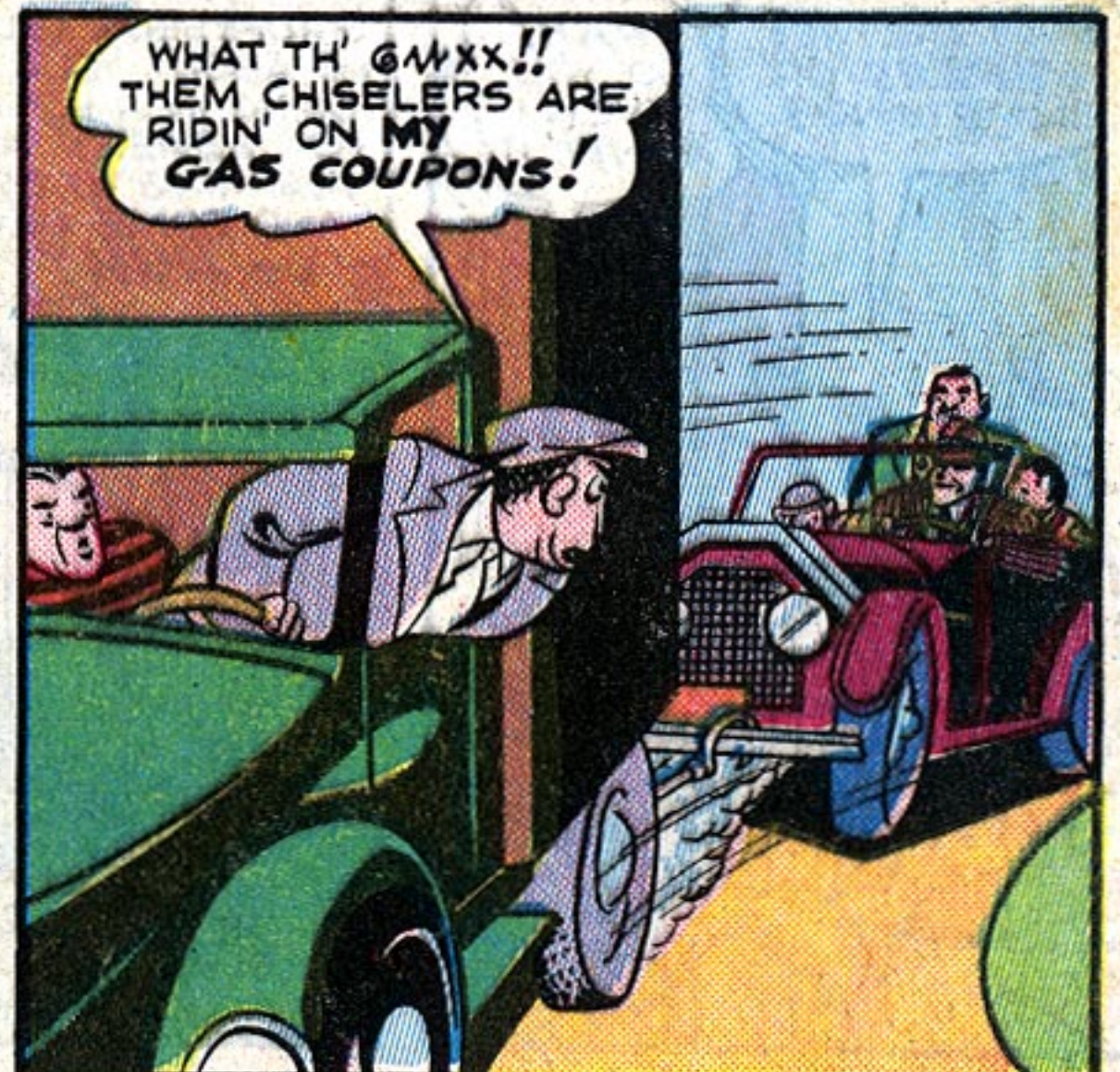
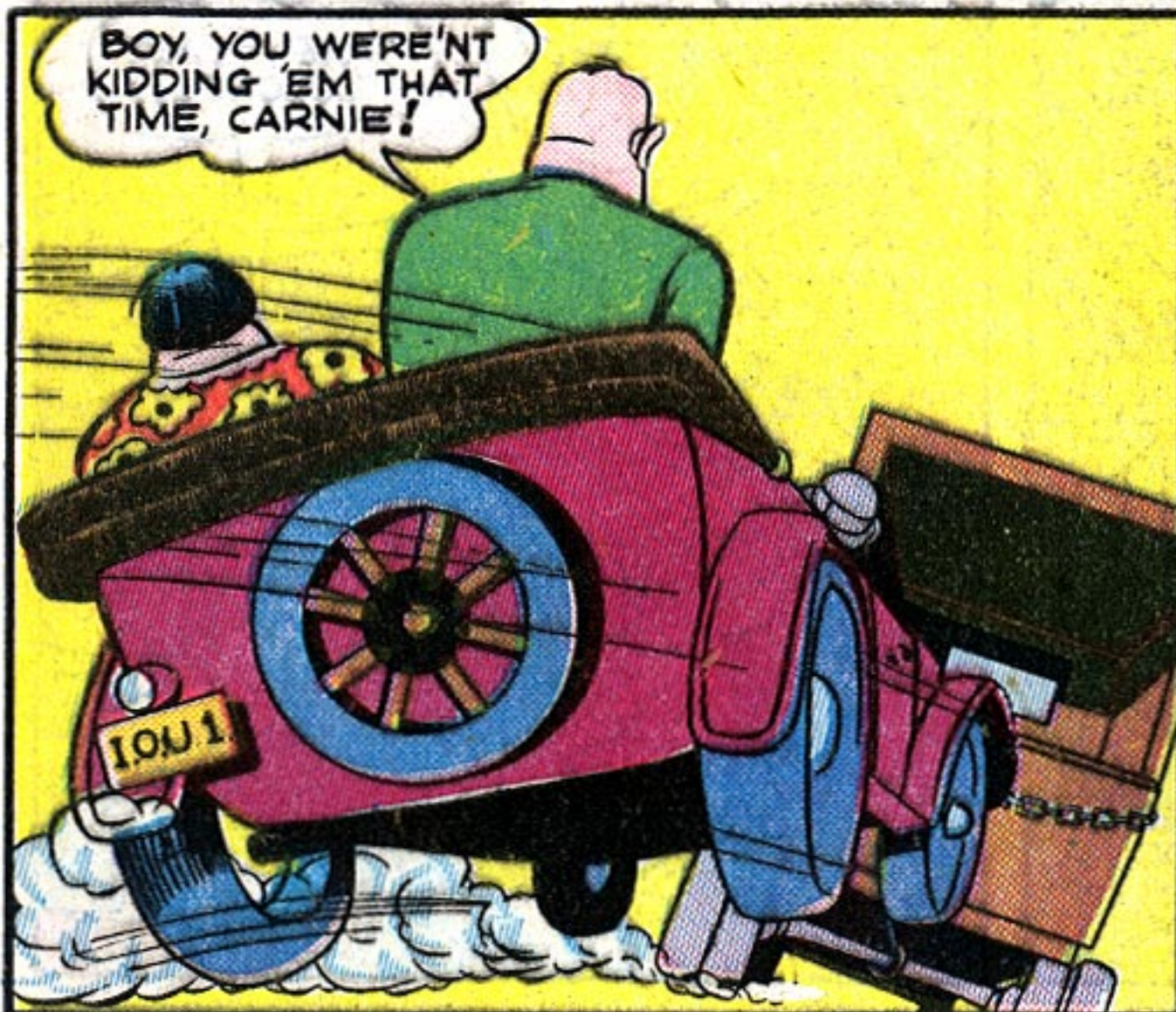
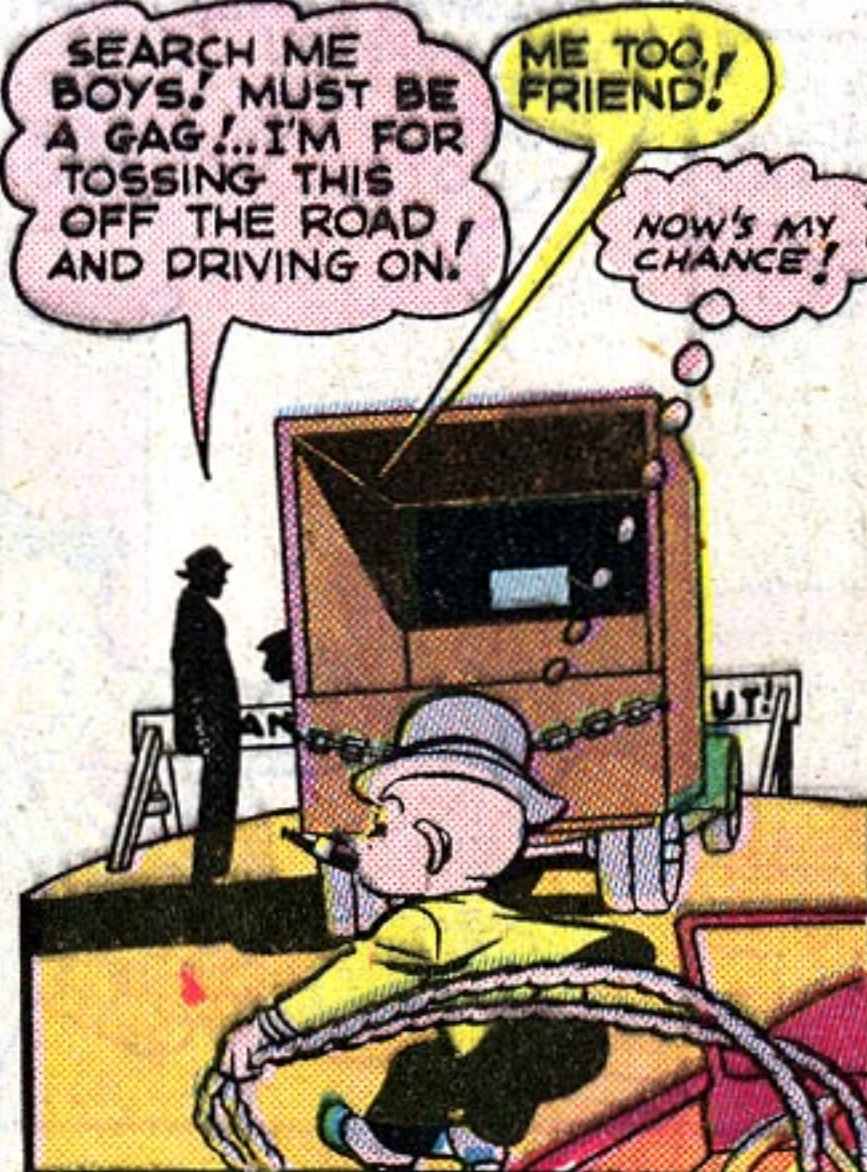
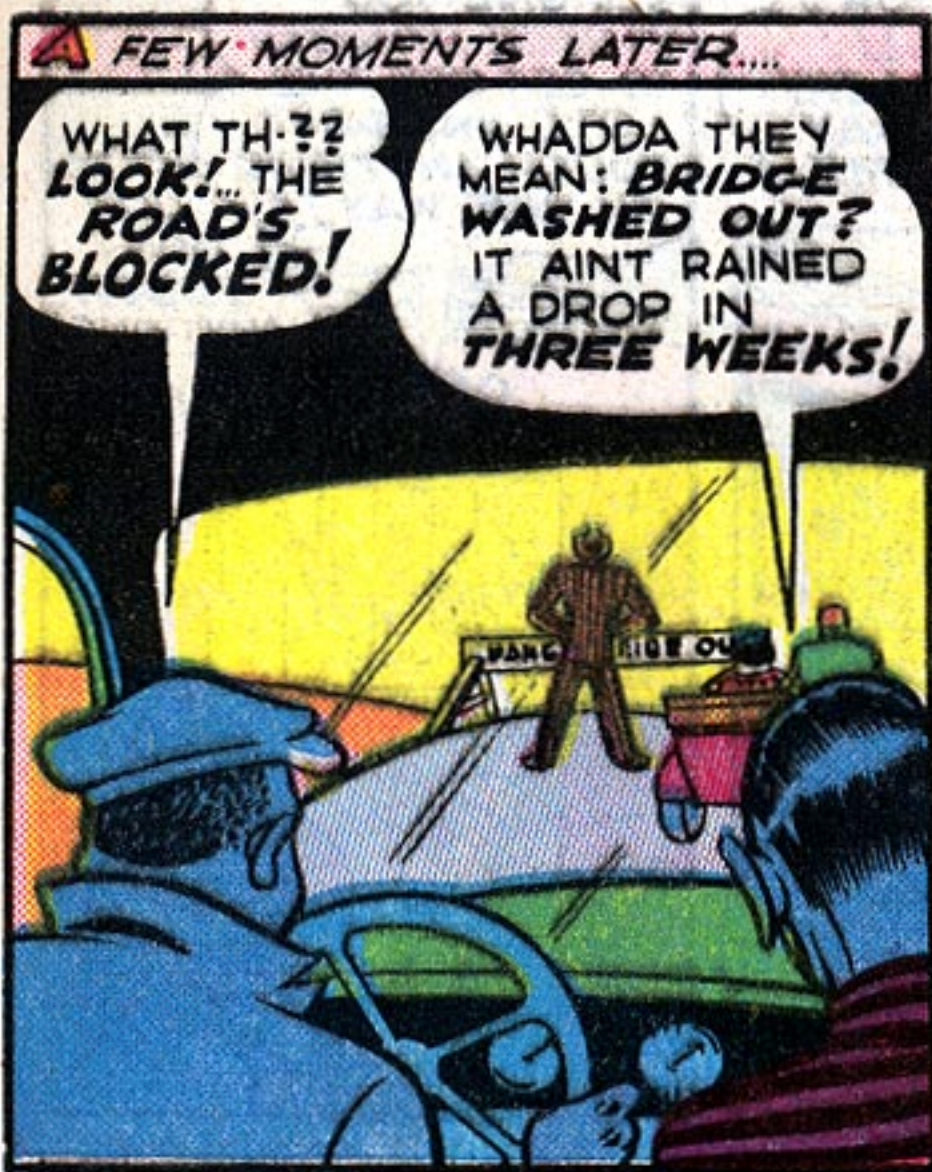


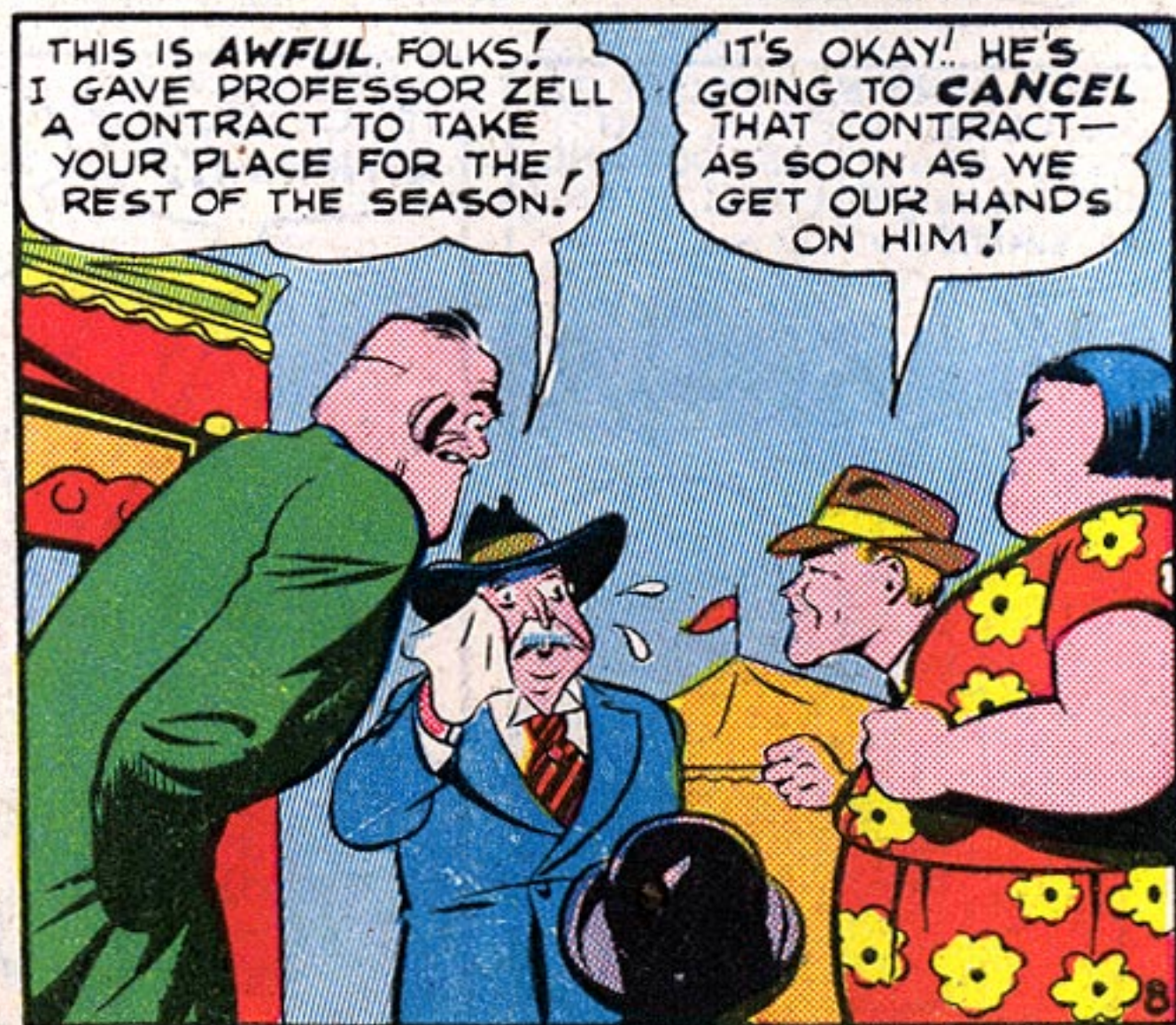
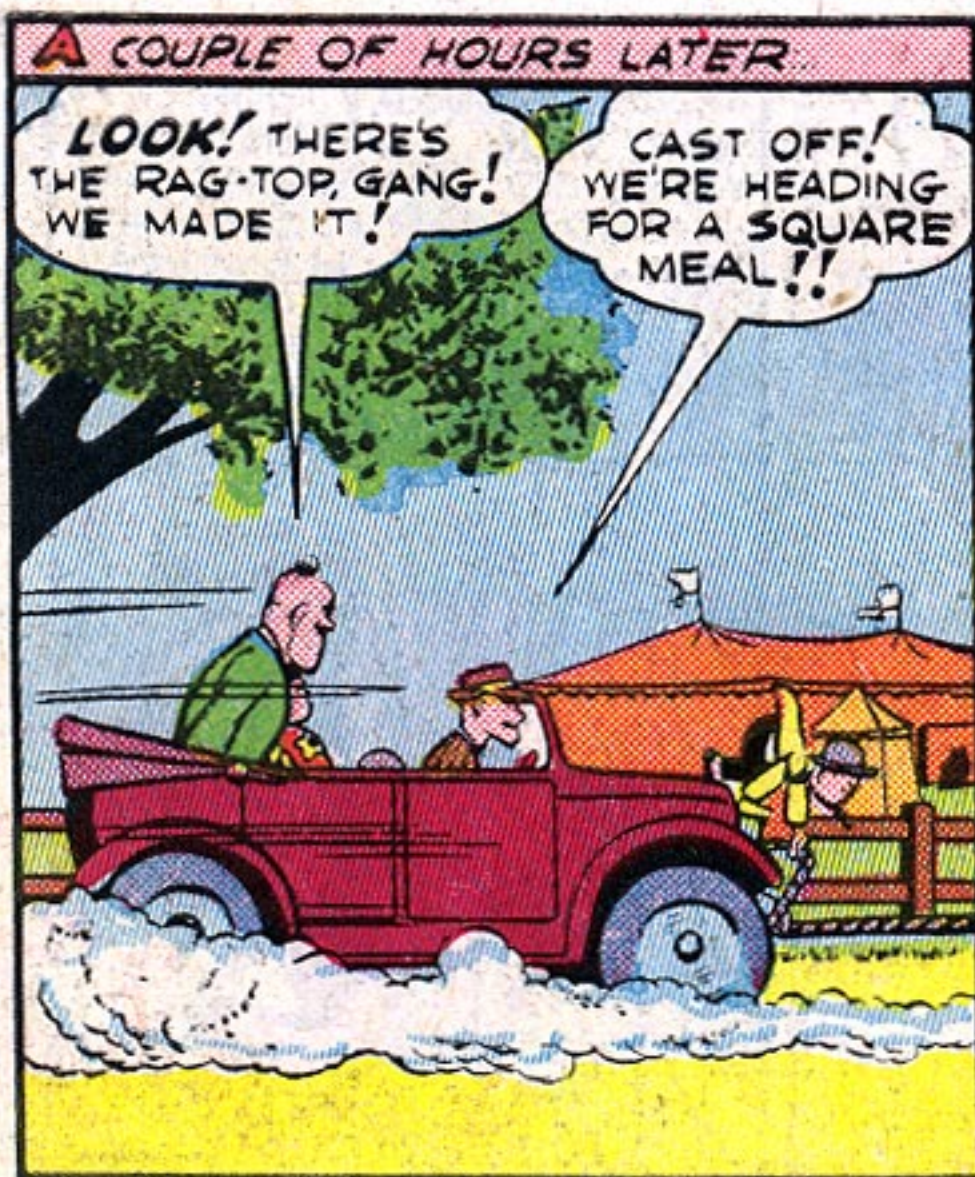


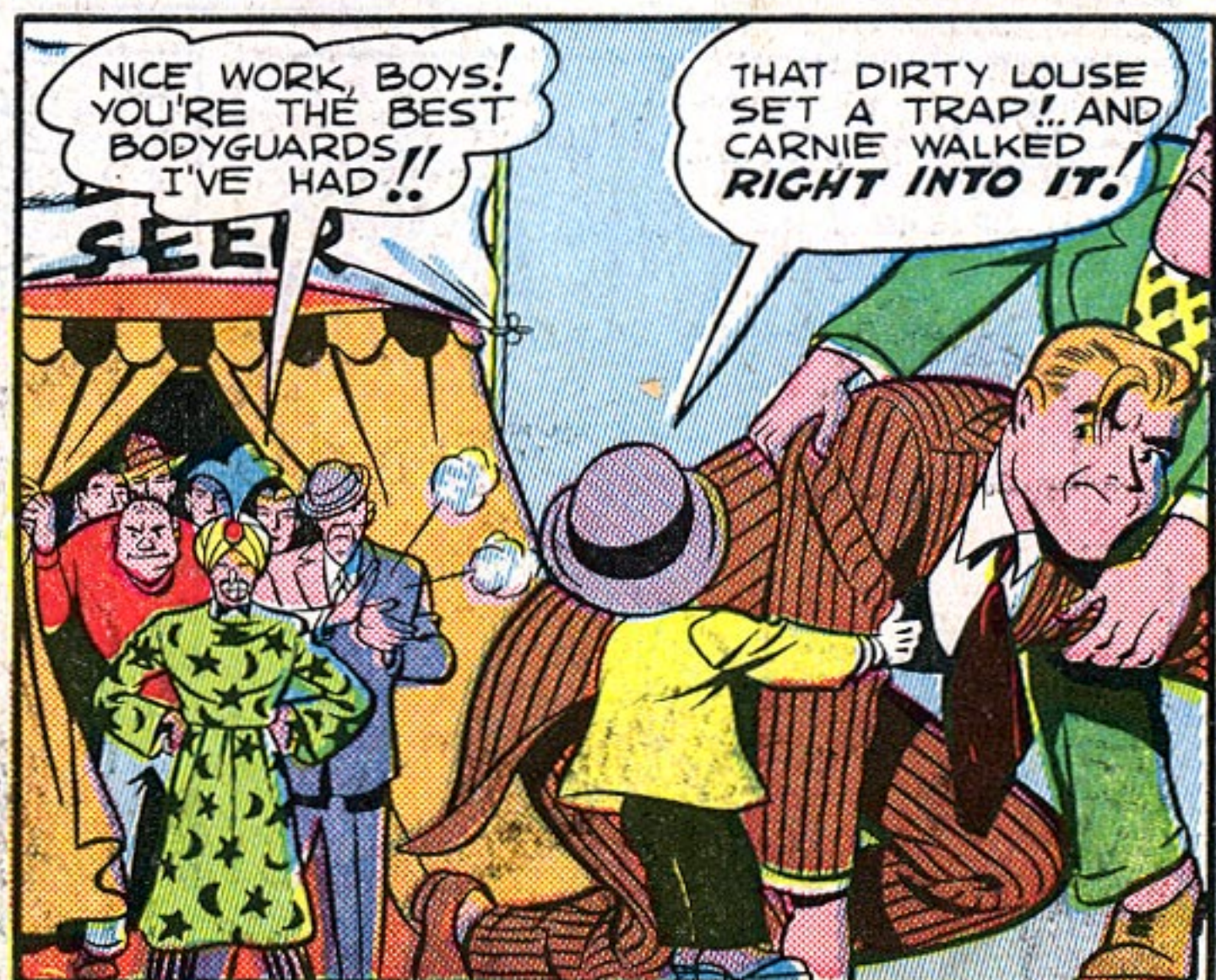
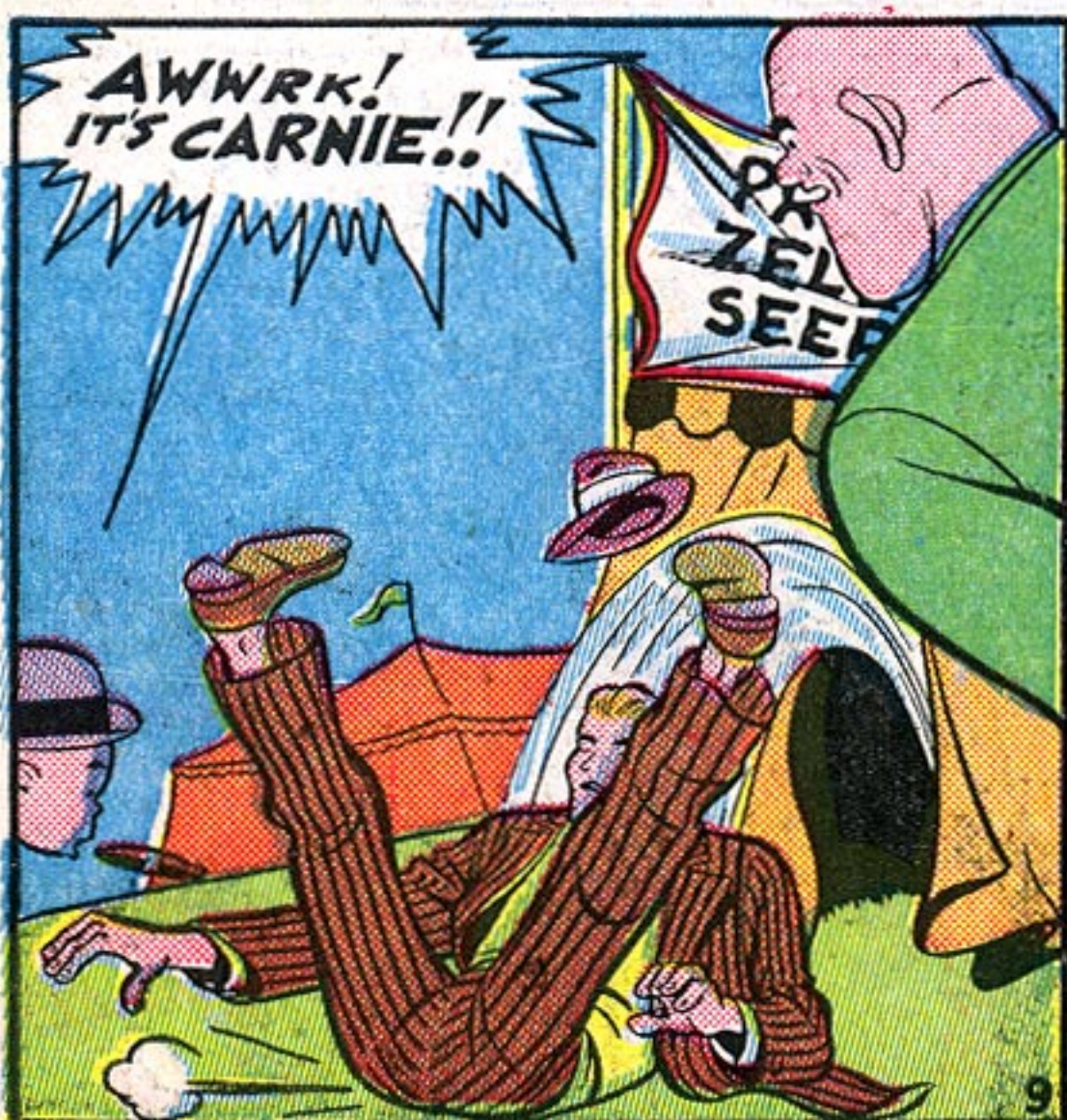
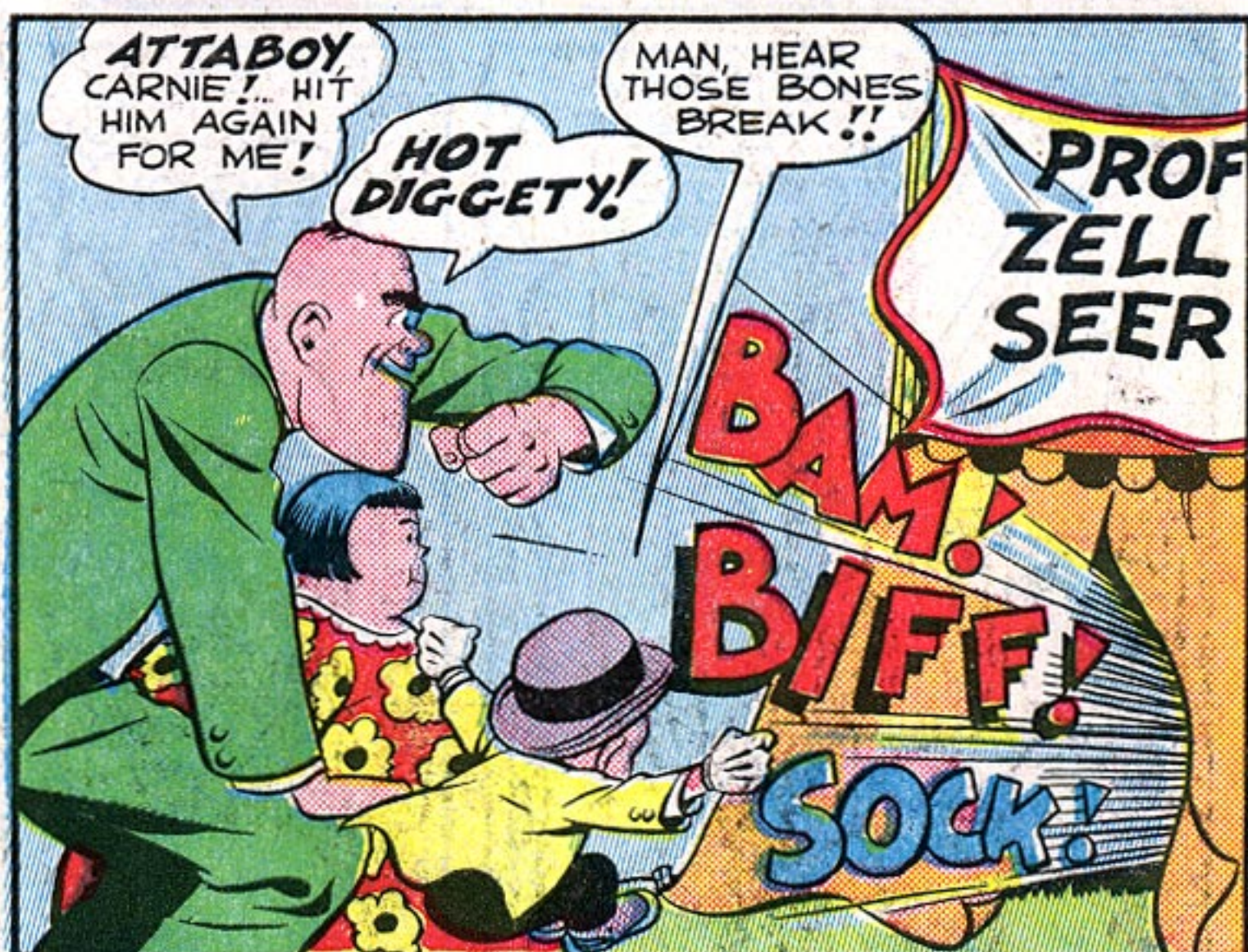
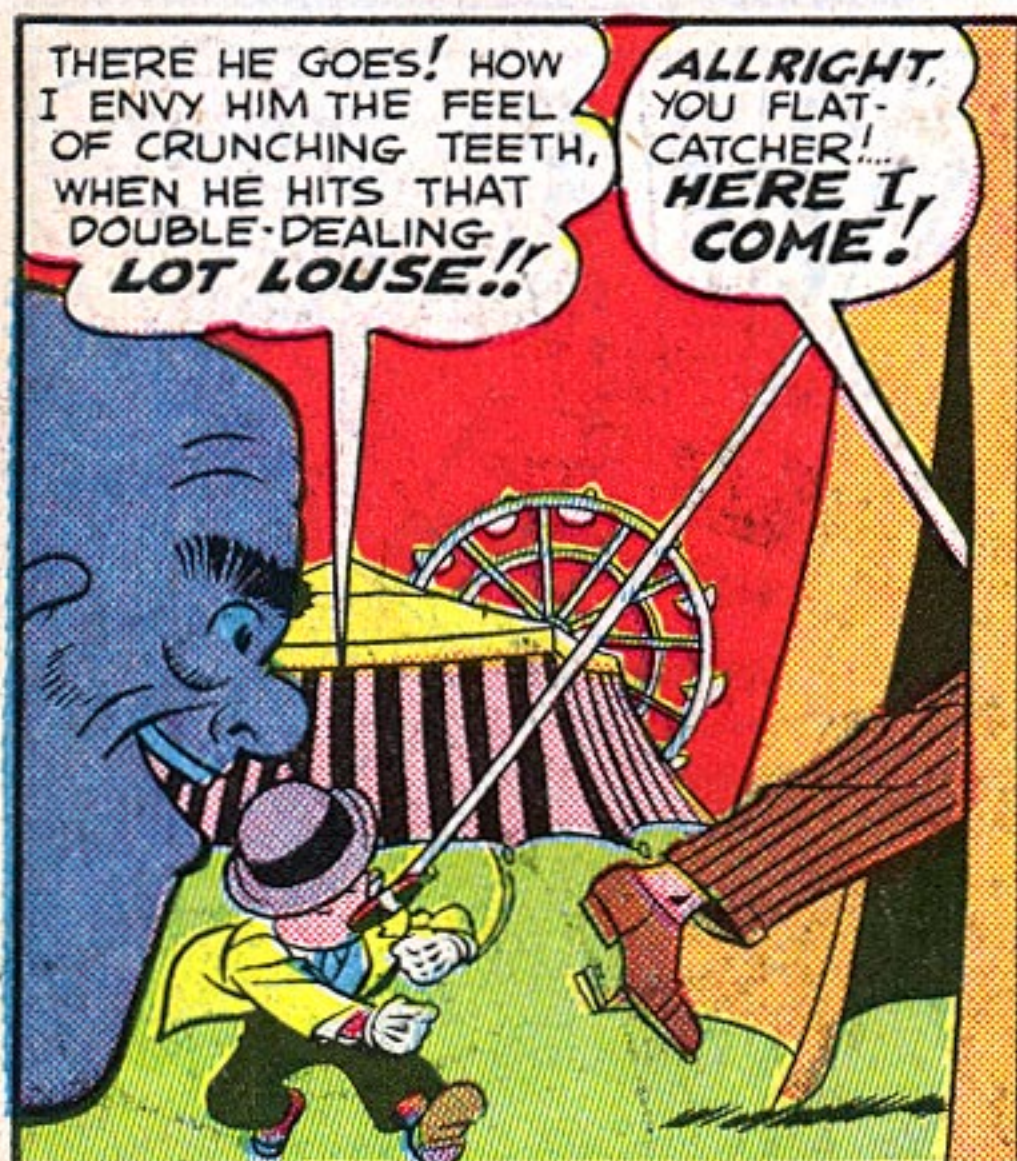
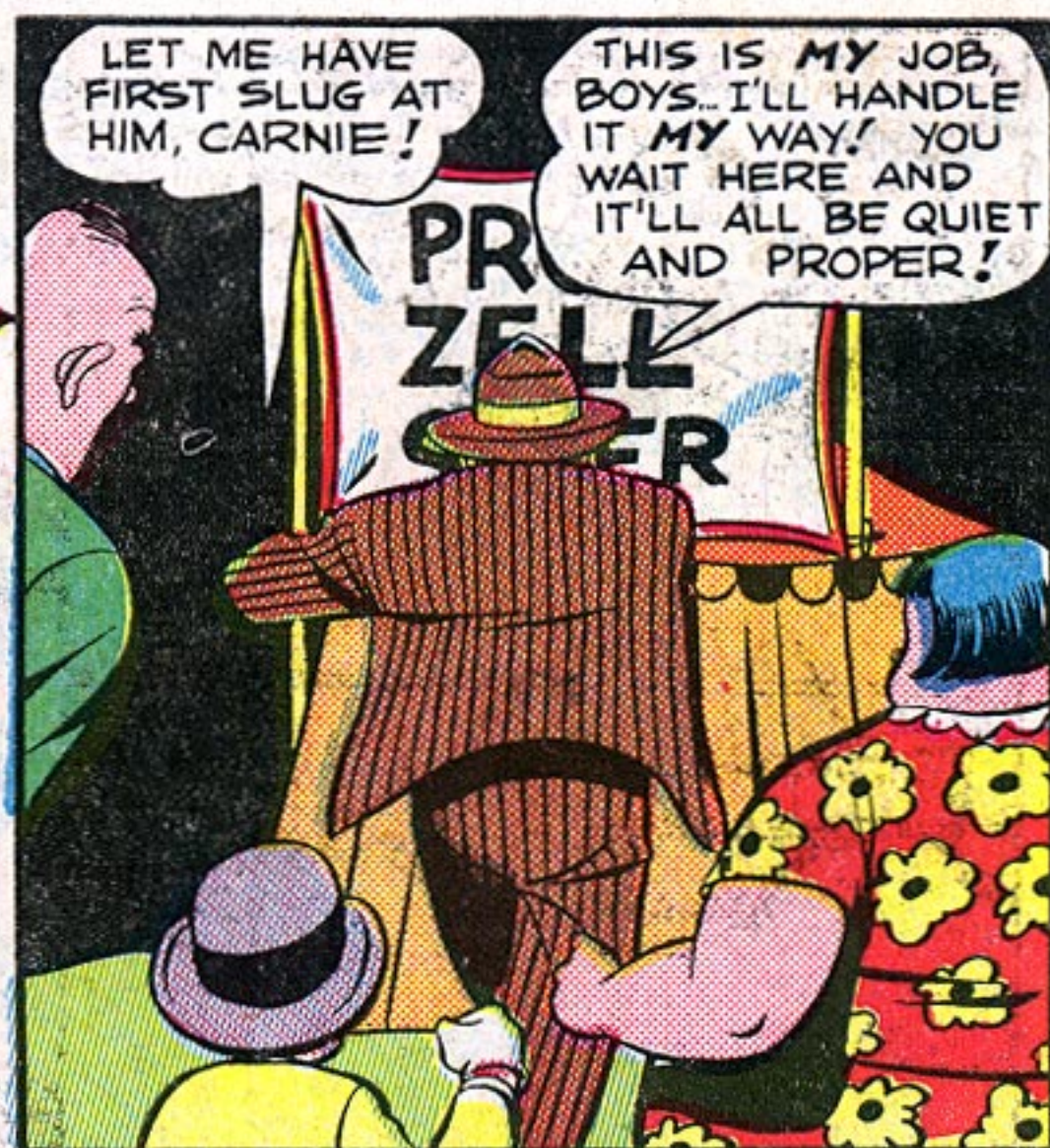


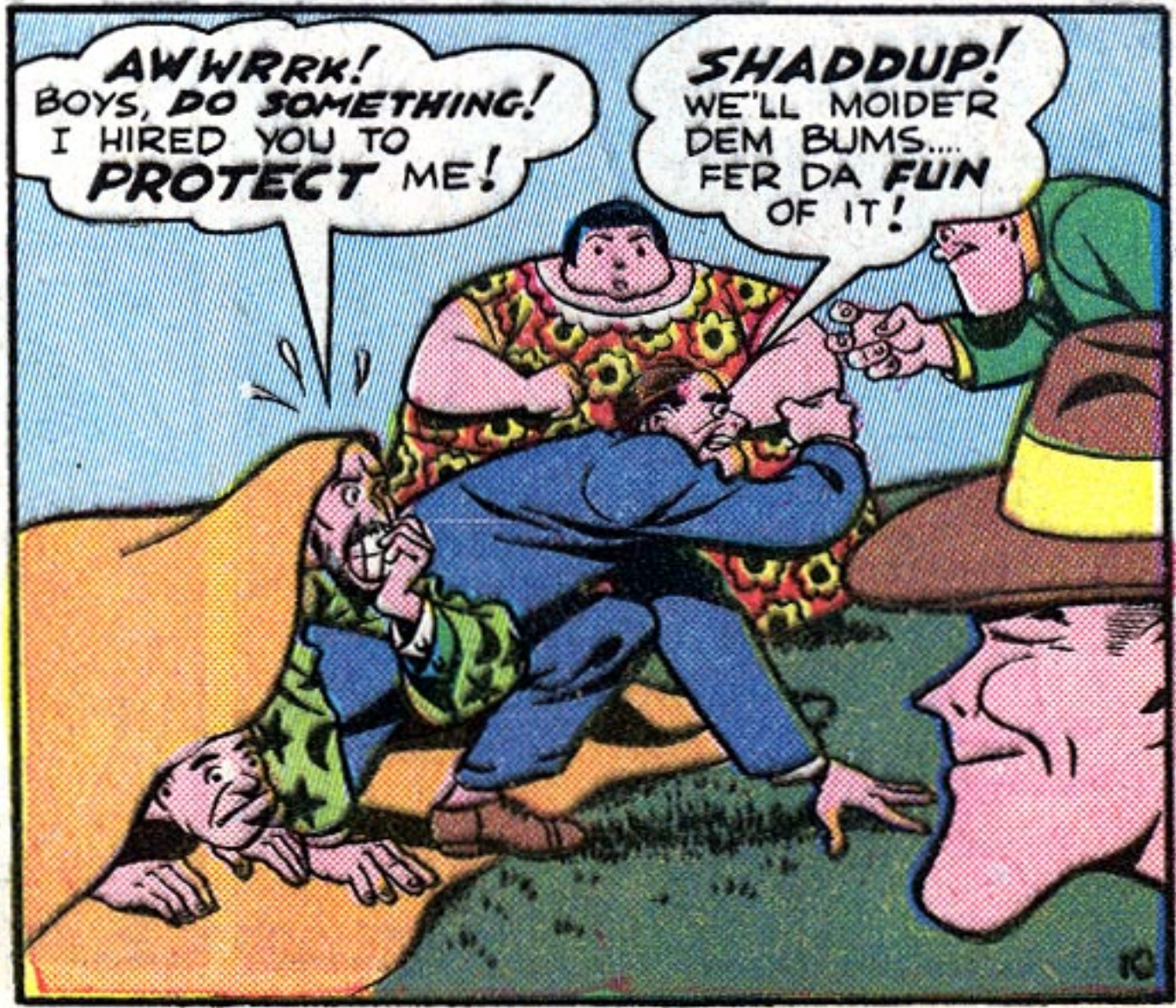
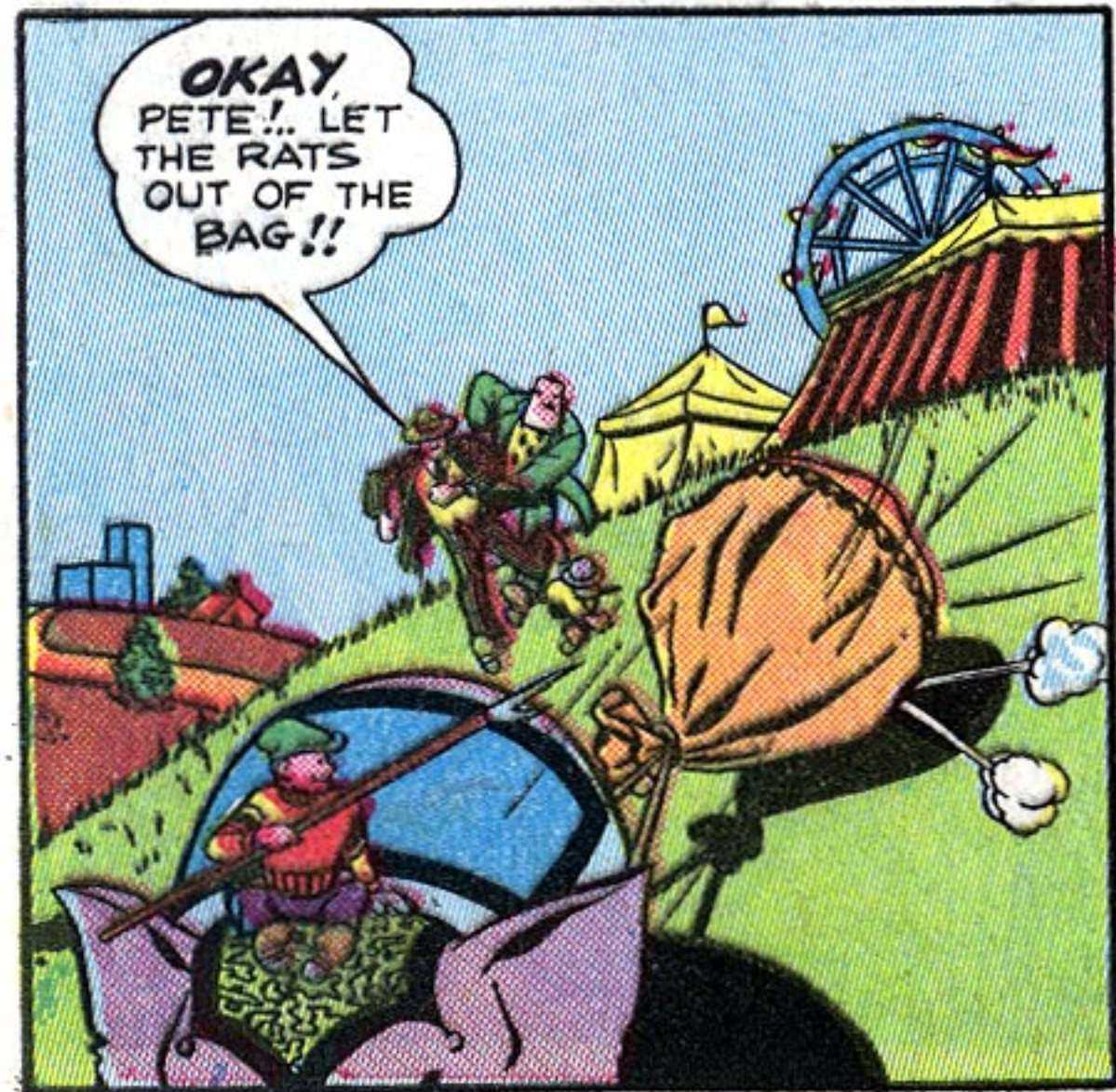
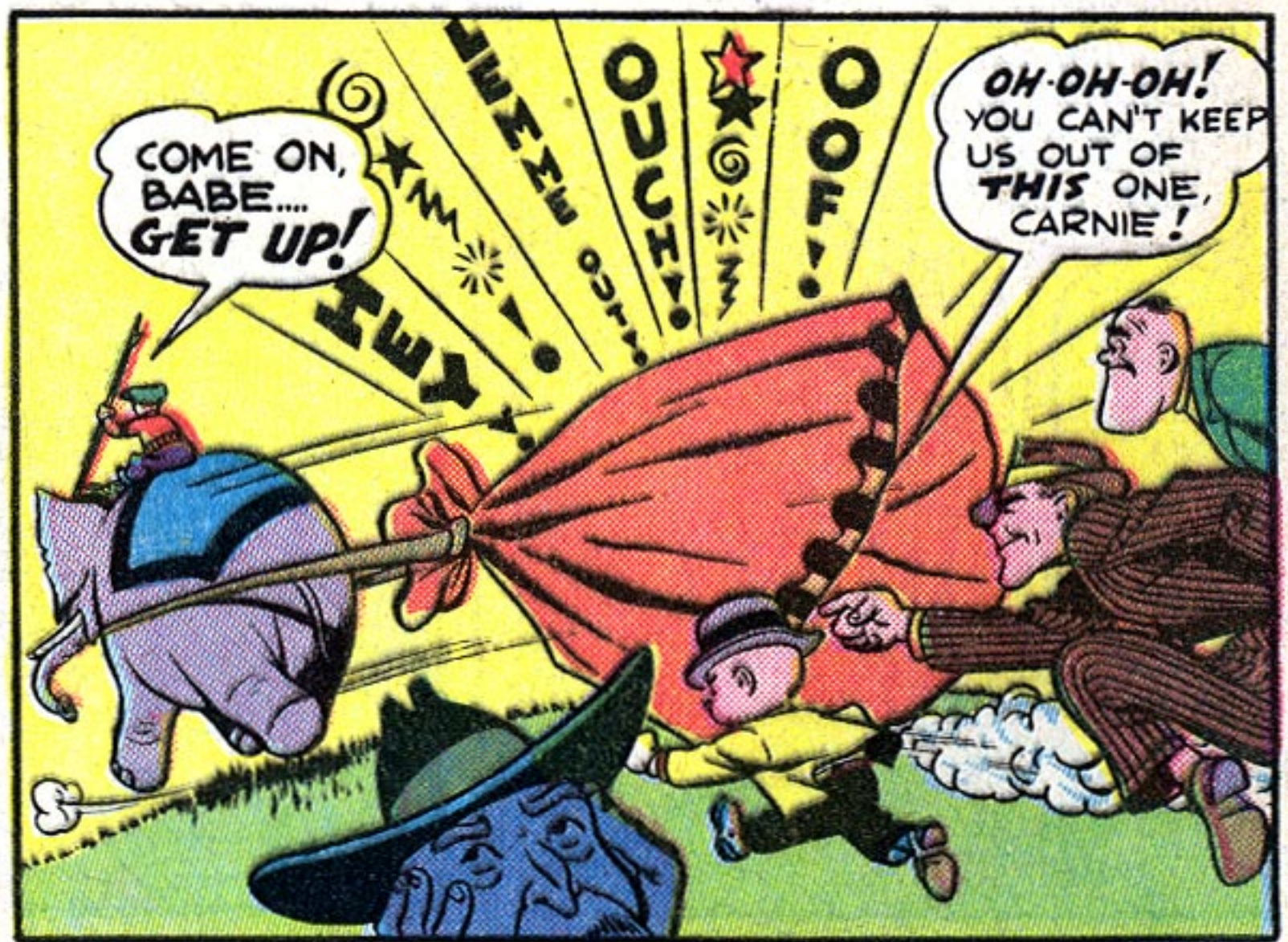


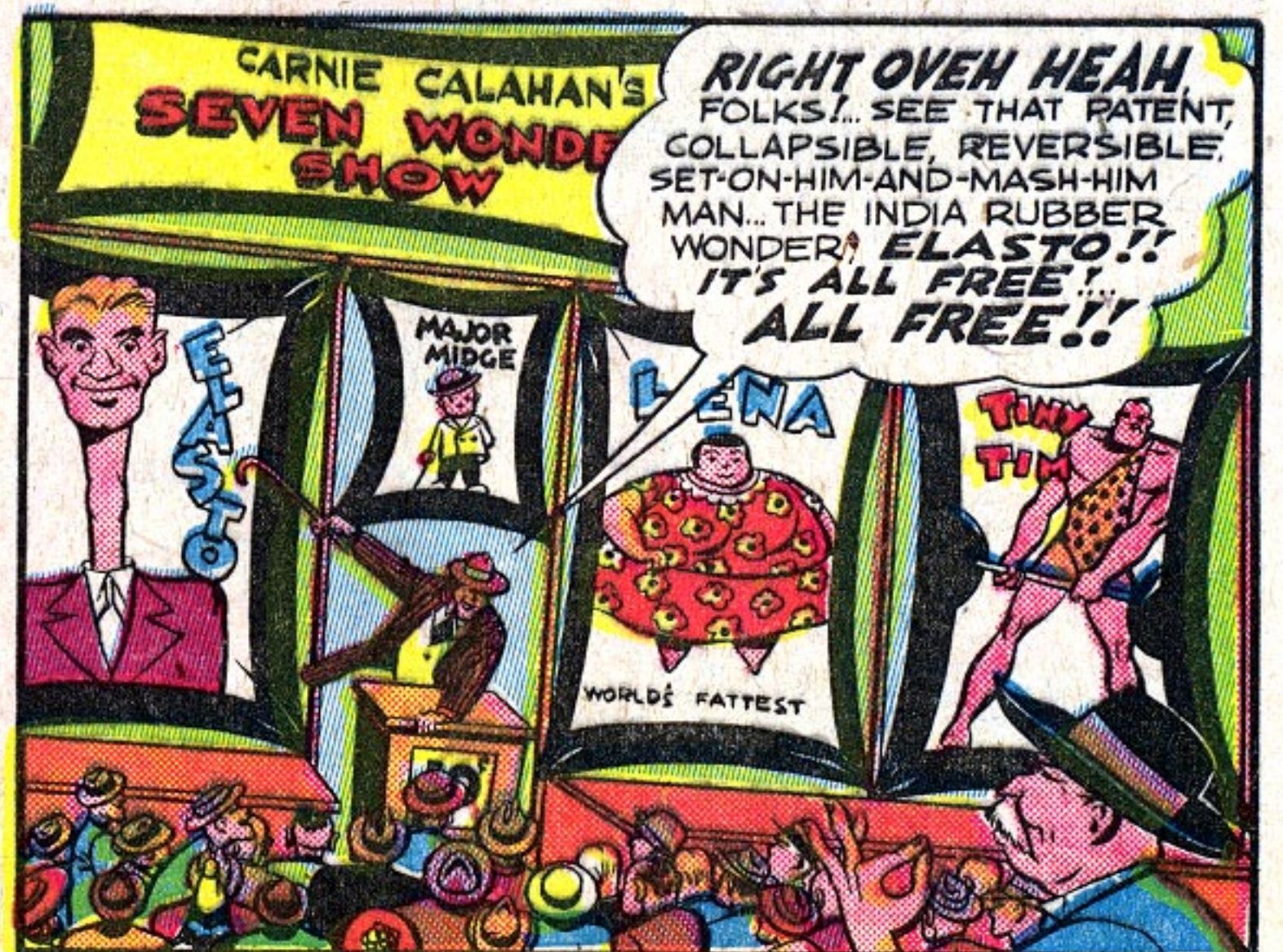
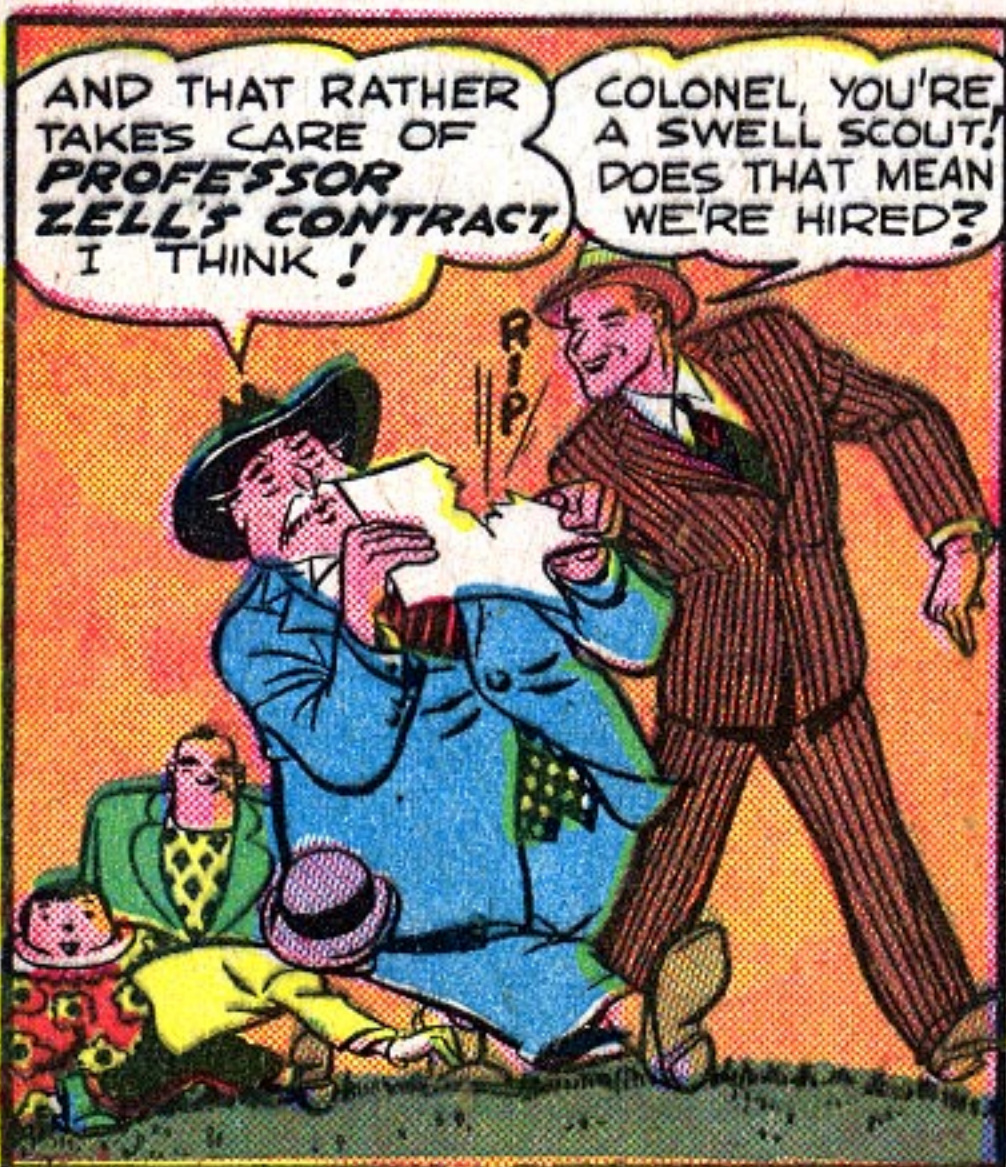
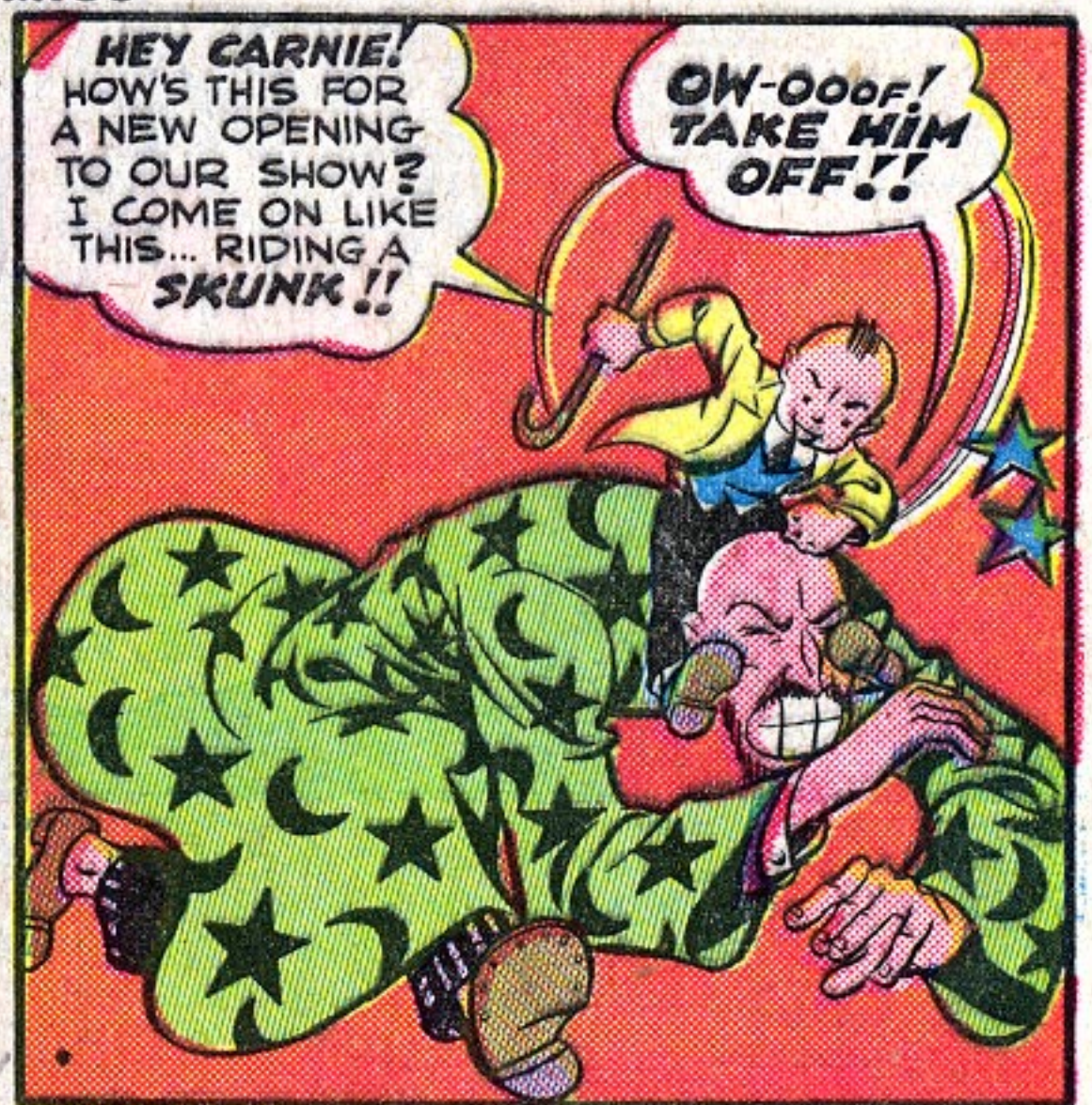
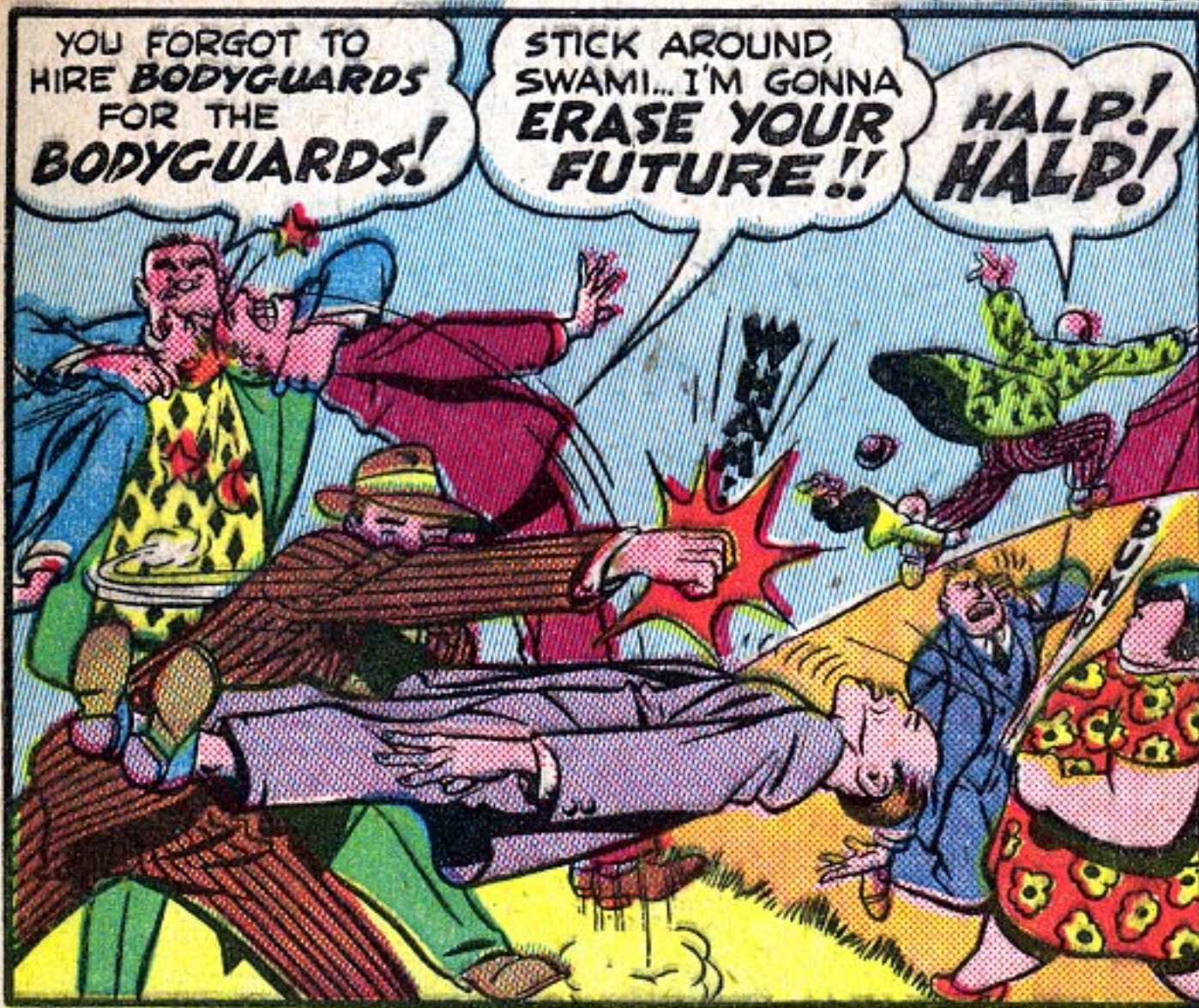


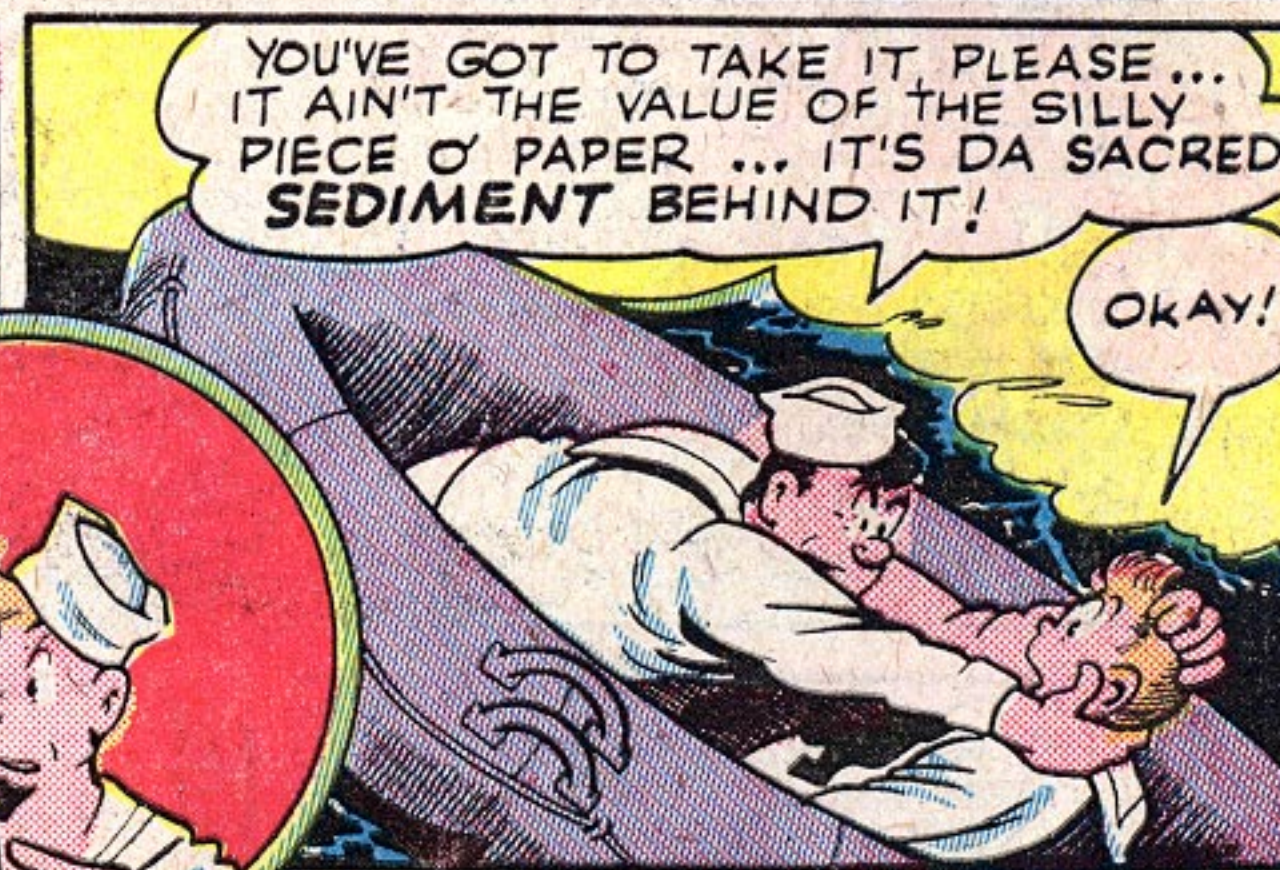
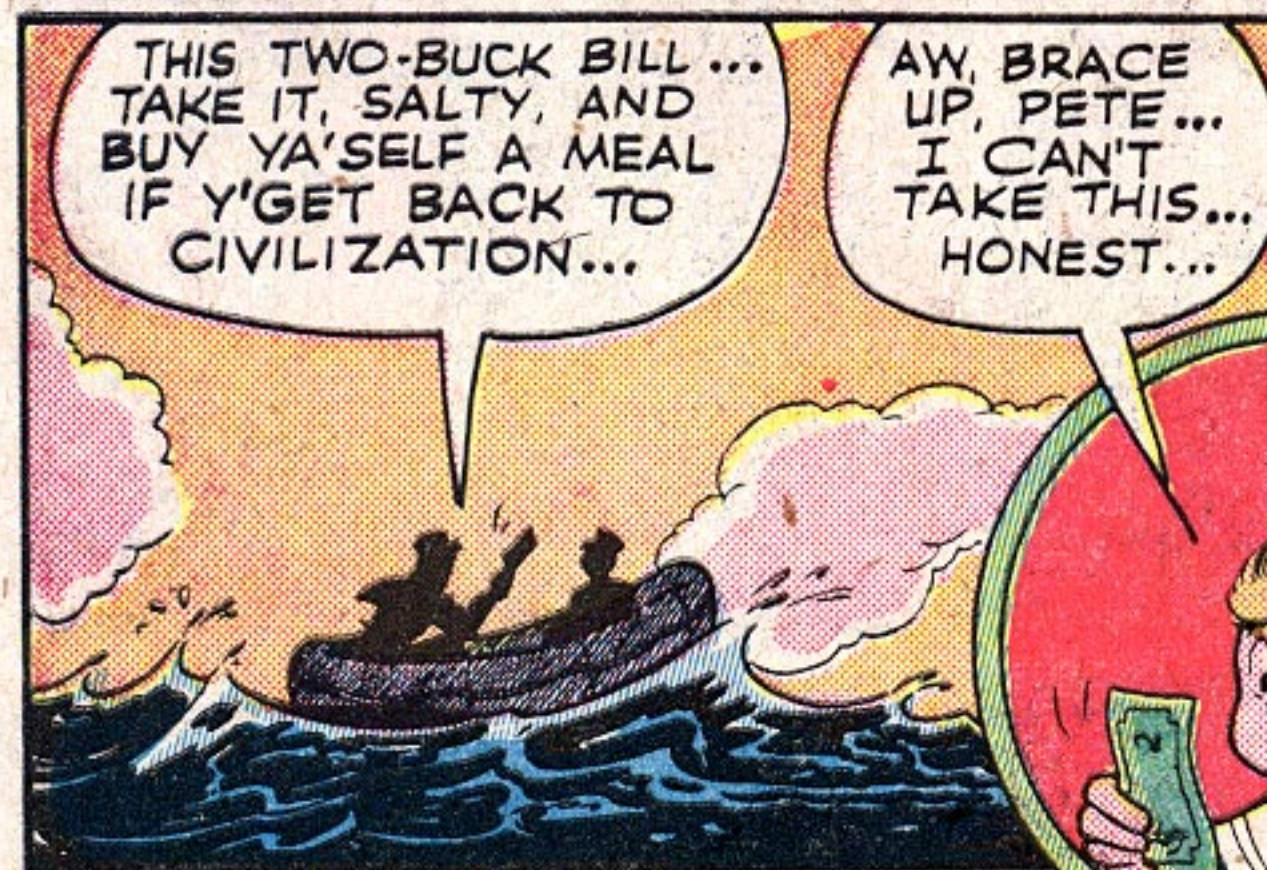
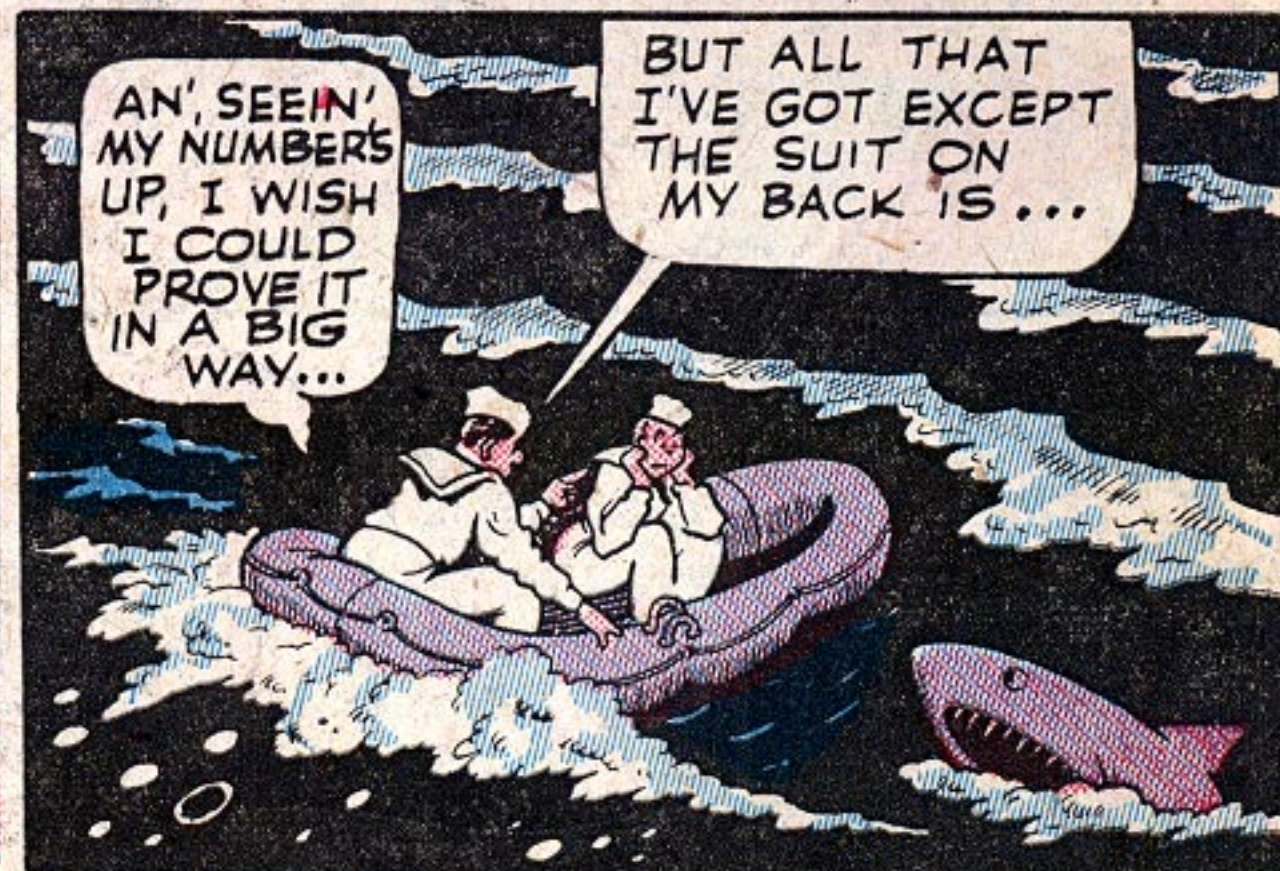
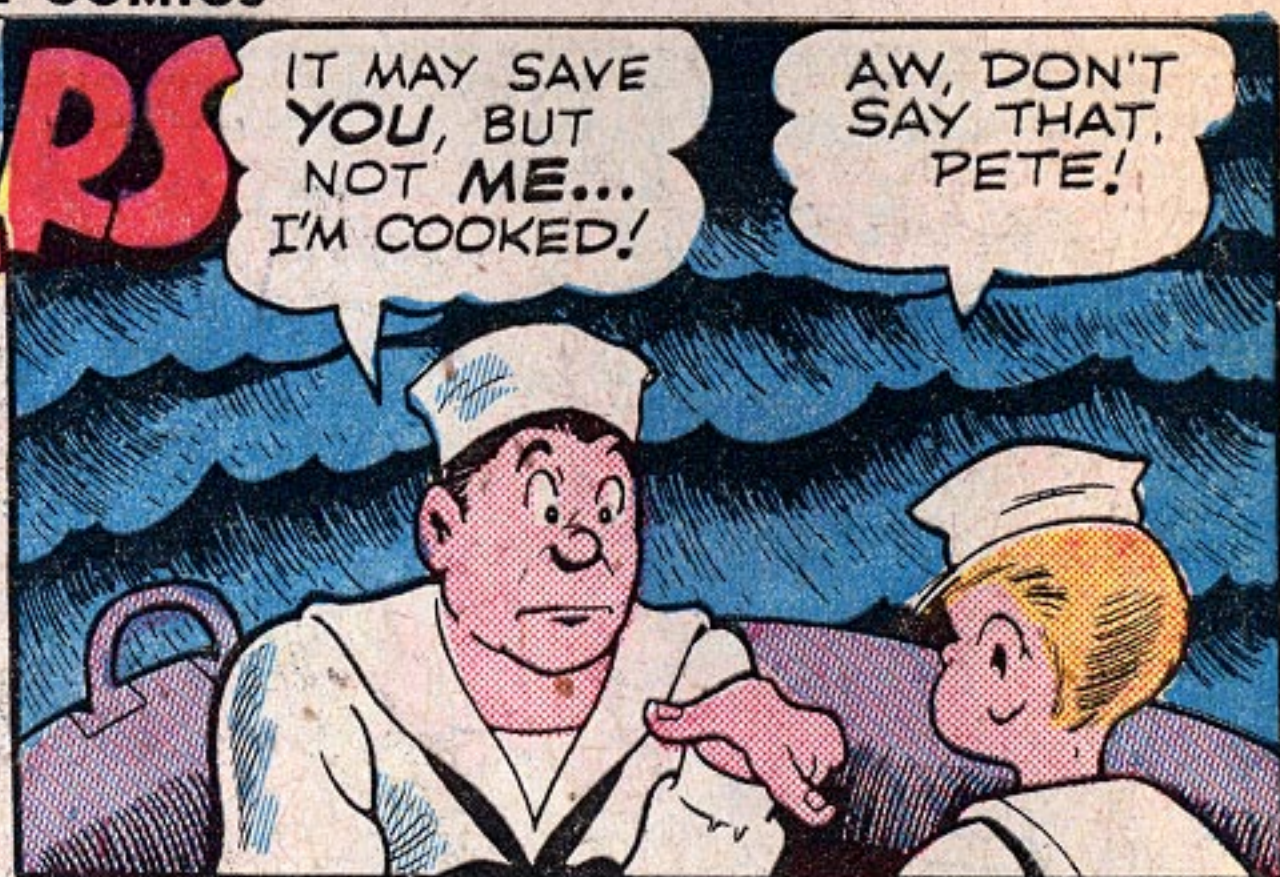
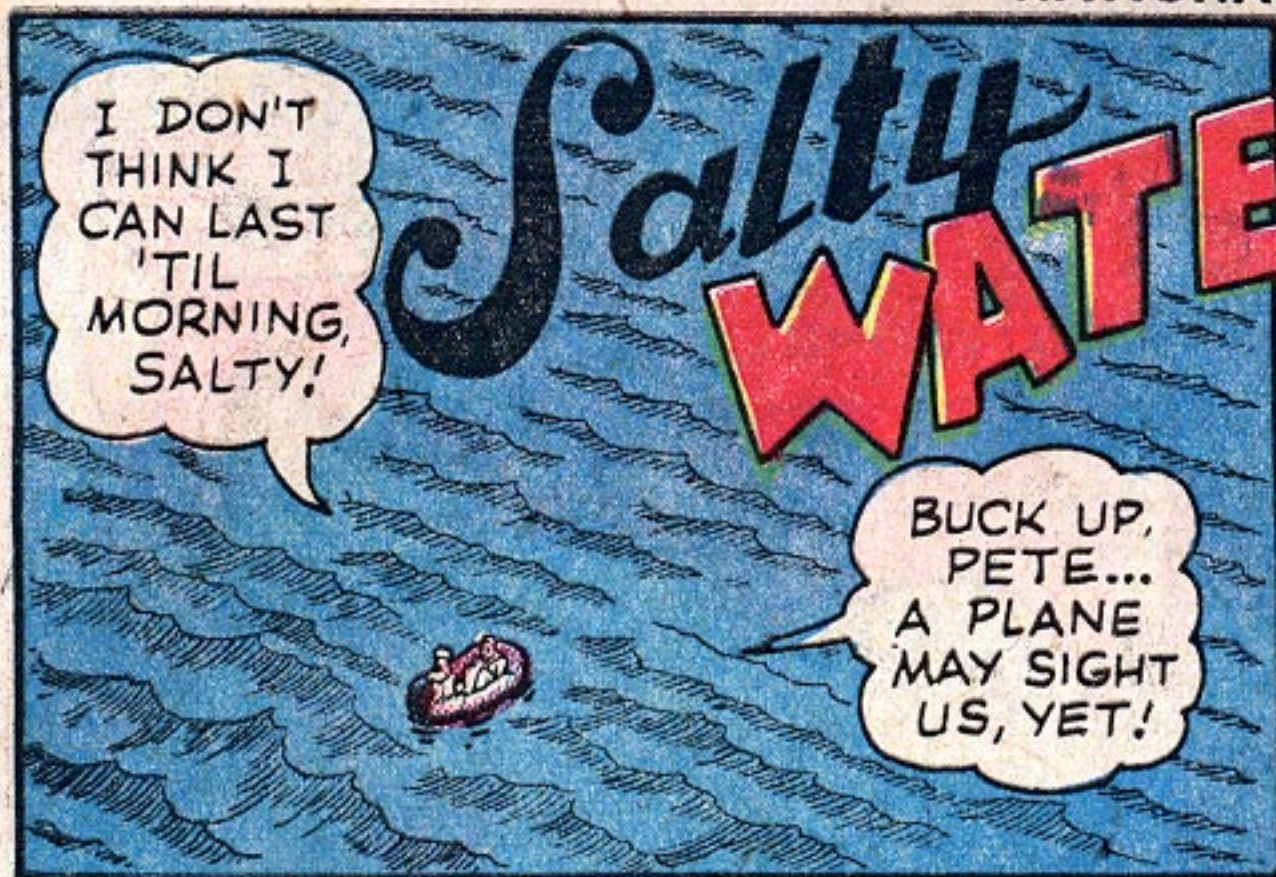




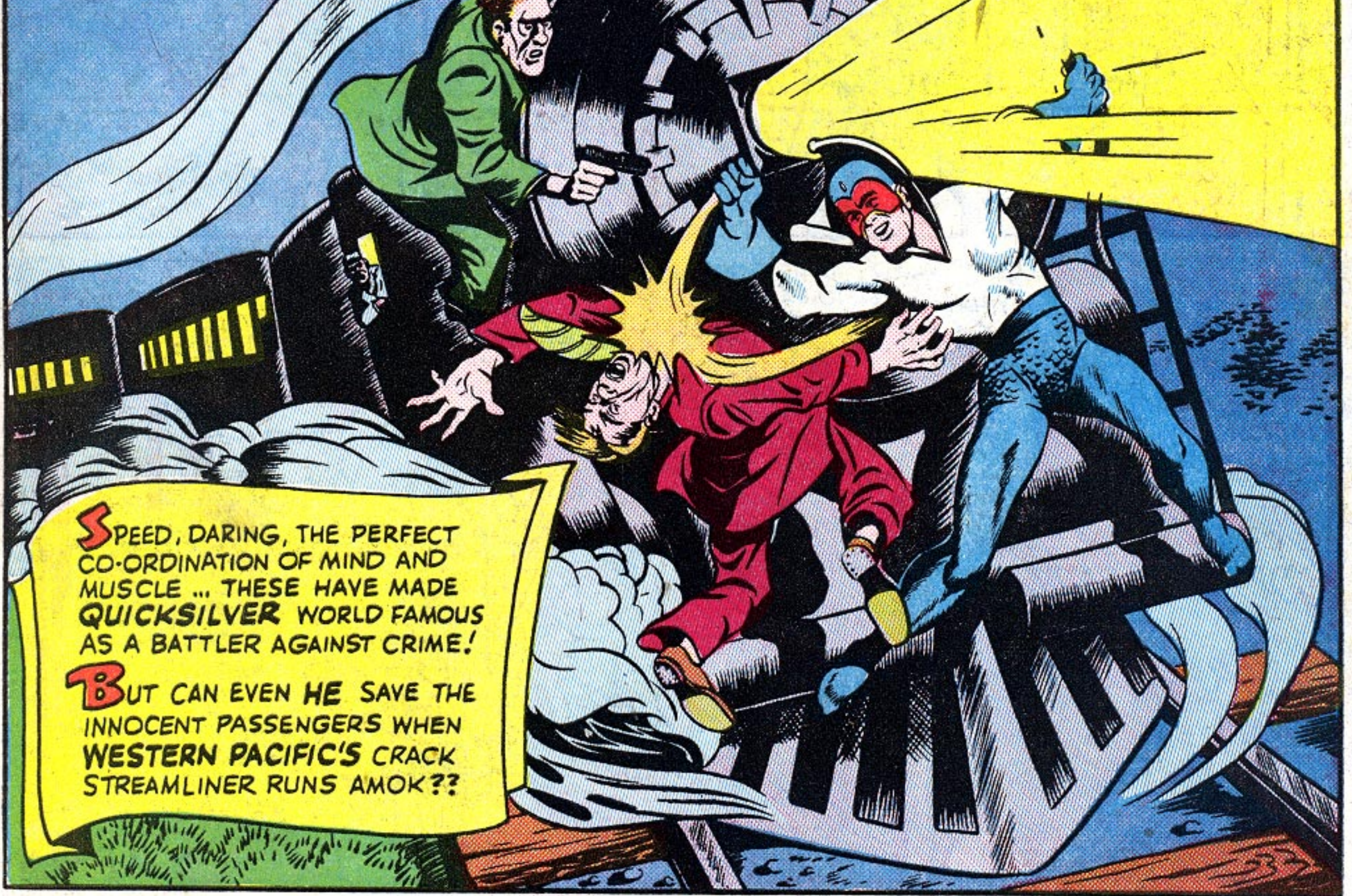






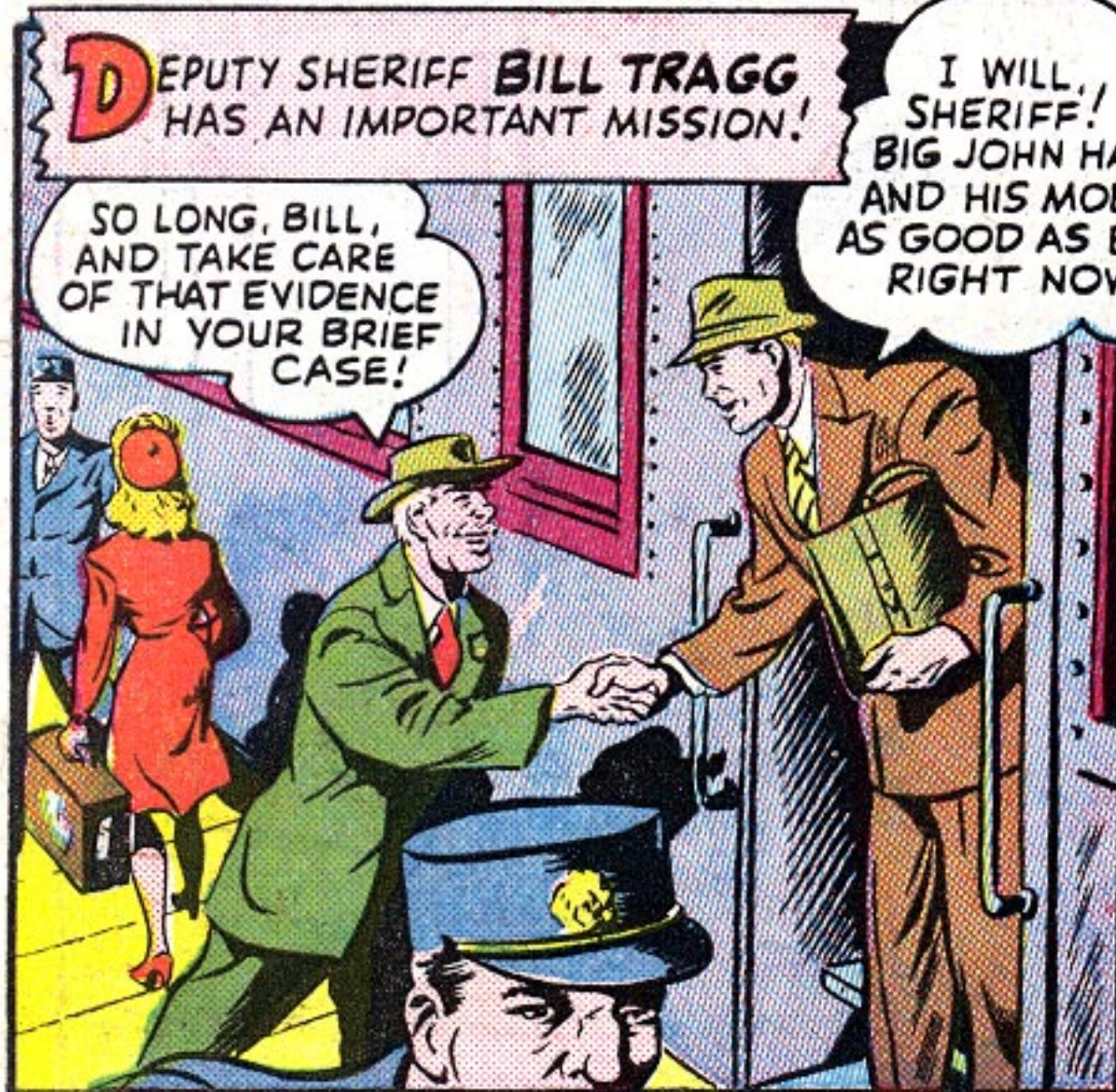


QUICKSILVER



SPEED, DARING, THE PERFECT CO-ORDINATION OF MIND AND MUSCLE ... THESE HAVE MADE **QUICKSILVER** WORLD FAMOUS AS A BATTLER AGAINST CRIME!

BUT CAN EVEN HE SAVE THE INNOCENT PASSENGERS WHEN **WESTERN PACIFIC'S** CRACK STREAMLINER RUNS AMOK??



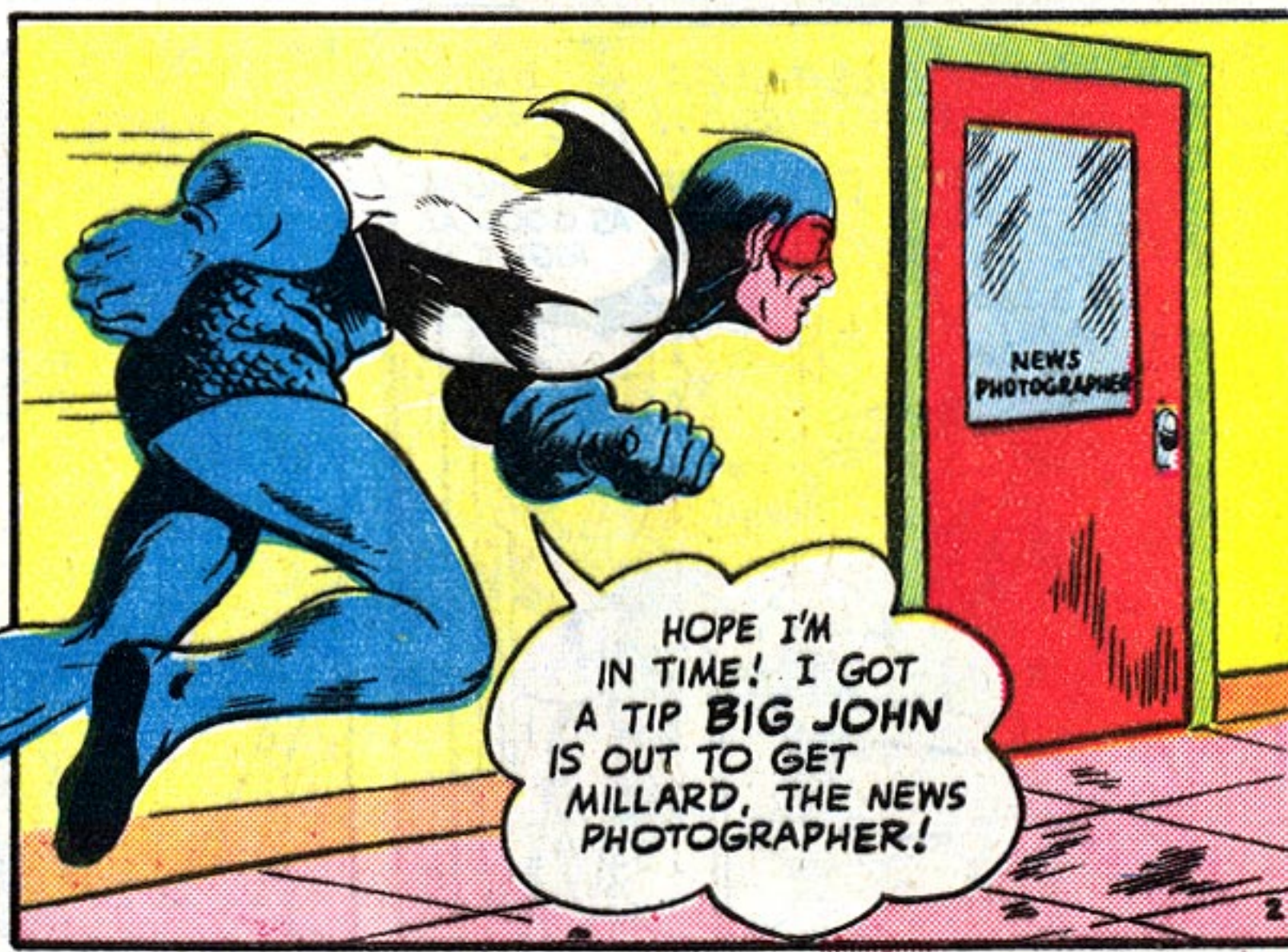
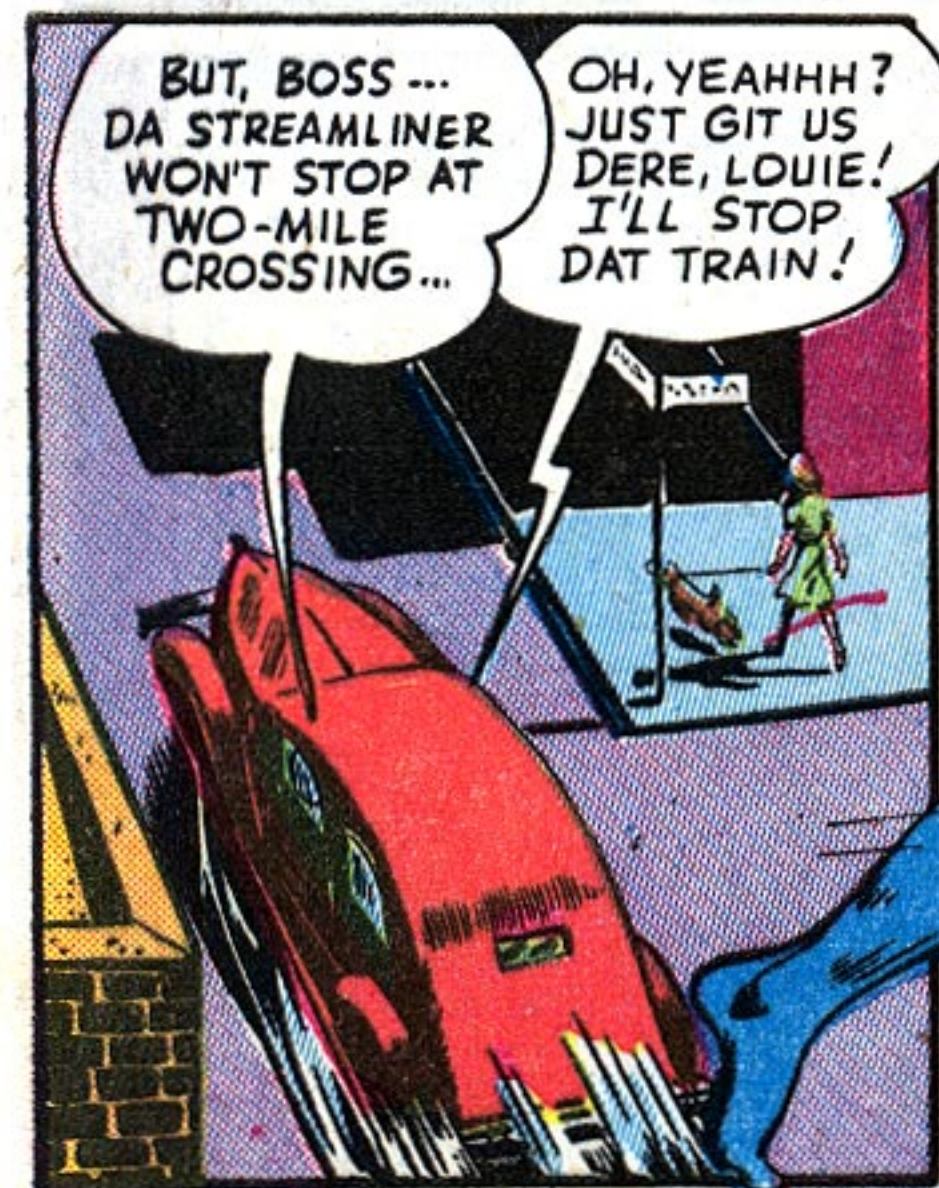
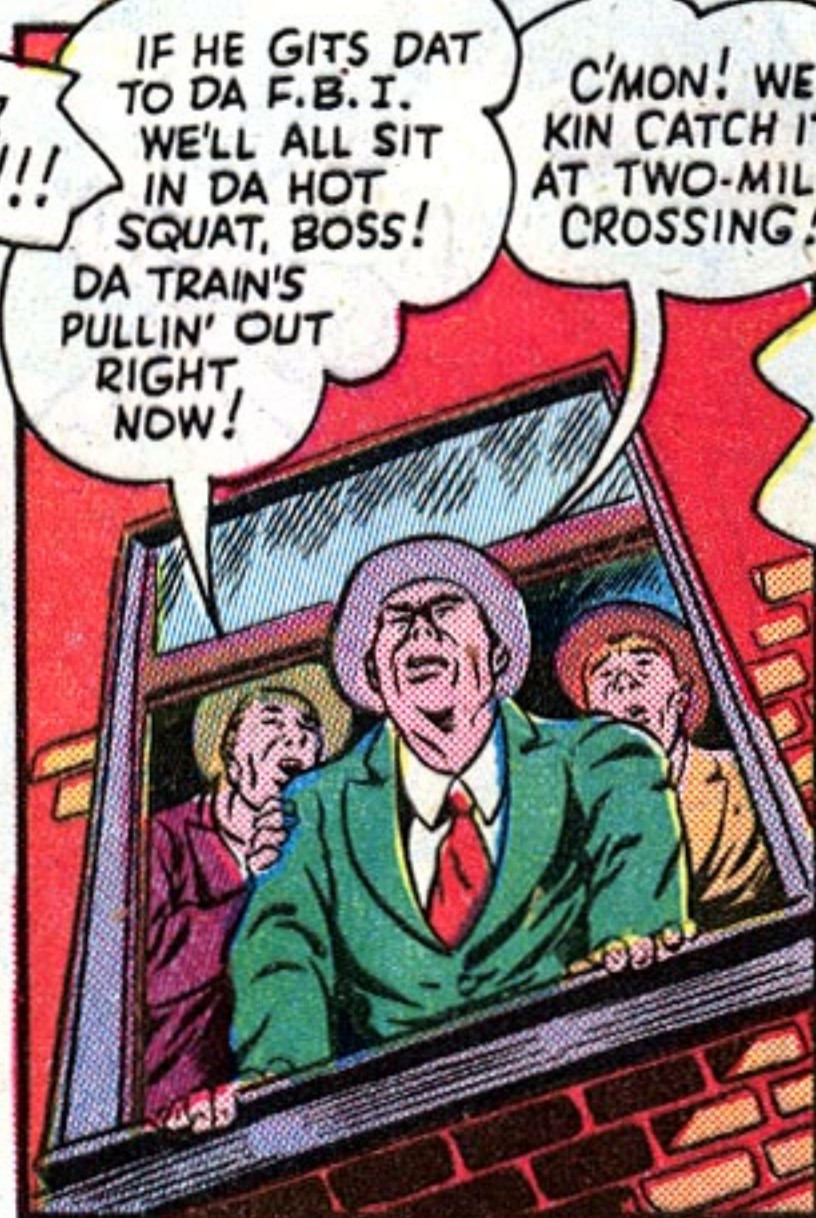
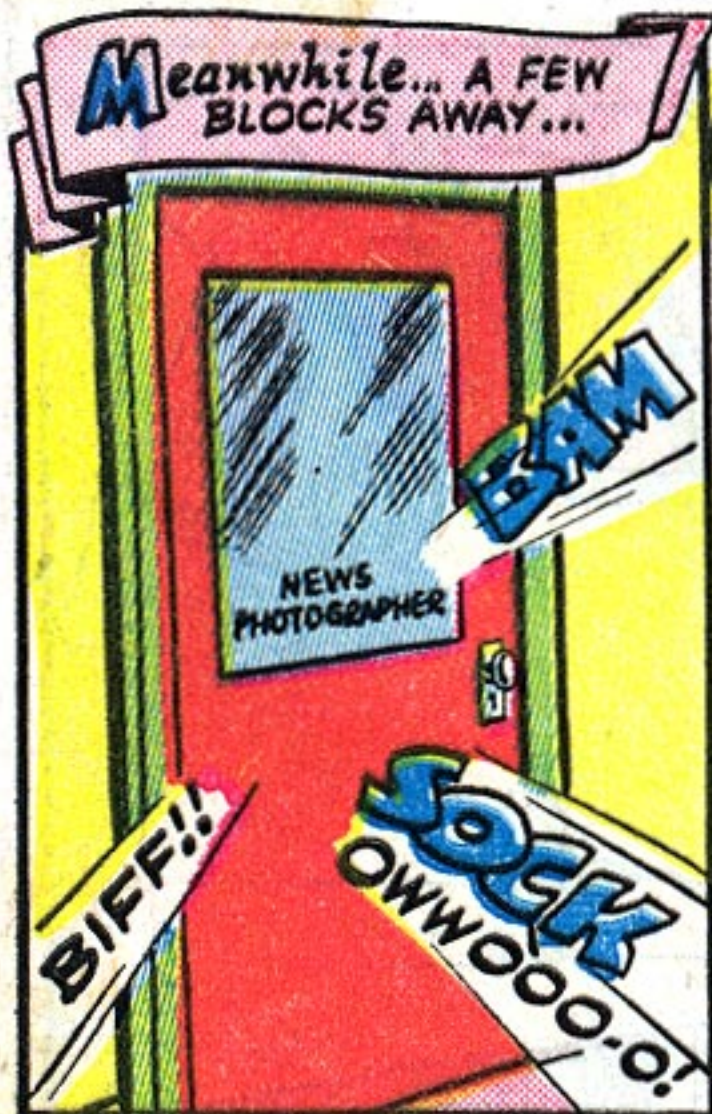
DEPUTY SHERIFF **BILL TRAGG** HAS AN IMPORTANT MISSION!

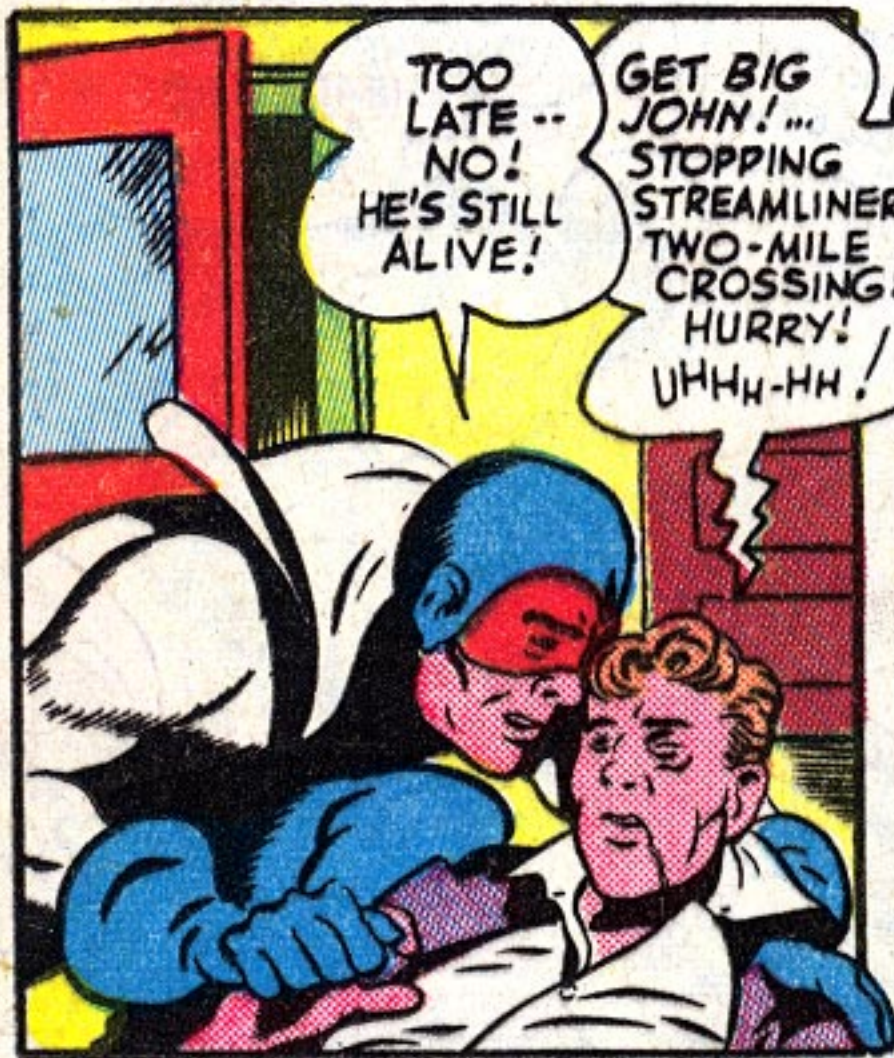
SO LONG, BILL, AND TAKE CARE OF THAT EVIDENCE IN YOUR BRIEF CASE!

I WILL, SHERIFF! BIG JOHN HAMMER AND HIS MOB ARE AS GOOD AS BURNED RIGHT NOW!



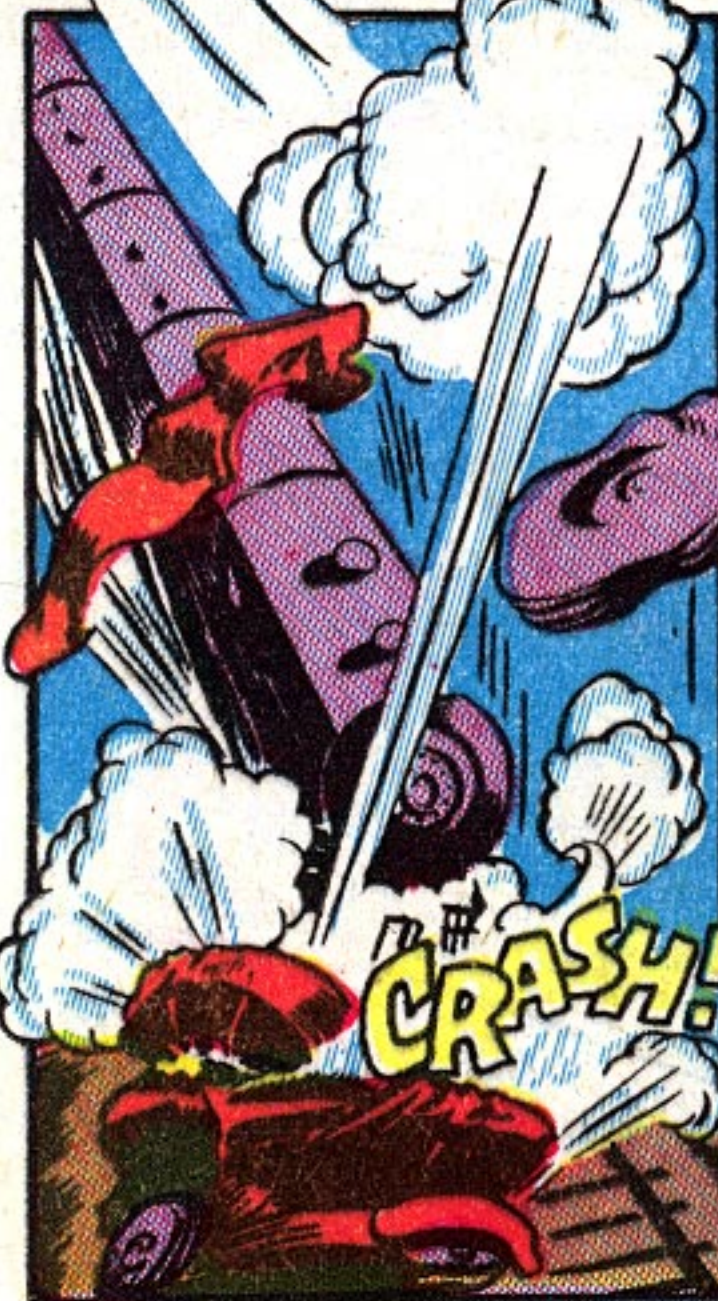
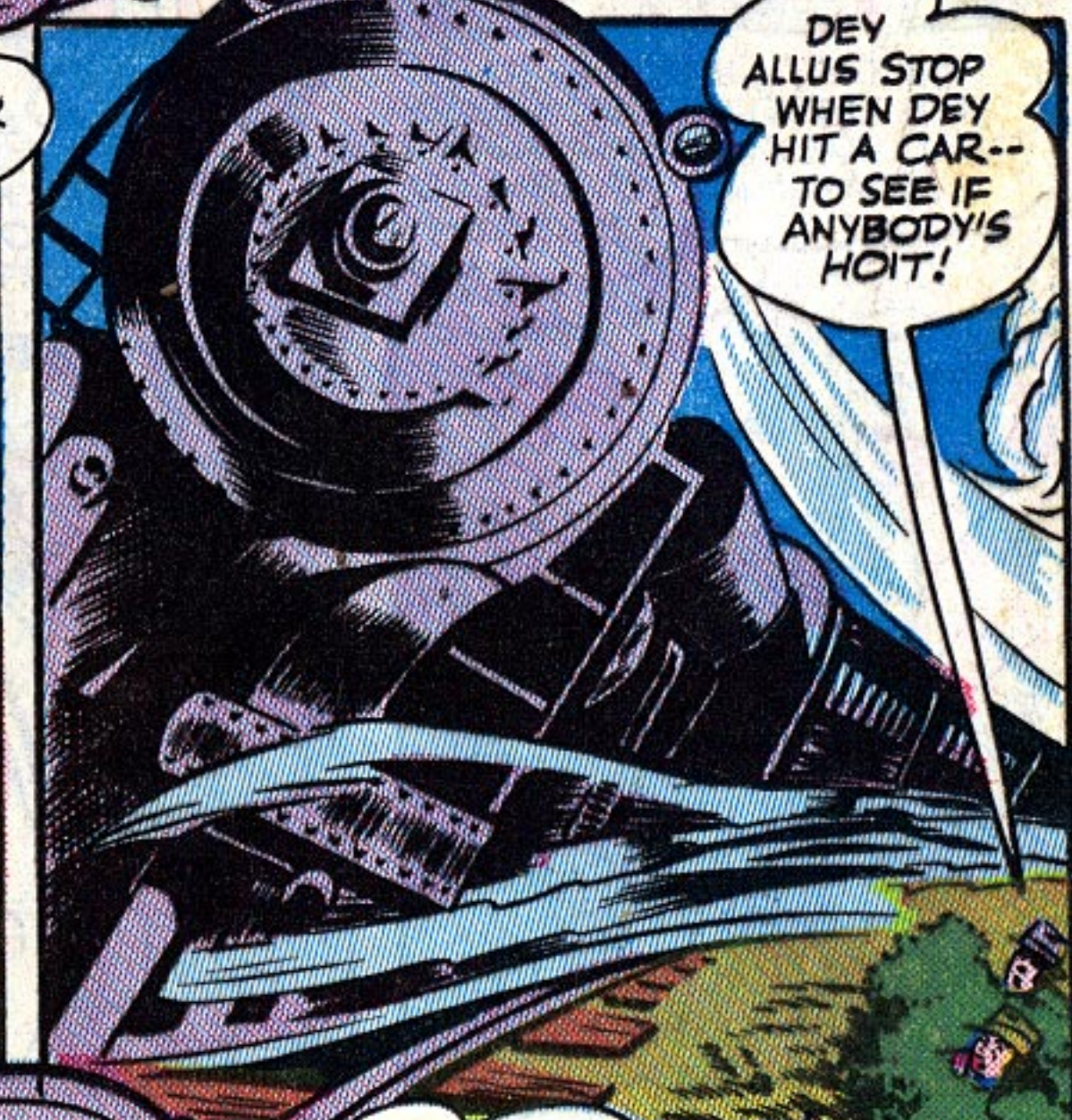
THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE IN HERE TO LET THE F.B.I. INDICT **BIG JOHN** AND ALL HIS PALS FOR MURDER!





GET BIG JOHN! ... STOPPING STREAMLINER... TWO-MILE CROSSING! HURRY! UHHH-HH!

HE'S GONE! BUT I MUST REACH THE CROSSING! BIG JOHN IS DESPERATE TO STOP DELIVERY OF THAT PICTURE!





LOUIE!... KEEP THESE BIRDS COVERED! HAVE 'EM START THE TRAIN WHILE WE FIND DAT DEPUTY AN' GIT DA PICTURE!

I GOTCHA, BOSS! CLIMB IN THERE, YOU TWO!

HAVE 'EM STOP DA TRAIN AGAIN IN EXACTLY TEN MINUTES! ... WE'LL HOP OFF AN' HEAD FER DA MOUNTAINS TO LAY LOW FER A SPELL!

IT'S A CINCH, BOSS! WE CAN'T LOSE!

A FEW MOMENTS Later...



TOO LATE! THEY'RE ON THE TRAIN, HEADED FOR ANOTHER MURDER!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO TAKE THE SHORTCUT ACROSS THE DIVIDE AND FLAG DOWN THE STREAMLINER AT ARNOLD JUNCTION!



Meanwhile...

LIKE DA BOSS SAYS, IF YOU BOIDS DON'T TRY NOTHIN', YUH WON'T GIT HOIT!

THAT'S KIND OF YOU!...



BUT WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES, RAT! GRAB HIM, KELLY!

WHY, YOU DIRTY ...! OOOOOPF!



TRY TUH RUSH ME, WILL YUH? TAKE THAT!

OOOHH! AGHHHHH!



SUDDENLY, THE SPEEDING TRAIN LURCHES INTO A CURVE!...

HEY! I'M FALLIN'! EEEOW!



AND THE TRAIN ROARS AHEAD WITH THE HAND OF DEATH AT THE CONTROLS!

MEANWHILE, IN A REAR COACH...

HURRY UP, MAX! WE GOT THE PICTURE! AN' NOBODY SEEN US!

YEAH! IT'S TIME FER LOUIE TO STOP DA TRAIN SO'S WE KIN SCRAM!

HEY! IT'S MORE'N TEN MINUTES-- AN' WE AIN'T STOPPIN'!

CHEEE! WE'RE GOIN' FASTER AN' FASTER!

HERE IT COMES! I HOPE THEY STOP!

THEY WILL! I HAVE THE SIGNALS SET AGAINST THEM, QUICKSILVER!

WHA ... ?? THEY NEVER EVEN SLOWED DOWN! SOMETHING'S WRONG!!

PLENTY'S WRONG! BOTH THE FIREMAN AND ENGINEER MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED! THE CAB'S EMPTY.

IF THE TRAIN HITS DEAD MAN'S CURVE AT THAT SPEED, IT'LL BE WRECKED!

NOT IF I CAN REACH THE ARMY AIR FIELD IN TIME!

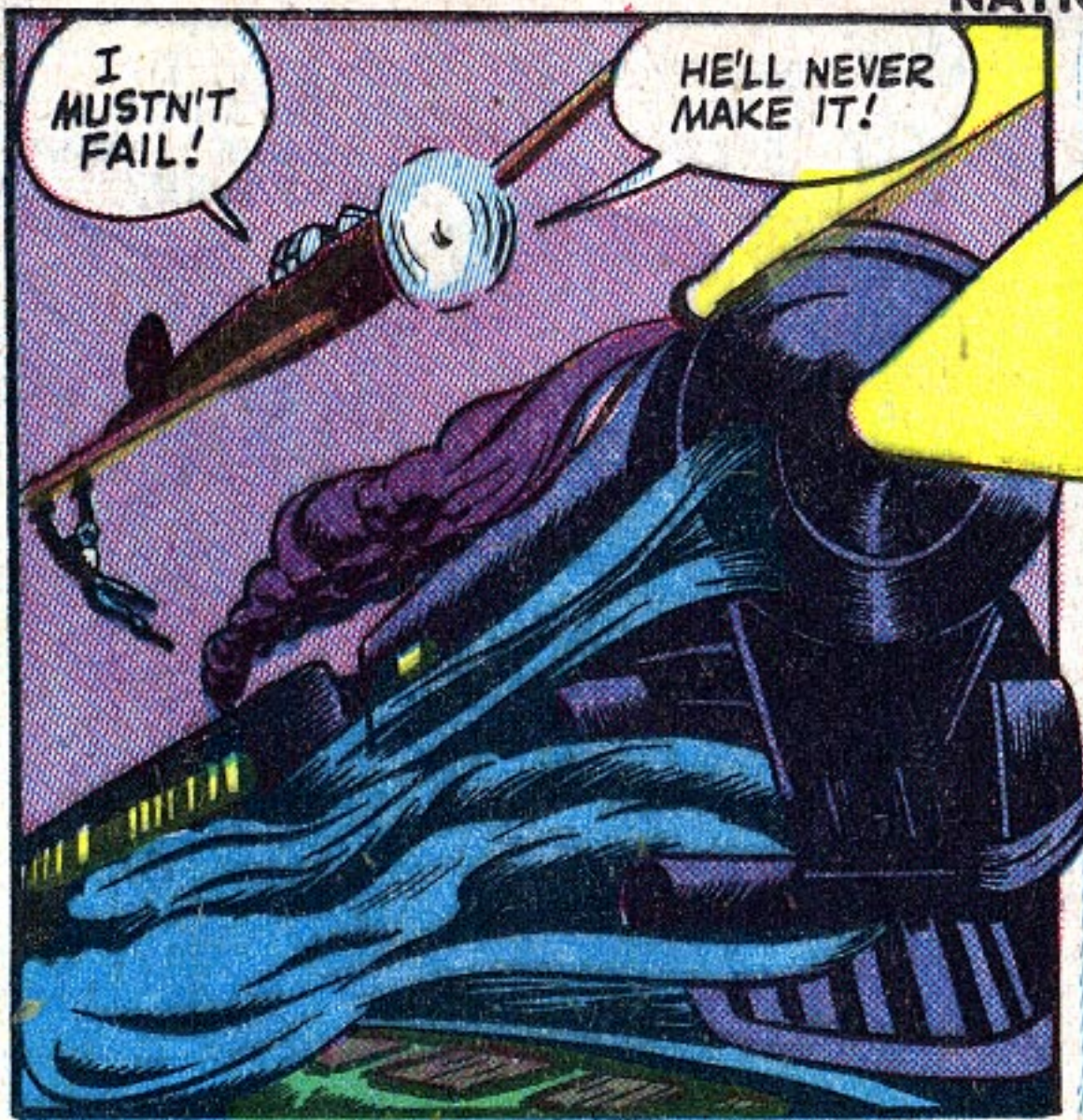
A FEW MINUTES Later...

IT'S SUICIDE, QUICKSILVER-- BUT THERE'S NO OTHER HOPE, SO--

JUST GET ME THERE, SIR, AND I'LL DO THE REST!

THERE'S THE TRAIN!... NOW WHAT?

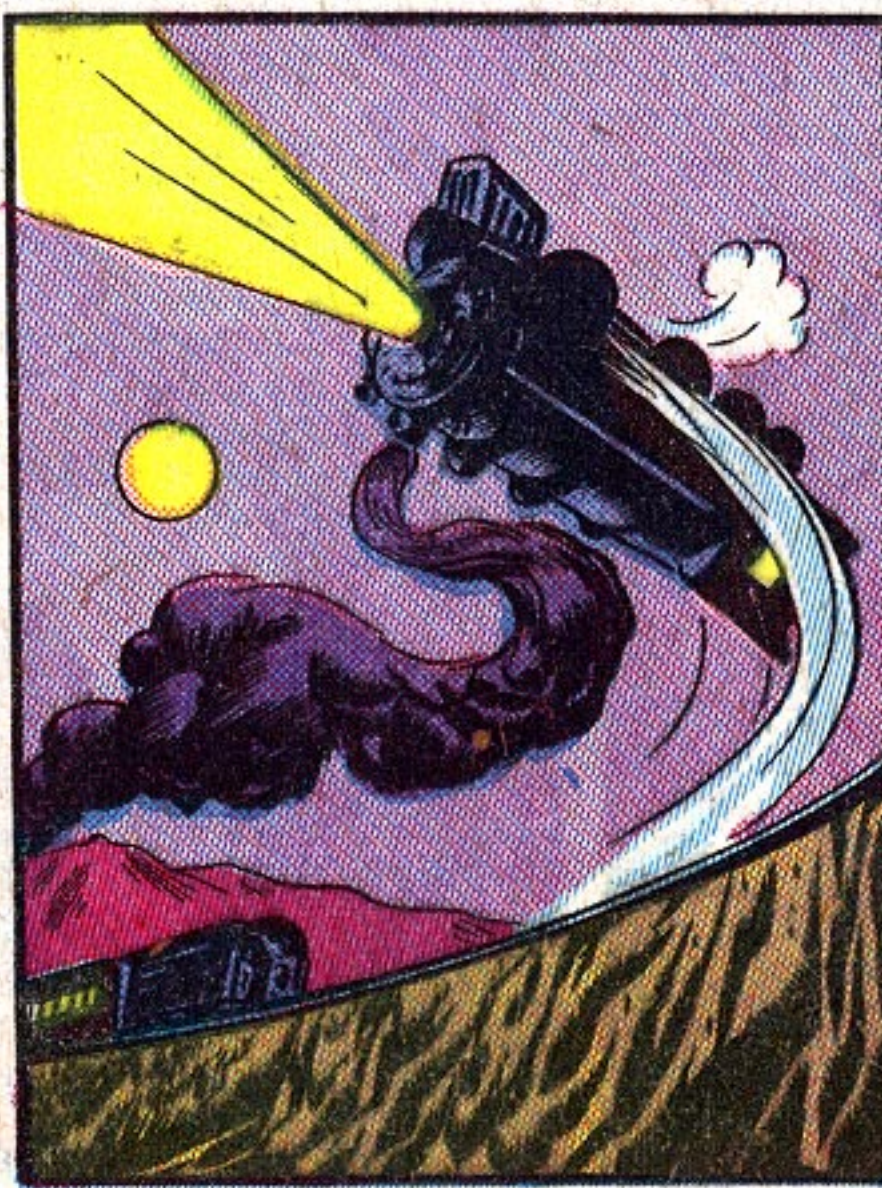
LOWER YOUR LANDING GEAR AND TAKE ME DOWN!



HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



WOWIE! WHAT A MAN!





WE'RE SLOWIN' DOWN, AT LAST! LOUIE MUSTA HAD TROUBLE!

WE BETTER JUMP AN' SCRAM BEFORE SOMEONE STUMBLES INTA THAT BODY!

LOUIE KIN MEET US AT DA HIDE-OUT!

WE KIN DUCK AROUND HERE AN' HIKE OVER DA MOUNTAIN!

AN' NOBODY KIN STOP US NOW!

ARE YOU SURE OF THAT?

EEYEOW!! QUICKSILVER..

IF I SEEM A LITTLE IMPATIENT---

OOOTCH!

IT'S BECAUSE I AM A LITTLE IMPATIENT!!

HERE'S THE PICTURE THAT ... WHAT--??

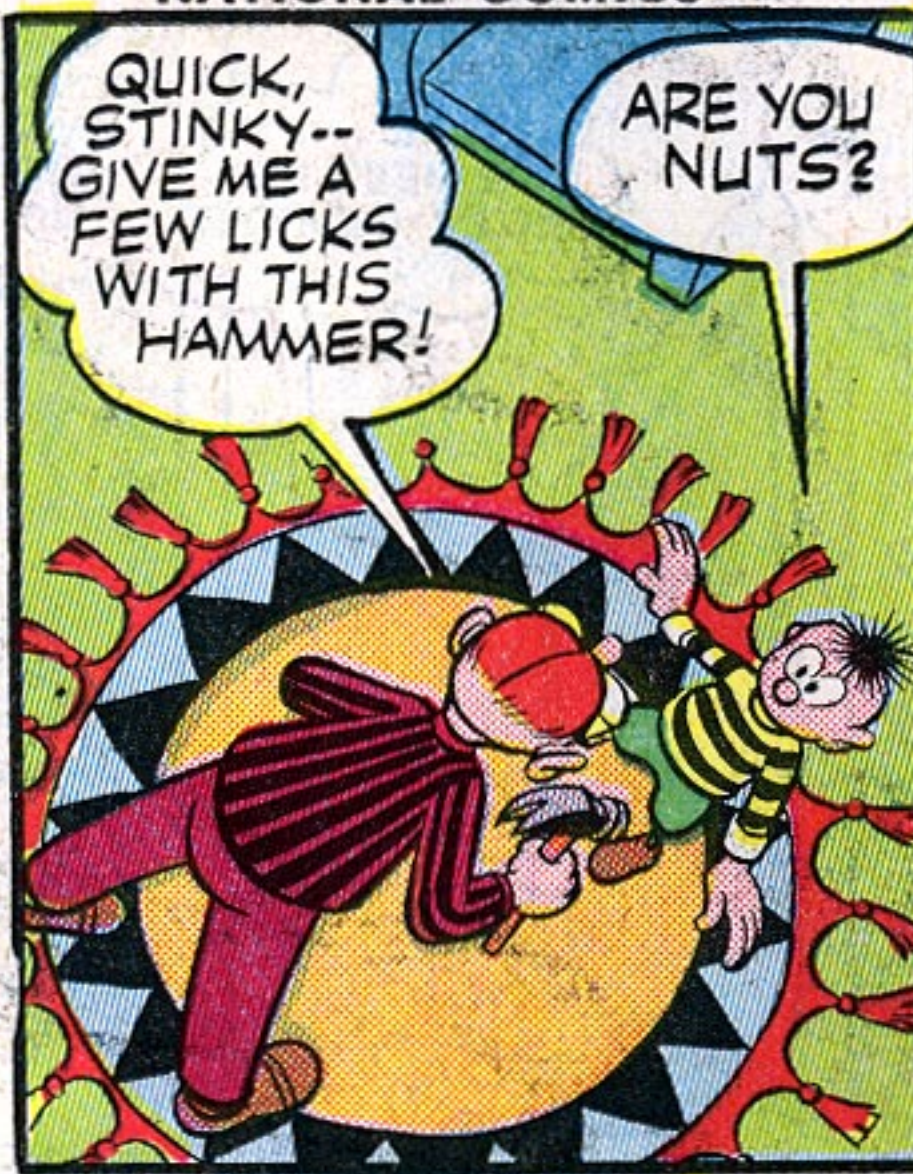
IT'S QUICKSILVER! HE SAVED OUR LIVES! ISN'T HE HANDSOME? ... LET'S ALL KISS HIM, GIRLS!!

WOMEN!! OH, SPEED, DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

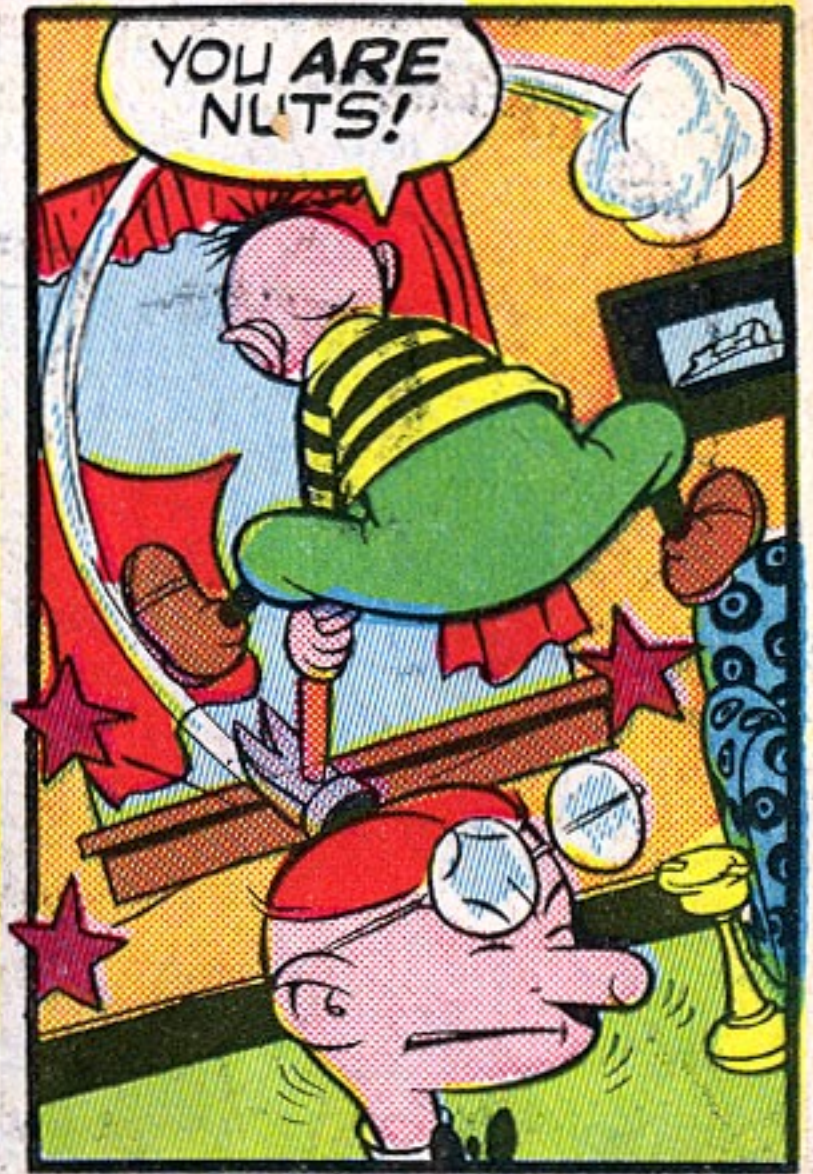
THINK HE'S FAST?? ... **QUICKSILVER** WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

WINDY BREEZE

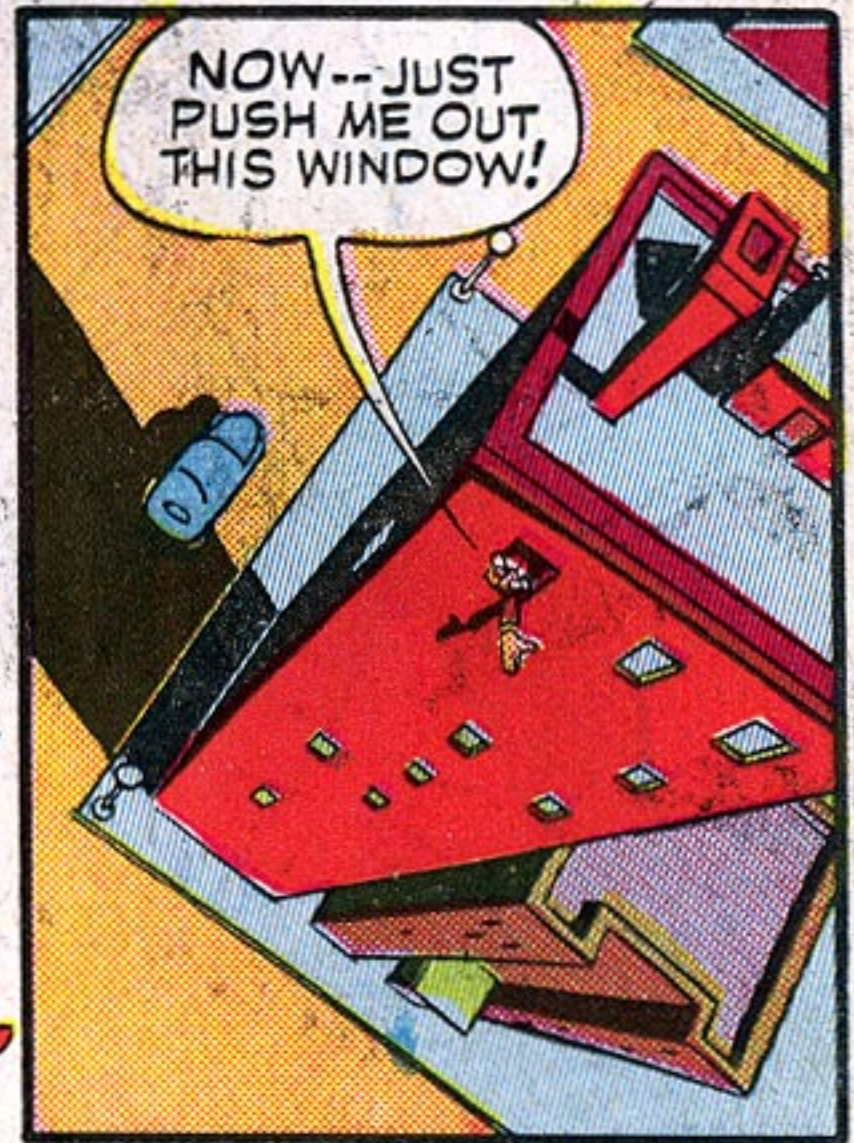
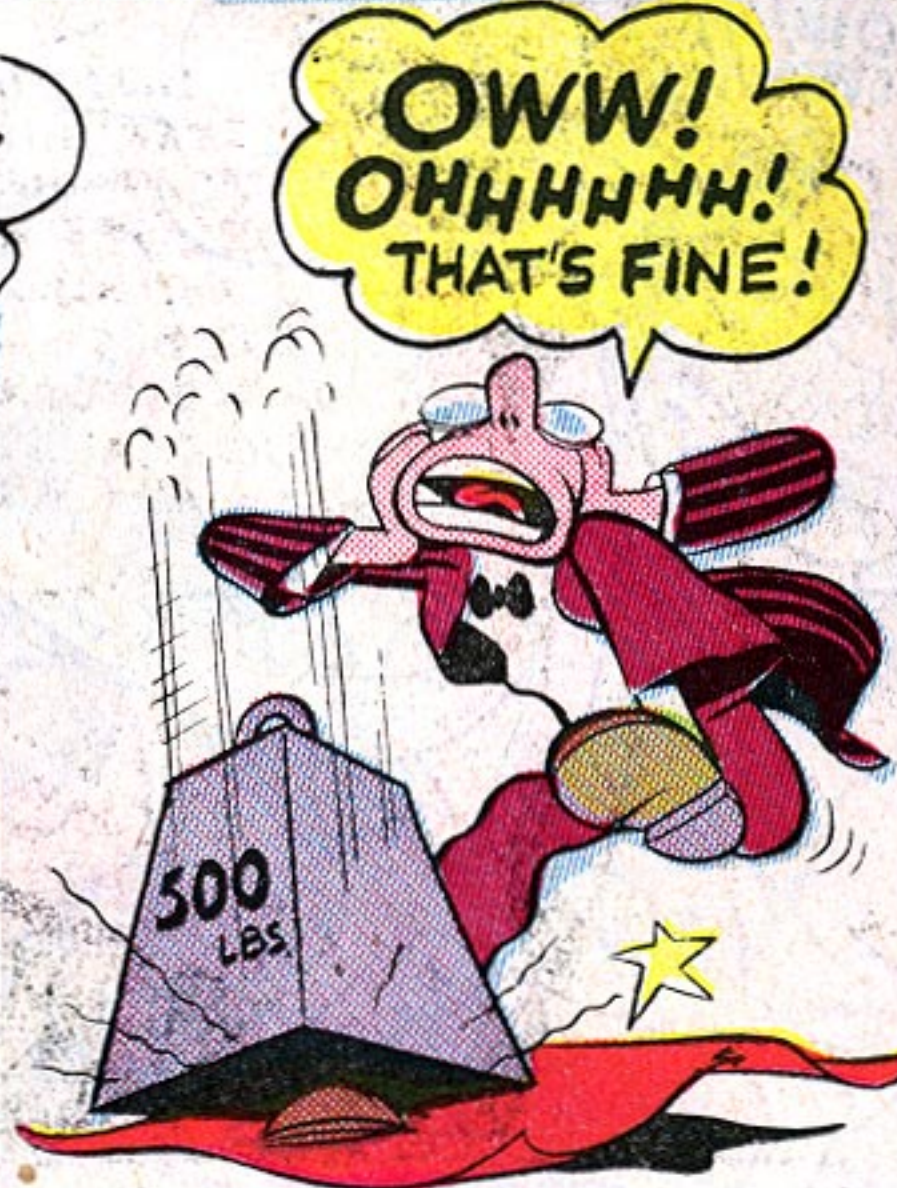
CHAMP
LIAR
DE LUXE



ARE YOU
NUTS?



WHAT
?



G-2



THEY CALL THE CHINESE THE "YELLOW RACE," BUT THAT YELLOW IS ONLY SKIN DEEP! ... THEY'RE A NATION OF **FOUR HUNDRED MILLION HEROES AND HEROINES!** ... AND AMONG THE BRAVEST AND BEST WAS THAT EASTERN JOAN OF ARC THEY CALLED THE **LADY WANG!**

CAPT. DON LEASH
U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE



CAPTAIN DON LEASH OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE HAS ACCOMPANIED A BOMBER SQUADRON WHICH RAIDED THE HEART OF JAPANESE TERRITORY

THAT LAST BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE DAMAGED US, CAPTAIN LEASH! WE'LL HAVE TO LAND! THAT'S CHINA BELOW--

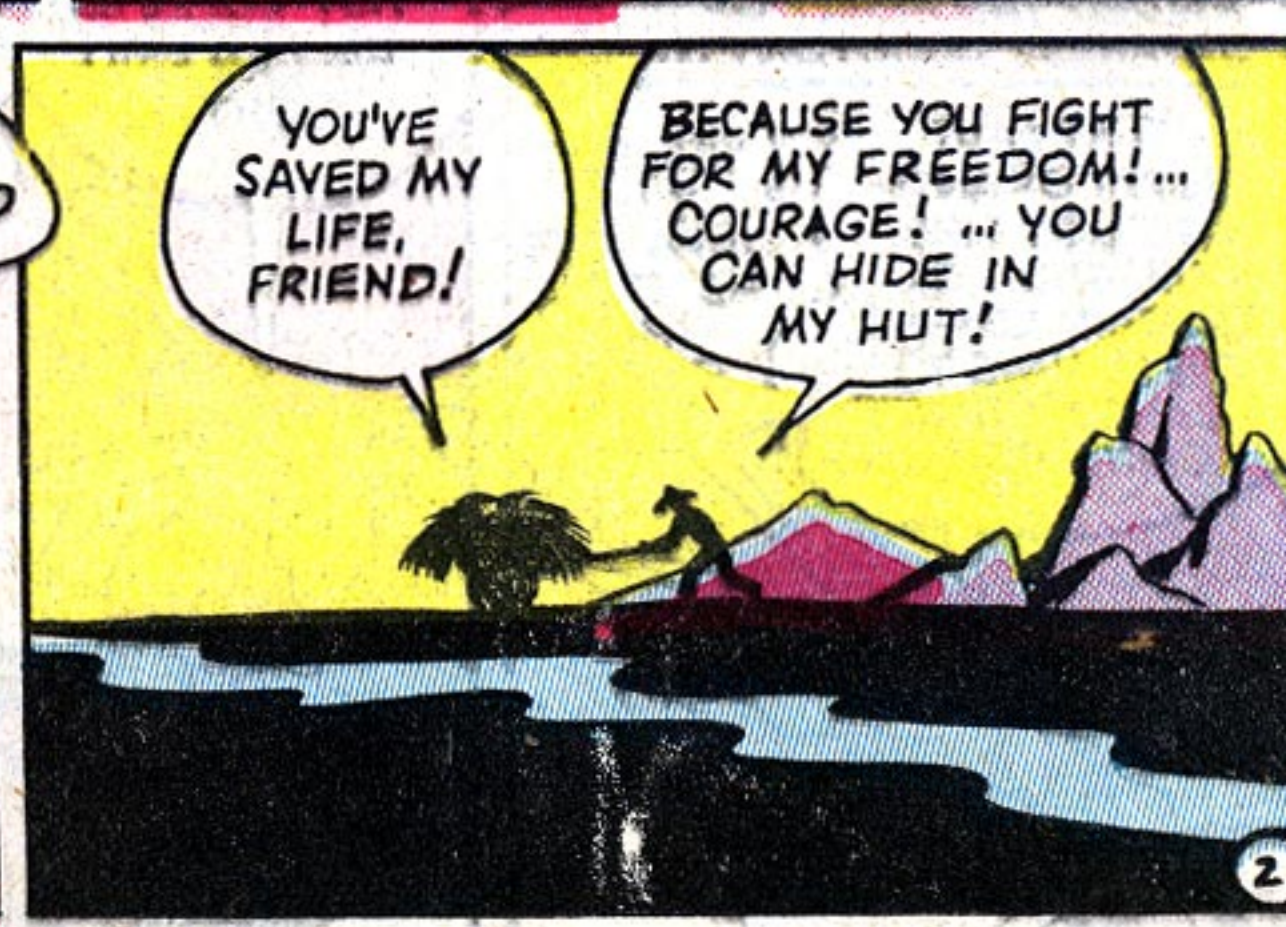
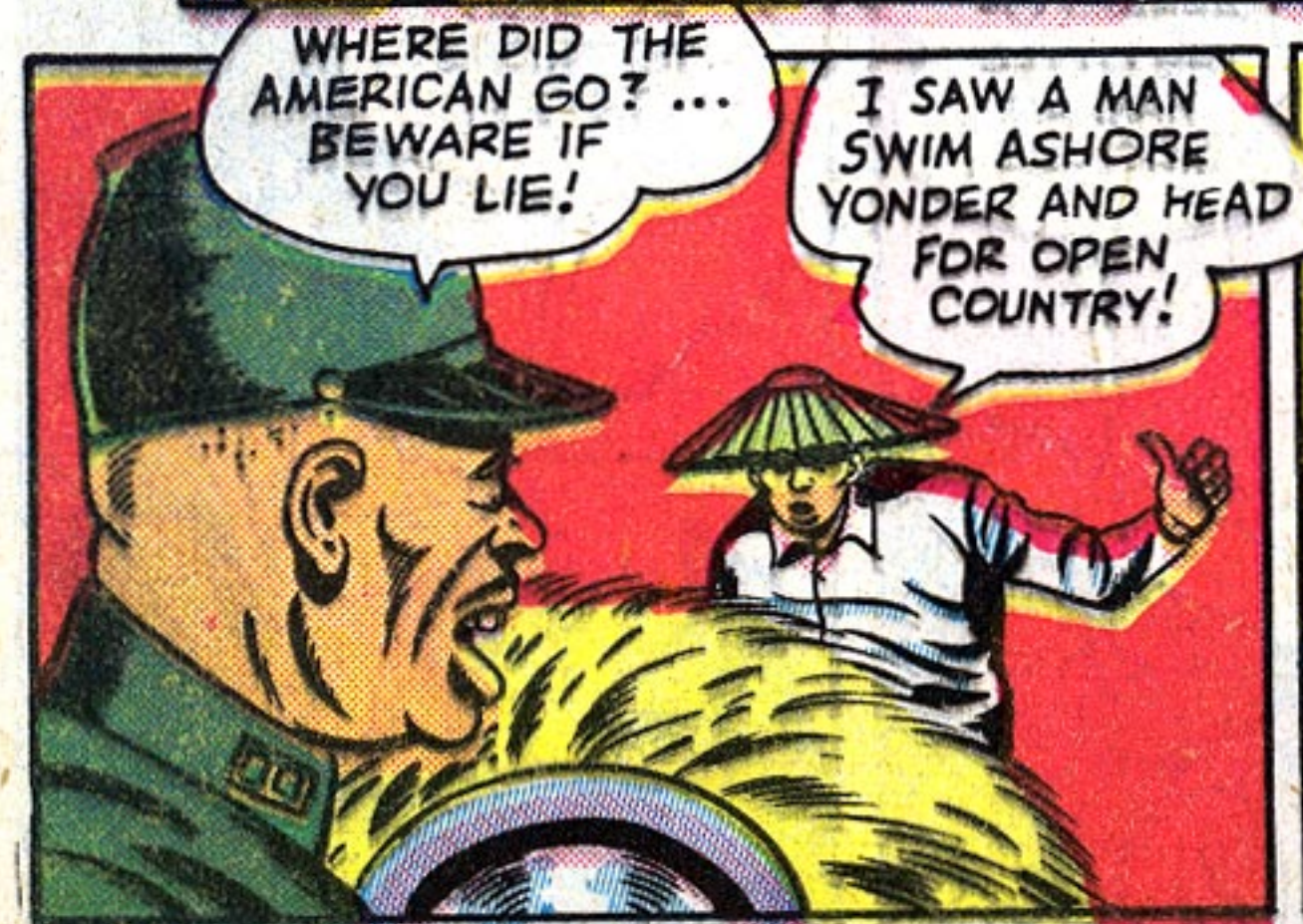
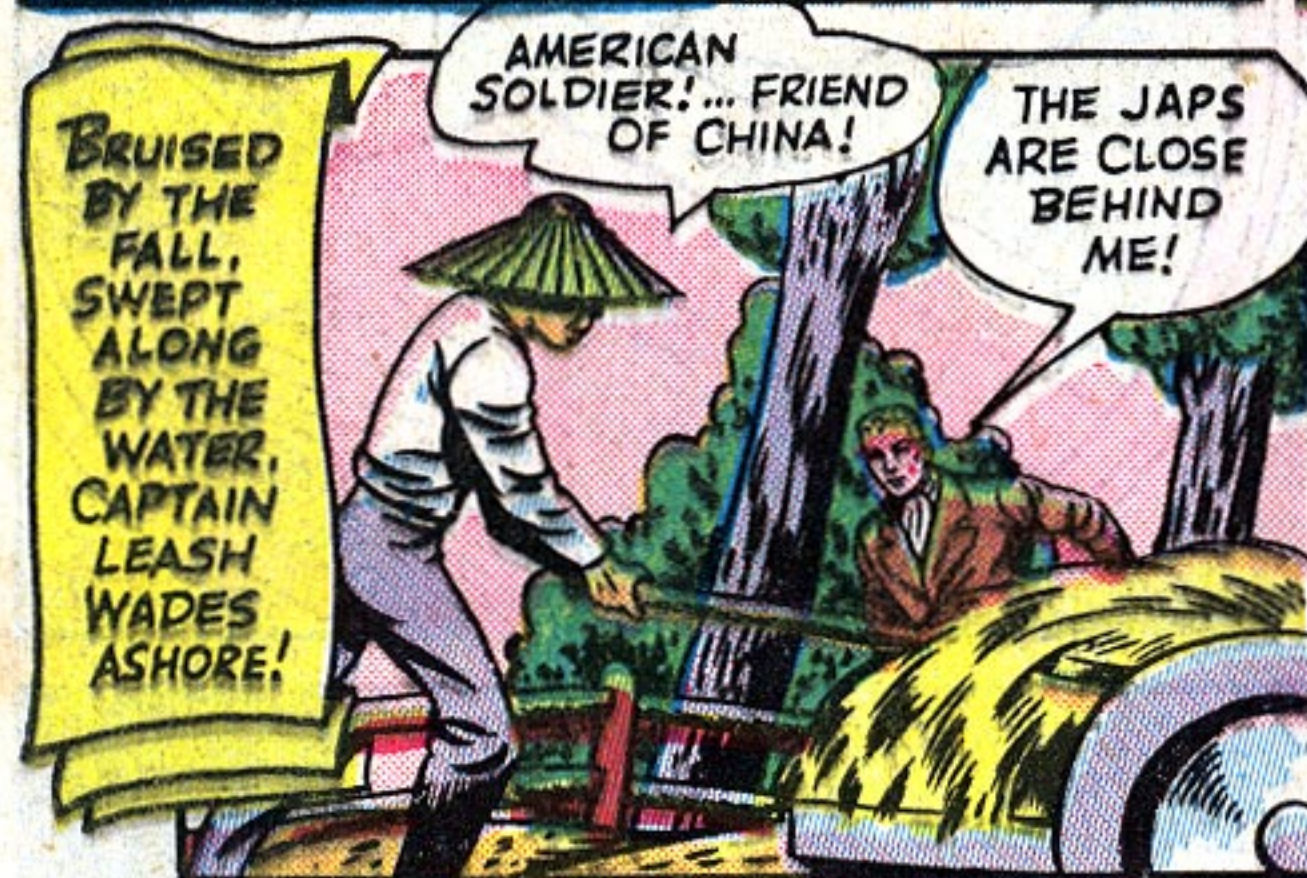
YES, BUT THE JAPANESE HOLD ALL THIS REGION!

LOOK! ... THOSE JAPS HAVE SPOTTED US! SHOW 'EM WE CAN STILL FIGHT!

I'M WITH YOU, CAPTAIN LEASH! WHO'S AFRAID OF THE LITTLE BROWN MONKEYS?

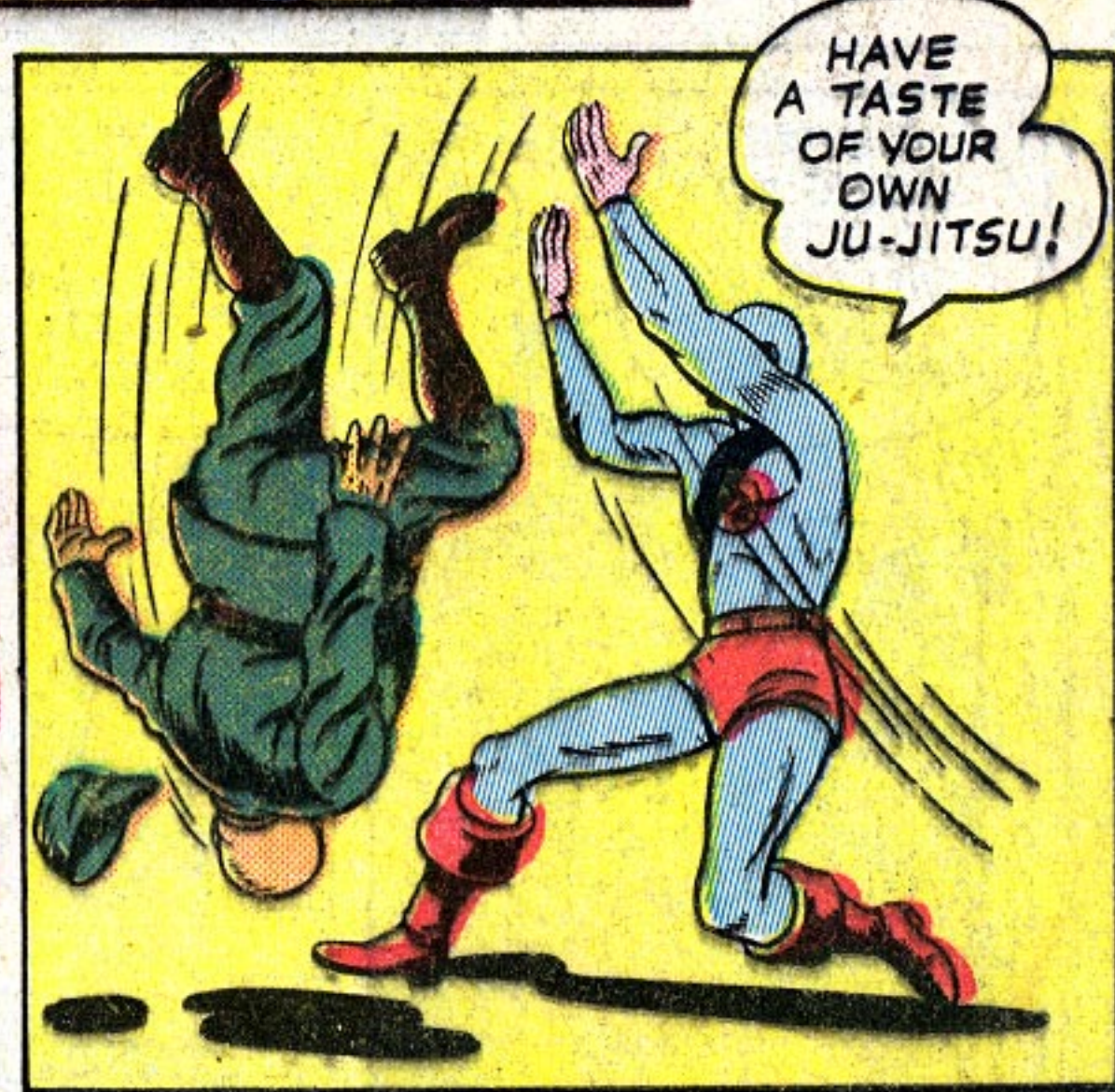
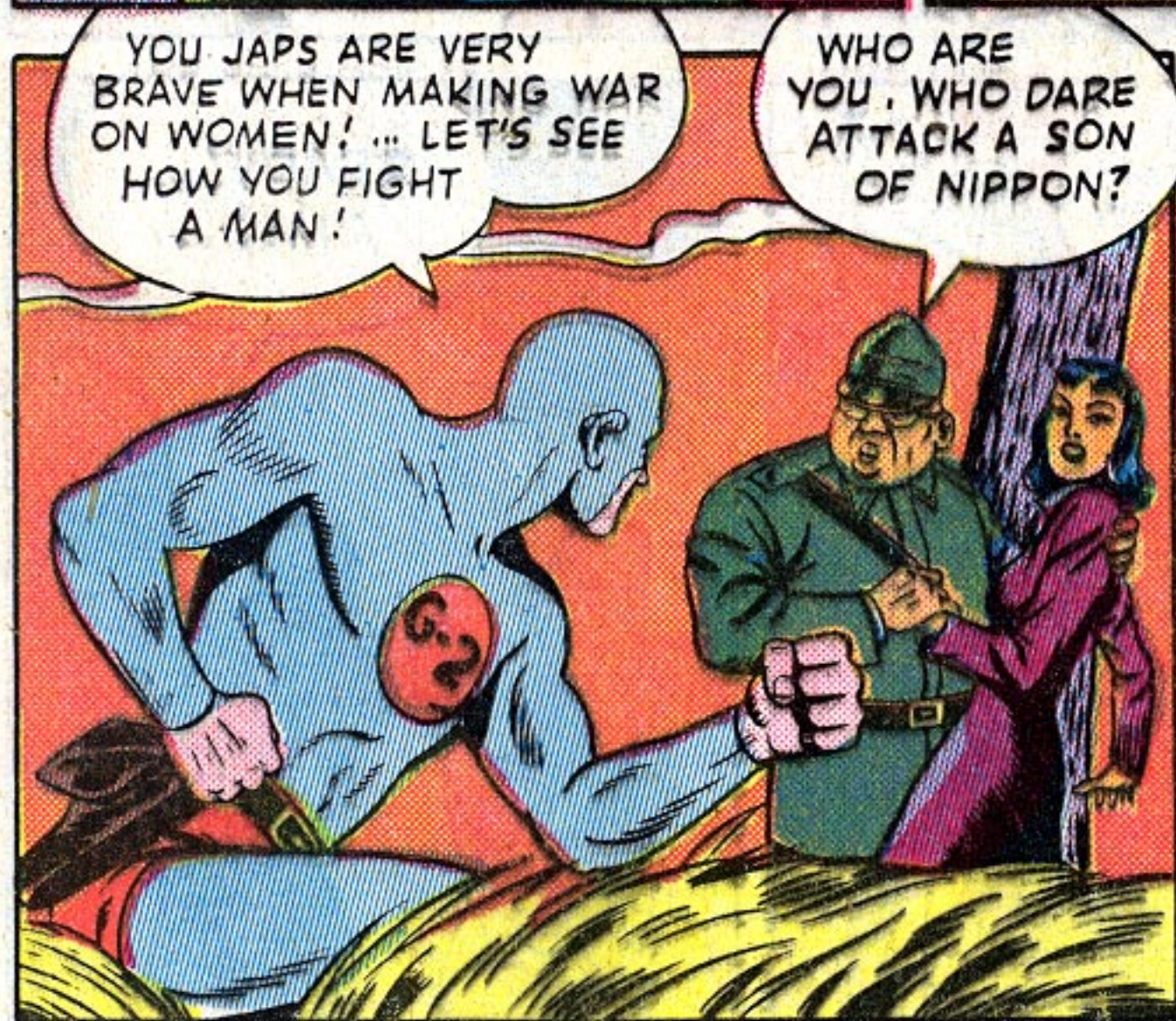
RETURN THEIR FIRE AND RETREAT TO THOSE TREES!







BUT... HIDDEN IN THE HAY, DON LEASH HAS TAKEN OFF HIS INCRIMINATING UNIFORM... AND HE BECOMES G-2!...



AN INVADER! ... SPEAKING TO THE LADY WANG!

YOU ARE THE CHIEF PERSON OF THIS VILLAGE! WE ARE HUNTING AN AMERICAN! IF YOU SHELTER HIM, ALL YOUR PEOPLE WILL DIE!

I KNOW OF NO AMERICAN! LET ME GO!

NO, YOU ARE TOO PRETTY TO WASTE YOUR TIME HERE! COME WITH ME!

YOU JAPS ARE VERY BRAVE WHEN MAKING WAR ON WOMEN! ... LET'S SEE HOW YOU FIGHT A MAN!

WHO ARE YOU, WHO DARE ATTACK A SON OF NIPPON?

HAVE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN JU-JITSU!

HE WILL NEVER GET UP FROM THAT TERRIBLE FALL!

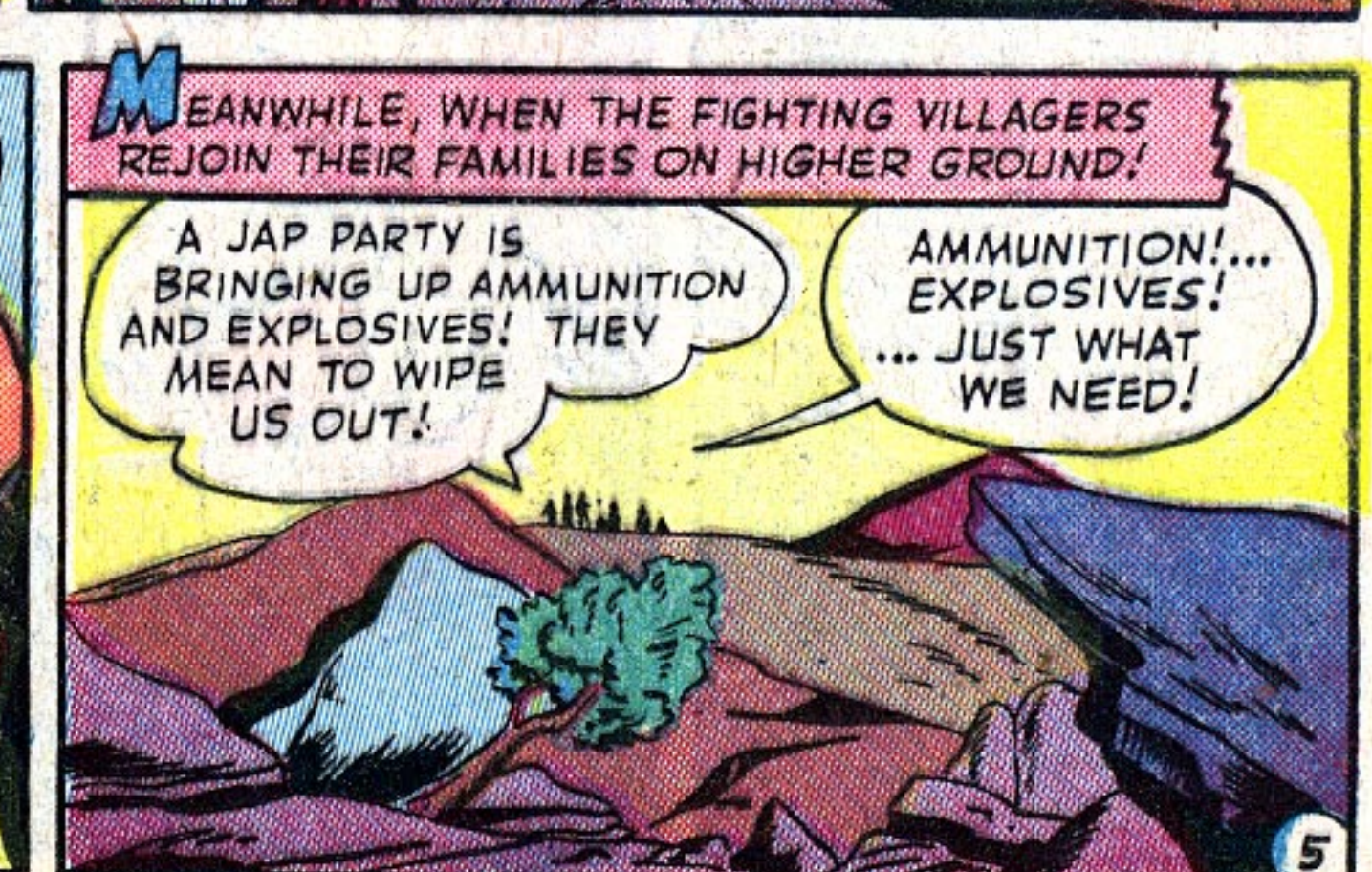
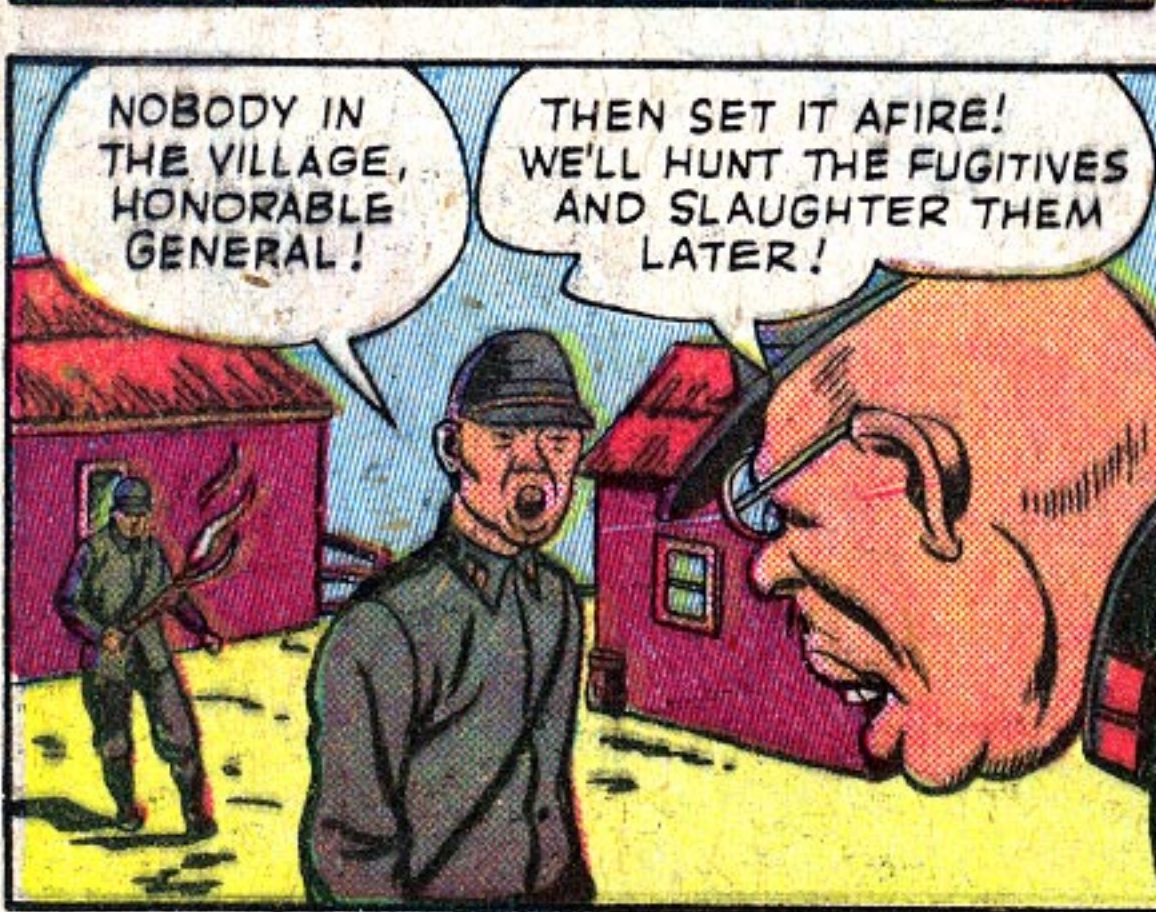
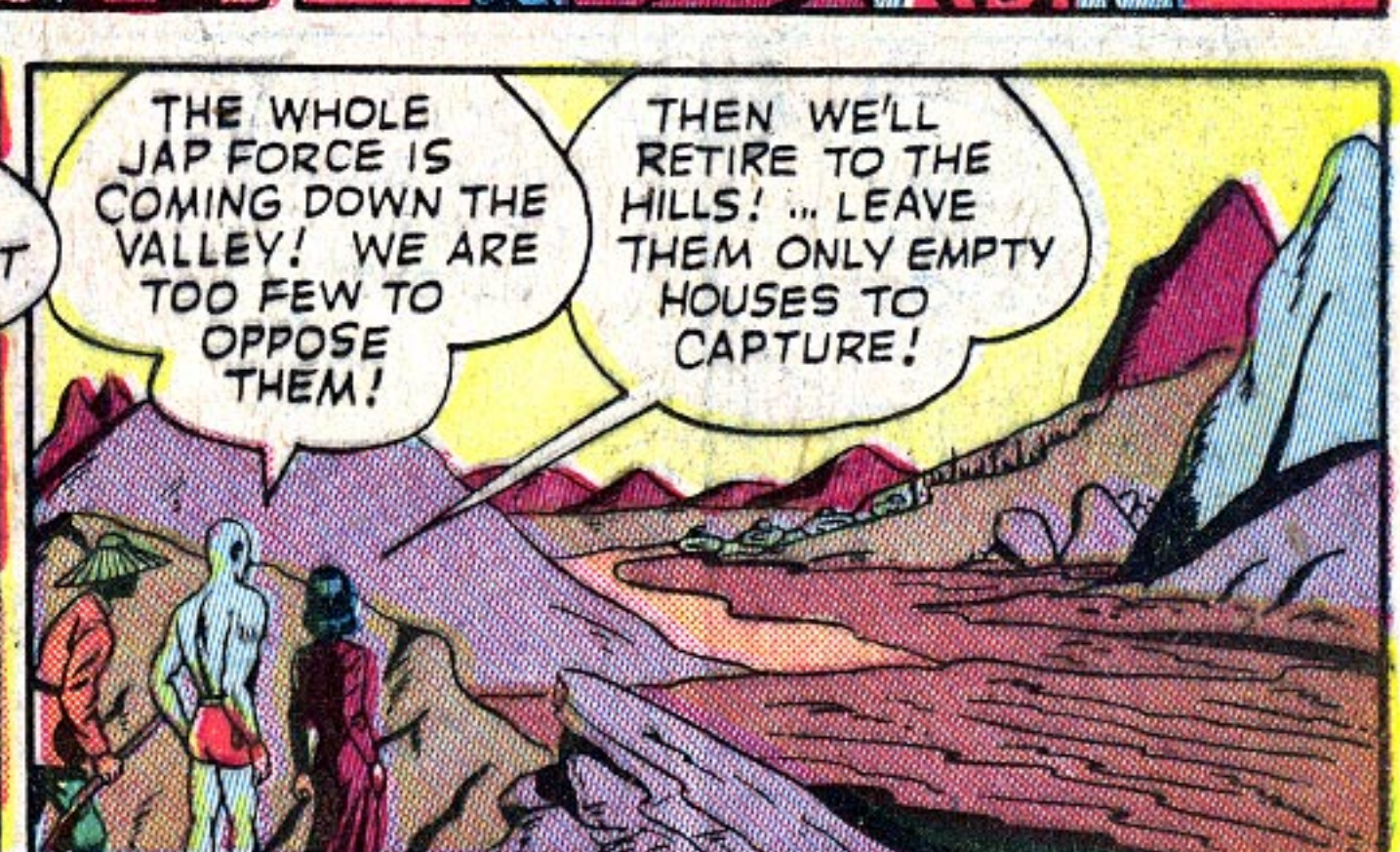
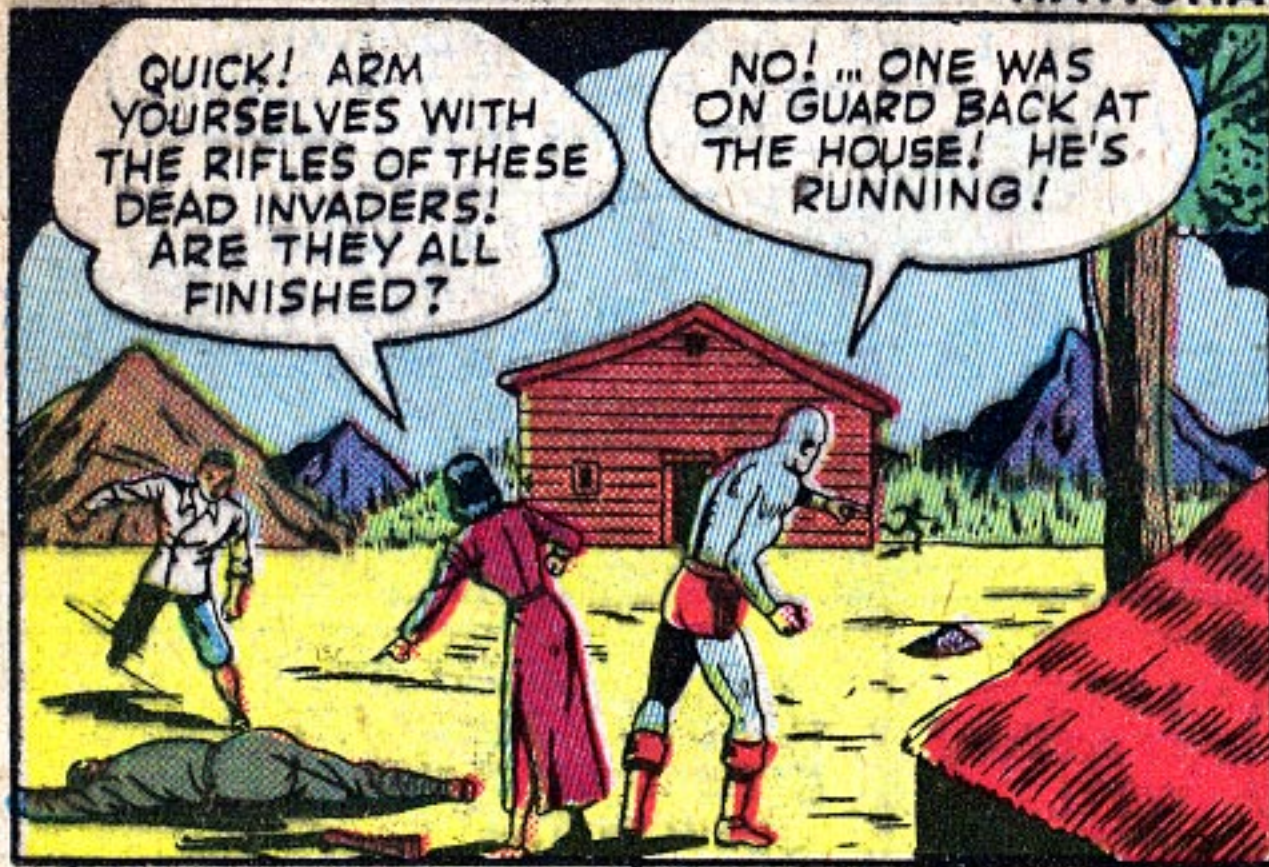
RIGHT! HE BROKE HIS NECK! I HOPE I HAVEN'T SET THE WHOLE JAPANESE ARMY TO WIPING YOU OUT!

THE DANGER IS GREAT! QUICK! FRIEND! PUT THE BODY IN YOUR WHEELBARROW AND GET IT OUT OF SIGHT!

YOU ARE G-2! WE HAVE HEARD GREAT THINGS OF YOU! NOW I DARE HOPE YOU CAN SAVE US!

WHATEVER CAN BE DONE, I'LL DO, LADY WANG!





HURRYING AROUND THE VALLEY,
THE CHINESE CUT OFF THE
AMMUNITION CARRIERS!

KILL ALL THOSE
JAPS! THEN CART
THE EXPLOSIVES
ABOVE THE
DAM!

FILL THAT BOAT
WITH THE MOST
POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVES!
QUICK!

I GET YOUR IDEA, LADY WANG!
AND WE'LL PUSH IT TO SUCCESS!
I'LL ROW THE BOAT!

SORRY, G-2!
I'M THE LEADER
OF MY PEOPLE --
AND IT'S THE
LEADER'S PLACE
TO DO THE
DANGEROUS
WORK!

LET'S
NOT ARGUE!
WE'LL
BOTH
GO!

WE'RE ALMOST AT
THE DAM! PULL THAT
GRENADE PIN AND
JUMP IN THE
WATER!

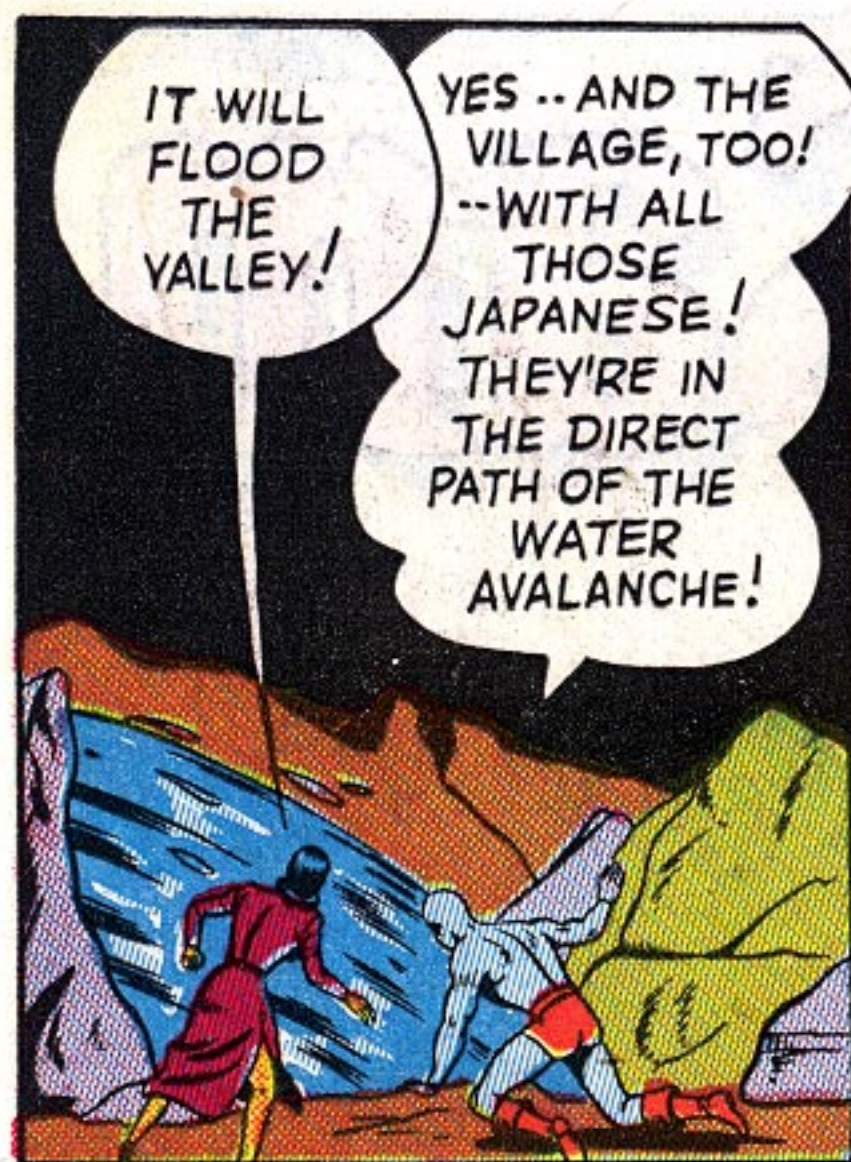
RIGHT
WITH YOU,
LADY
WANG!

SWIM
FOR
SHORE!

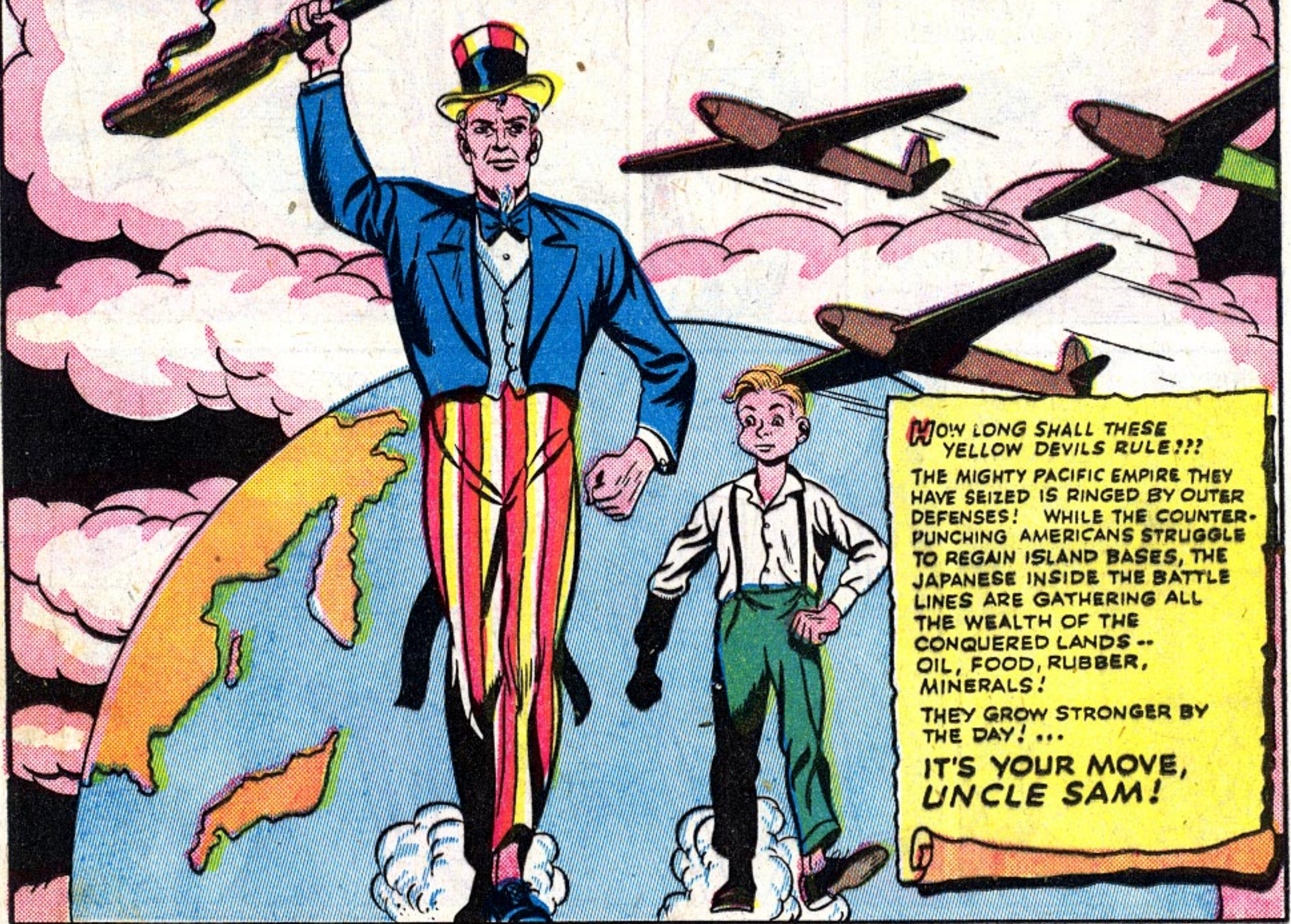
LOOK!
SHE'LL BLOW
UP IN A
MOMENT!

THE AMMUNITION-LADEN BOAT EXPLODES --
SMASHING THE DAM!!

BOOM!



Uncle Sam



HOW LONG SHALL THESE YELLOW DEVILS RULE???

THE MIGHTY PACIFIC EMPIRE THEY HAVE SEIZED IS RINGED BY OUTER DEFENSES! WHILE THE COUNTER-PUNCHING AMERICANS STRUGGLE TO REGAIN ISLAND BASES, THE JAPANESE INSIDE THE BATTLE LINES ARE GATHERING ALL THE WEALTH OF THE CONQUERED LANDS -- OIL, FOOD, RUBBER, MINERALS!

THEY GROW STRONGER BY THE DAY! ...

IT'S YOUR MOVE, UNCLE SAM!

AMERICAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN THE FAR EAST...

YOU'RE ONE OF MY MOST BRILLIANT NEPHEWS! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

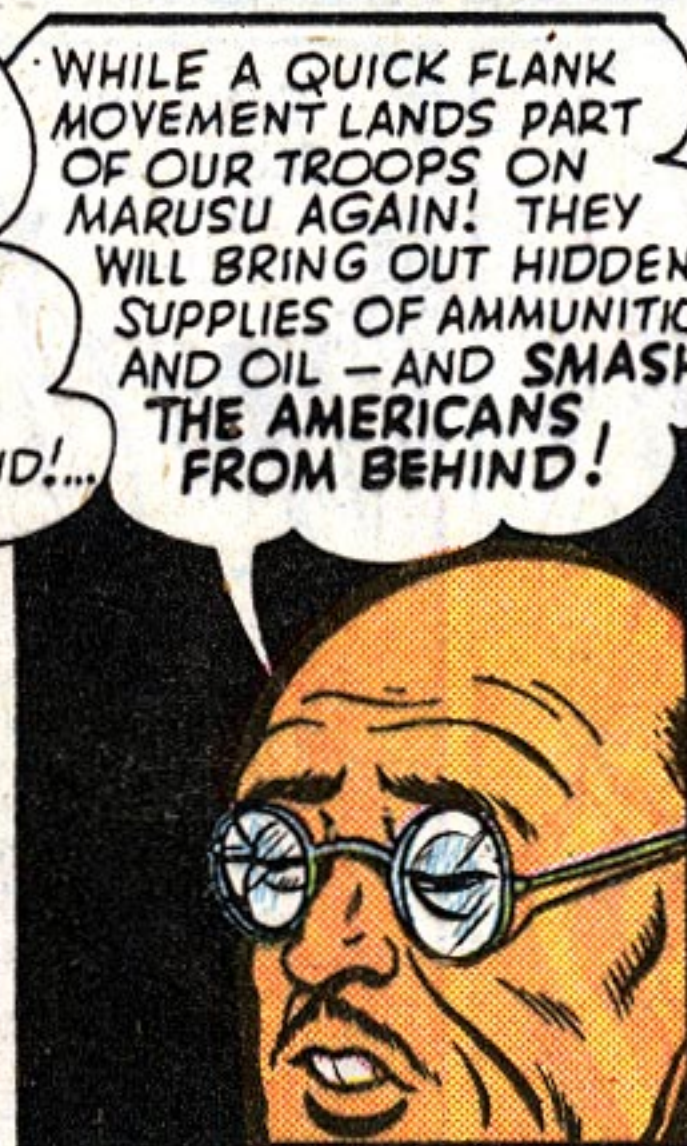
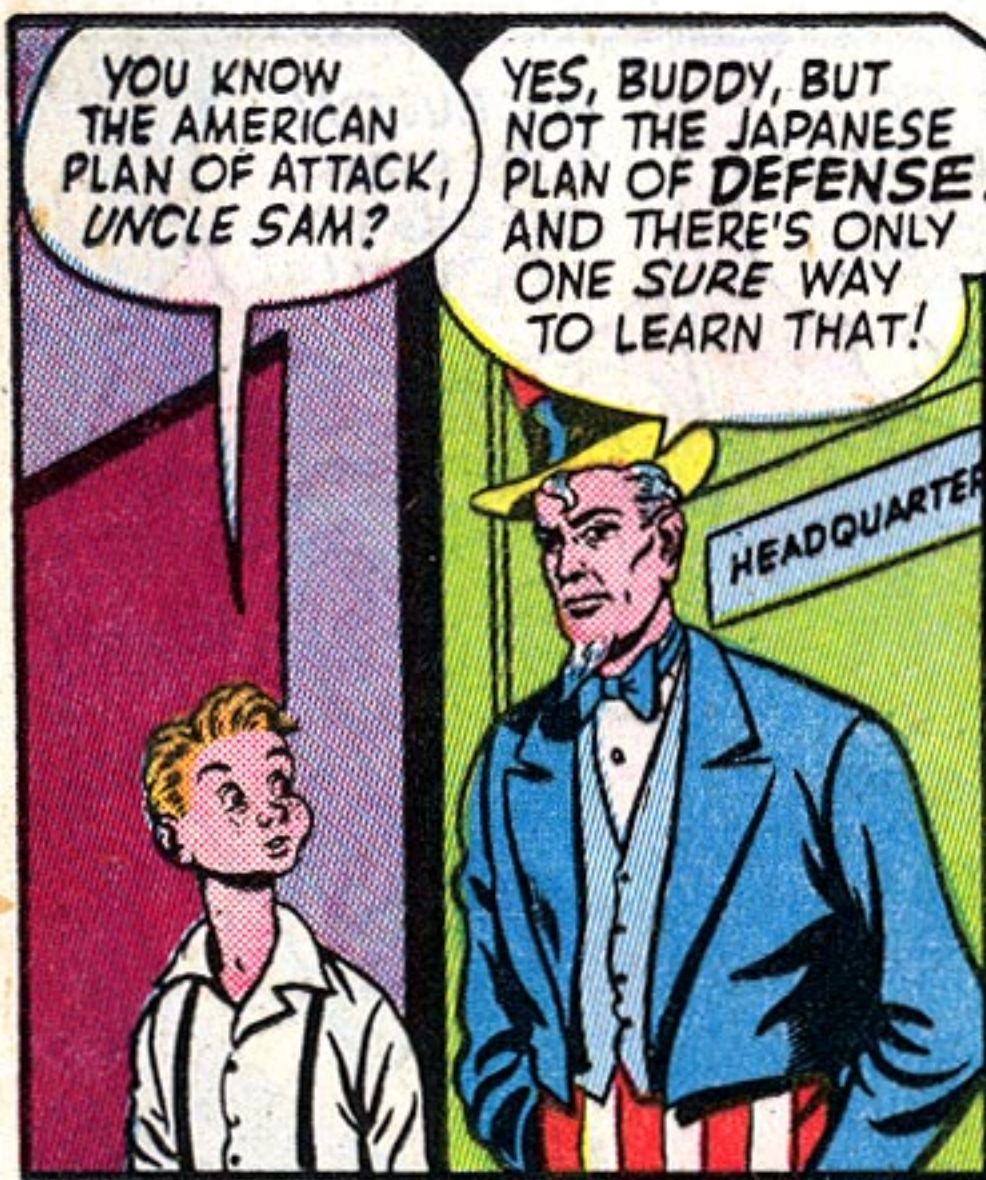
ATTACK-- ATTACK AGAIN-- AND KEEP ON ATTACKING! THOSE JAPS MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO PROFIT BY THEIR COWARDLY SNEAK PUNCH!

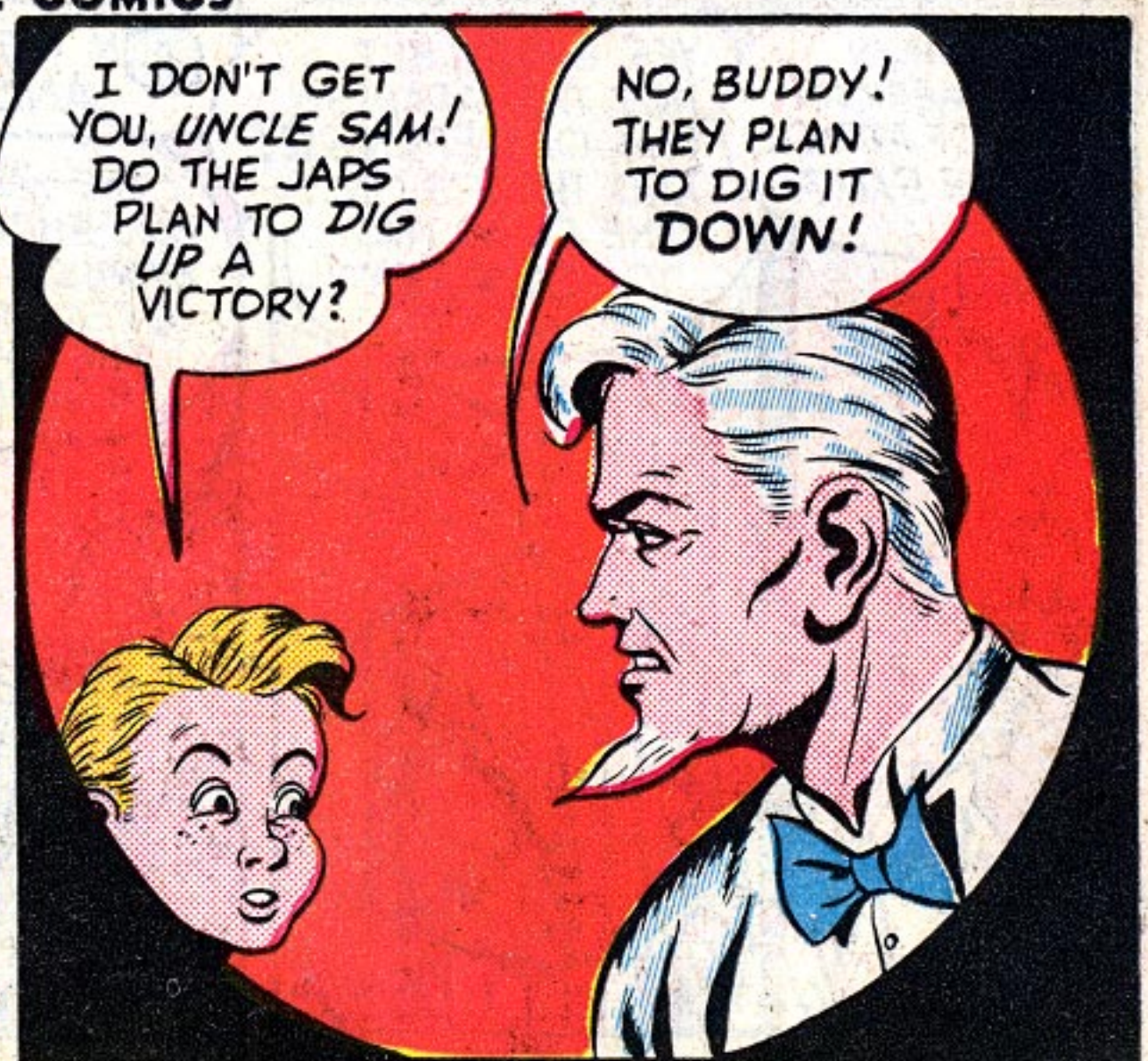
THIS MAP SHOWS HOW THE JAPS HAVE THE ADVANTAGE! INSIDE THEIR INNER LINES THEY CAN GATHER SUPPLIES, WHILE OUR MEN AND MUNITIONS MUST COME FROM AMERICA -- HALF A WORLD AWAY!

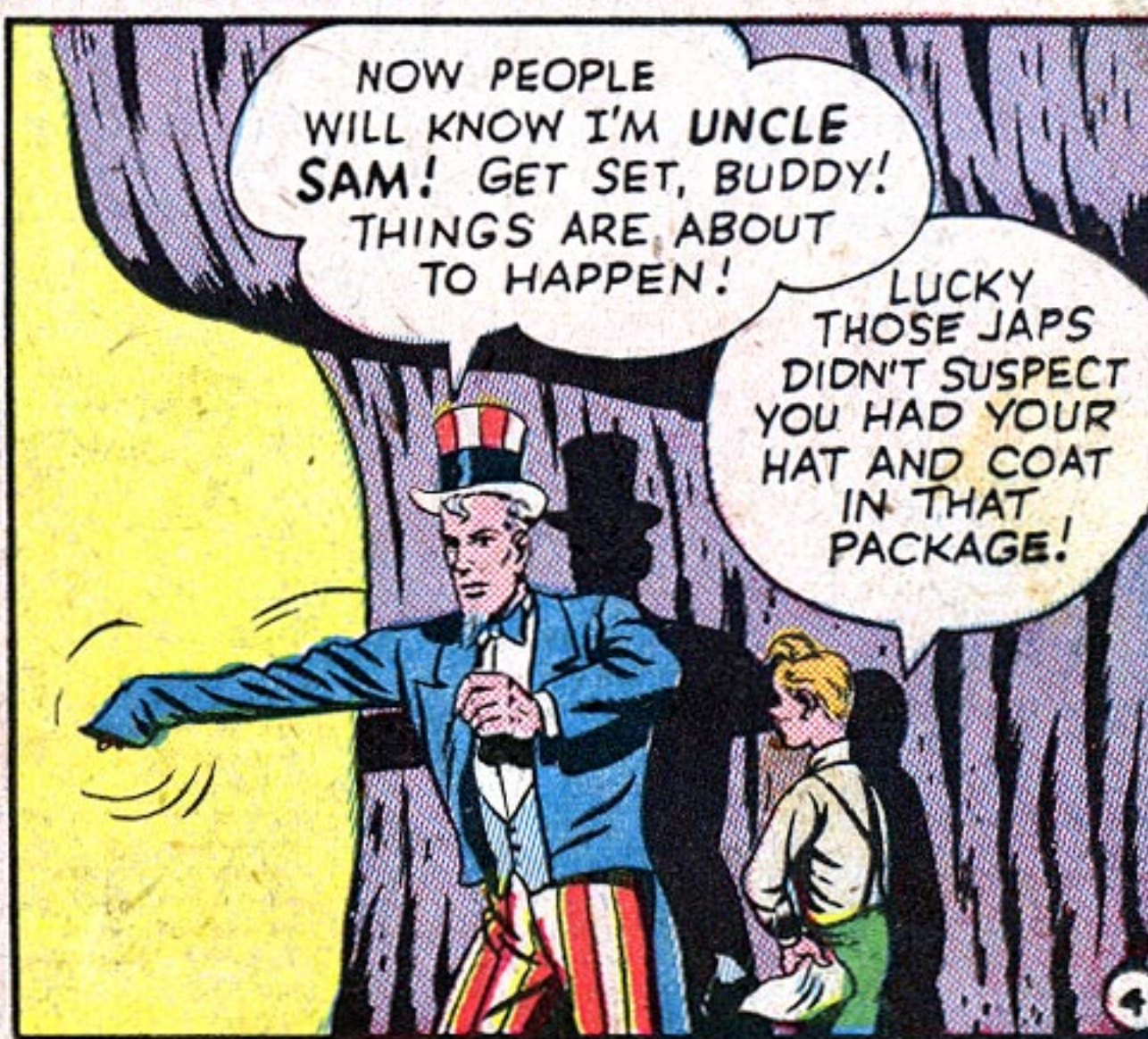
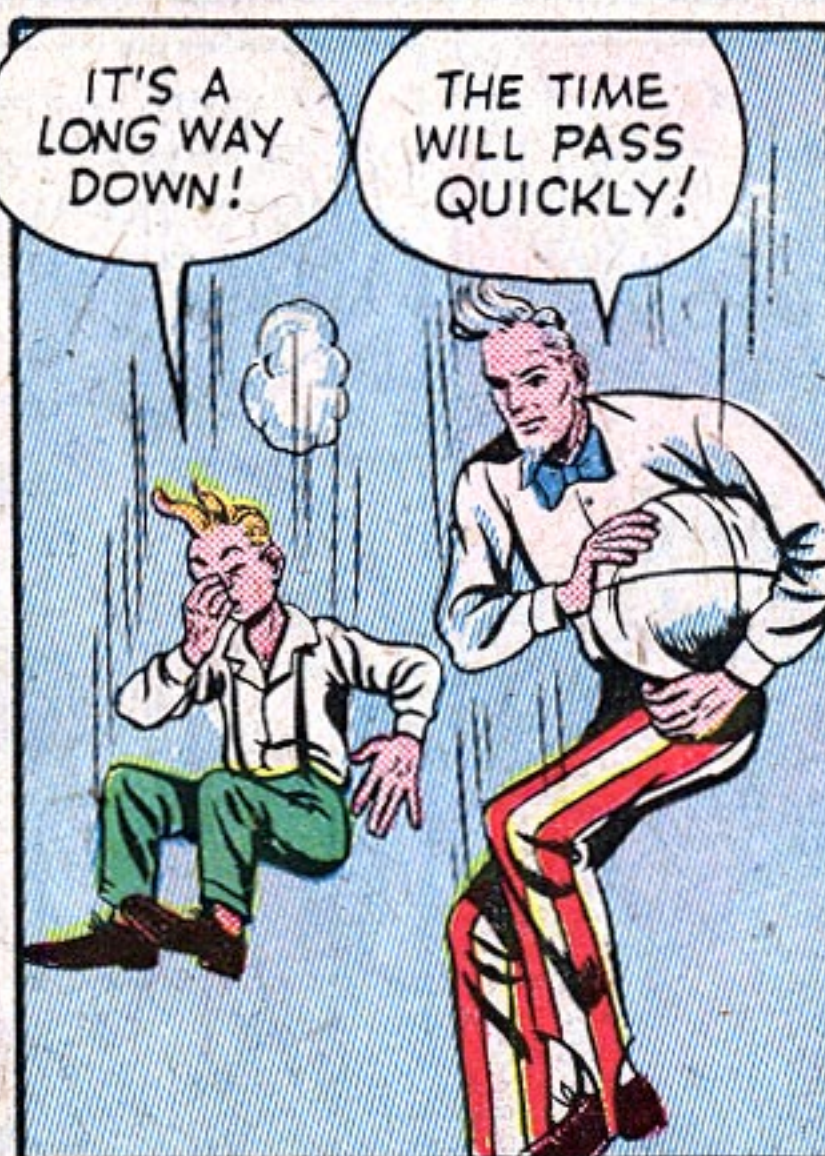
YET NO AMERICAN FLINCHES FROM THE FIGHT! ... WE'RE TACKLING THEIR BIG BASE ON MARUSU!

THANKS, NEPHEW! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOUR MEN WIN THERE!

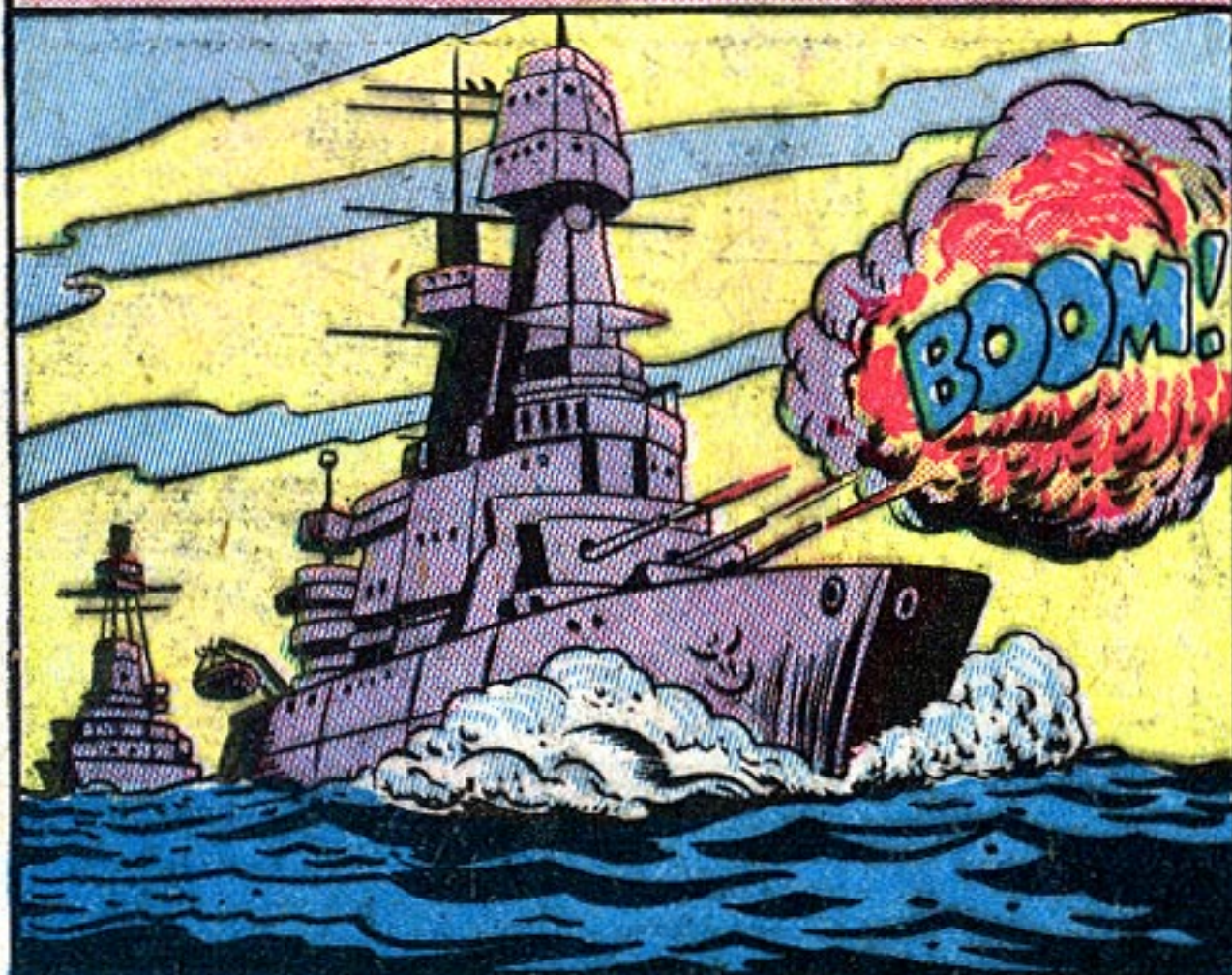




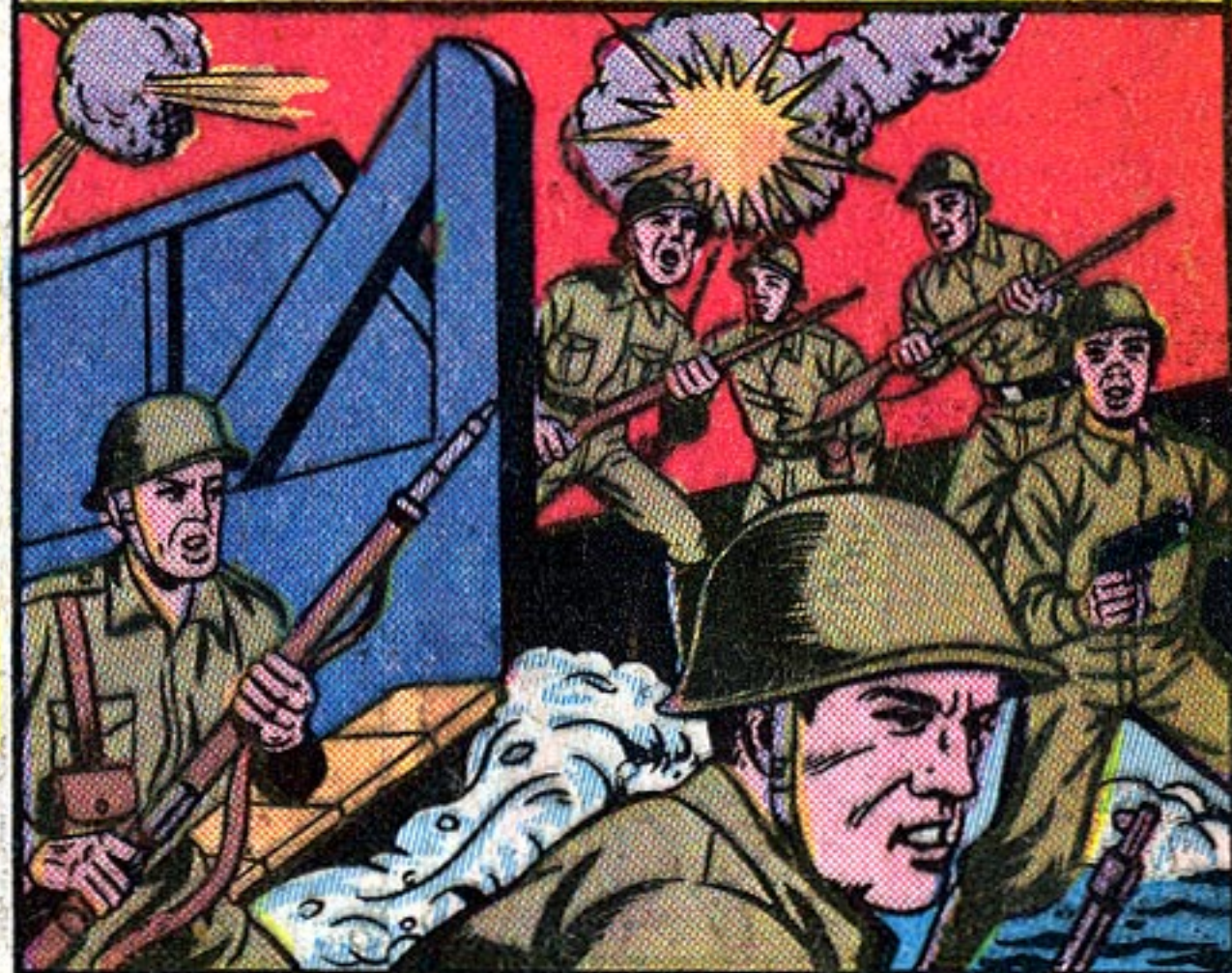




ZERO HOUR! THE AMERICAN TASK FORCE ADVANCES ON THE ISLAND OF MARUSU!



ON A SPLIT-SECOND SCHEDULE, THE CRACK TROOPS EFFECT A LANDING!



FALL BACK! LET THEM CROSS THIS ISLAND AND FALL INTO THE TRAP BEYOND!



YAY! WE'RE DRIVING THEM INTO THE WATER ON THE OTHER SIDE!

THAT'S STRANGE! YOU'D THINK THEY'D PUT UP A BETTER FIGHT!



THEY'RE STILL RETREATING, GENERAL! BUT WE'RE GETTING BEYOND OUR SUPPLY LINE!

I HATE TO SLACK UP WHEN THEY'RE ON THE RUN -- BUT SHOULD I?

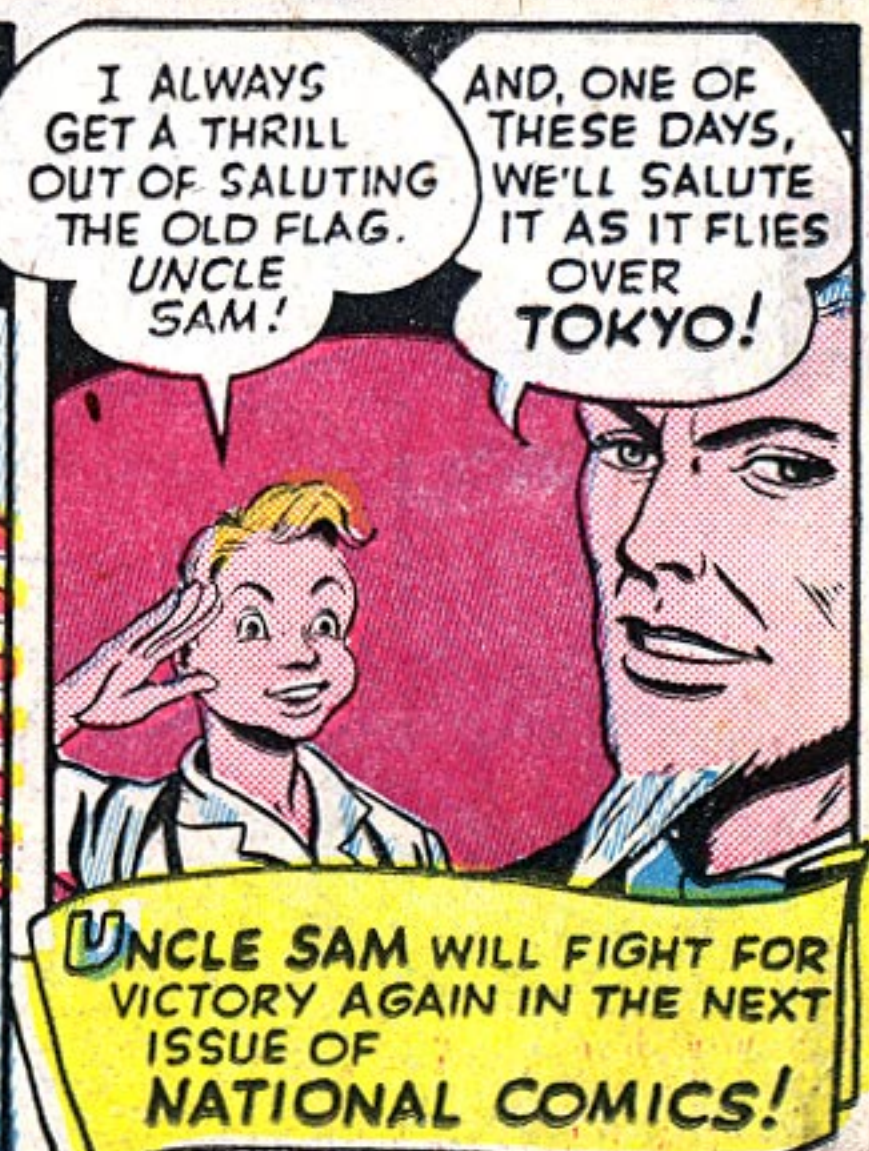
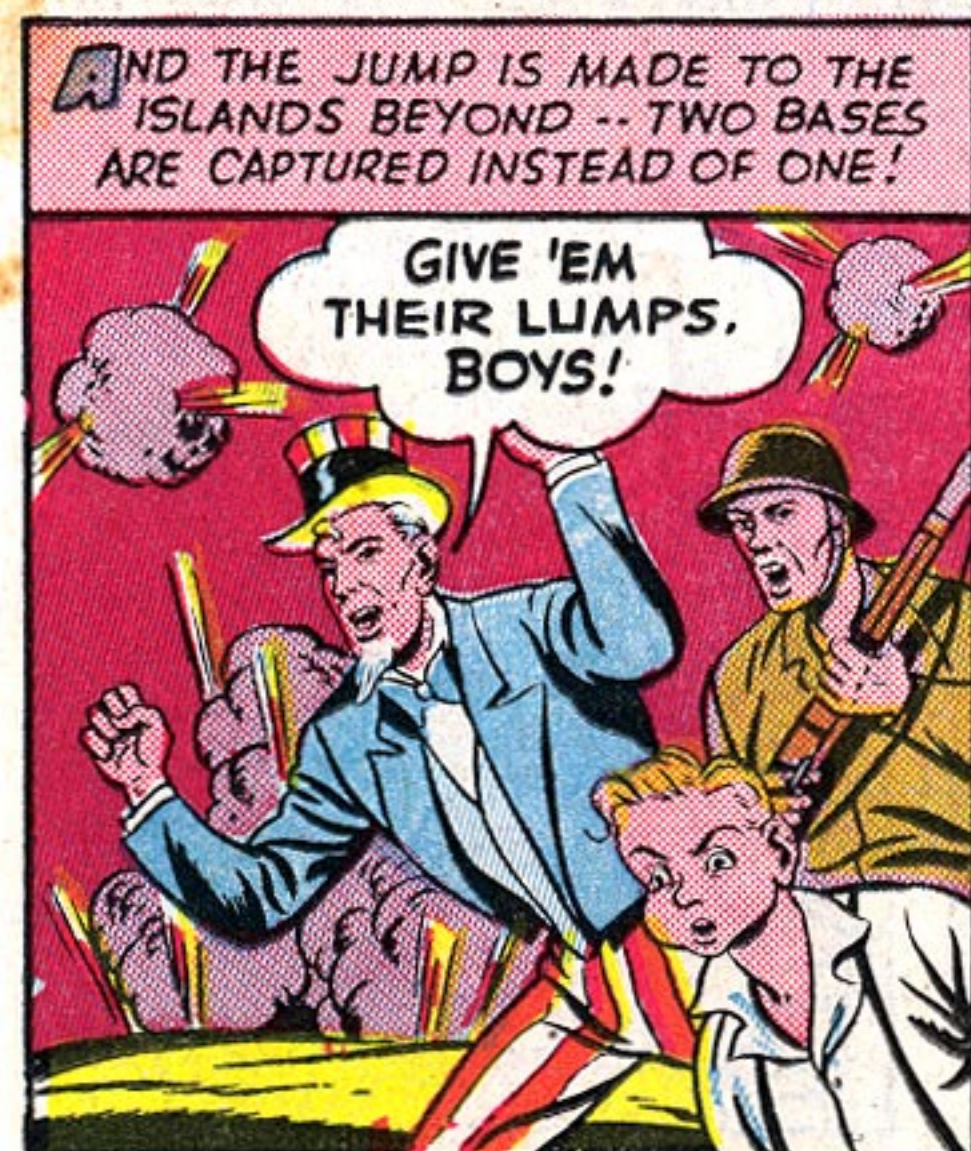
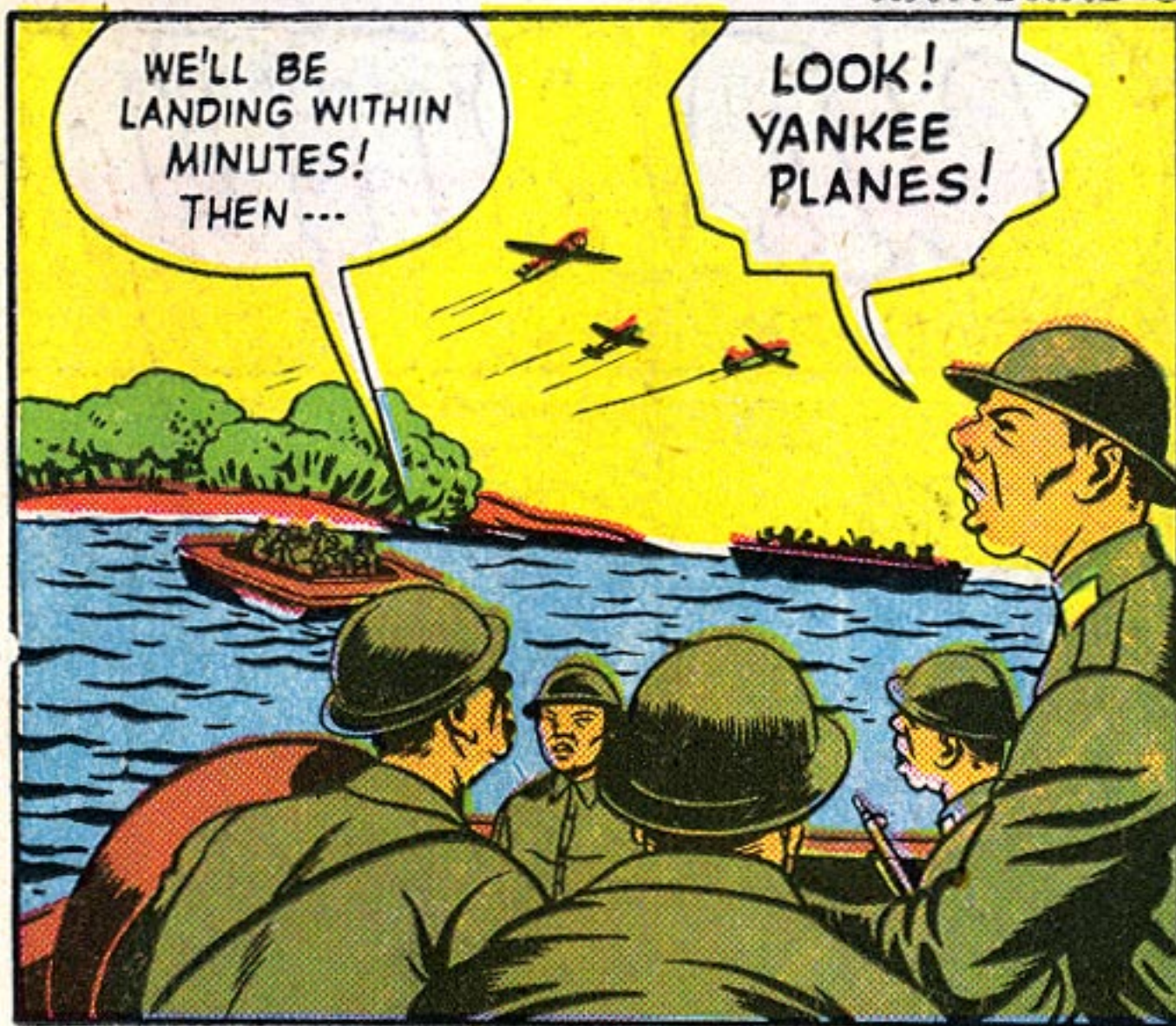
UNCLE SAM!

GO AHEAD! KEEP UP THE CHASE -- BUT LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP ON YOUR FLANK!



THERE'S A JAP LANDING PARTY TRYING TO CIRCLE US, BUT OUR AIR FORCE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!!



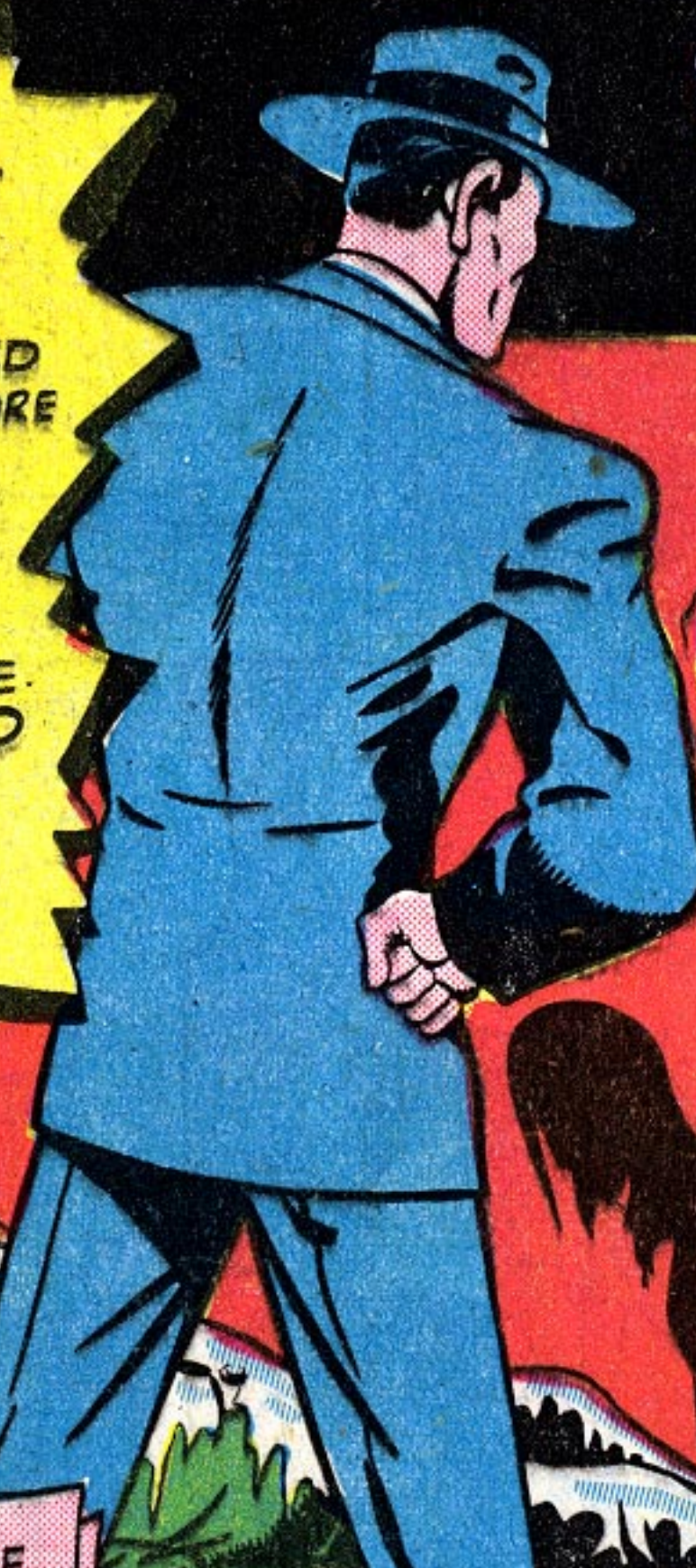


CHIC CARTER

by VERNON HENKEL

THE REPORTERS LAUGHED WHEN THEY HEARD ABOUT THE ICE FIEND!... EVEN KANE, THE FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER, LAUGHED WHEN HIS ASSISTANT SWORE HE HAD SEEN THE EVIL DEMON!

BUT THERE WAS NO LAUGHTER ON KANE'S TORTURED FACE WHEN HE WAS FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH BEFORE A ROARING FIRE IN A BOILING HOT ROOM!



TO CHIC FALLS THE JOB OF INTERVIEWING KANE, JUST BACK FROM A LONG TRIP...

HAVE ANY EXCITING ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC, MR. KANE?

NOTHING UNUSUAL... JUST THE REGULAR BATTLE AGAINST SNOW AND COLD...

BUT, MR. KANE...

OH, YES... MY ASSISTANT, DERBY, SAW A GHOST!

NOT A GHOST, SIR!... THE ICE FIEND! JUST THE WAY THE ESKIMO MEN DESCRIBED HIM! BRRR-RR! HE WAS AWFUL!

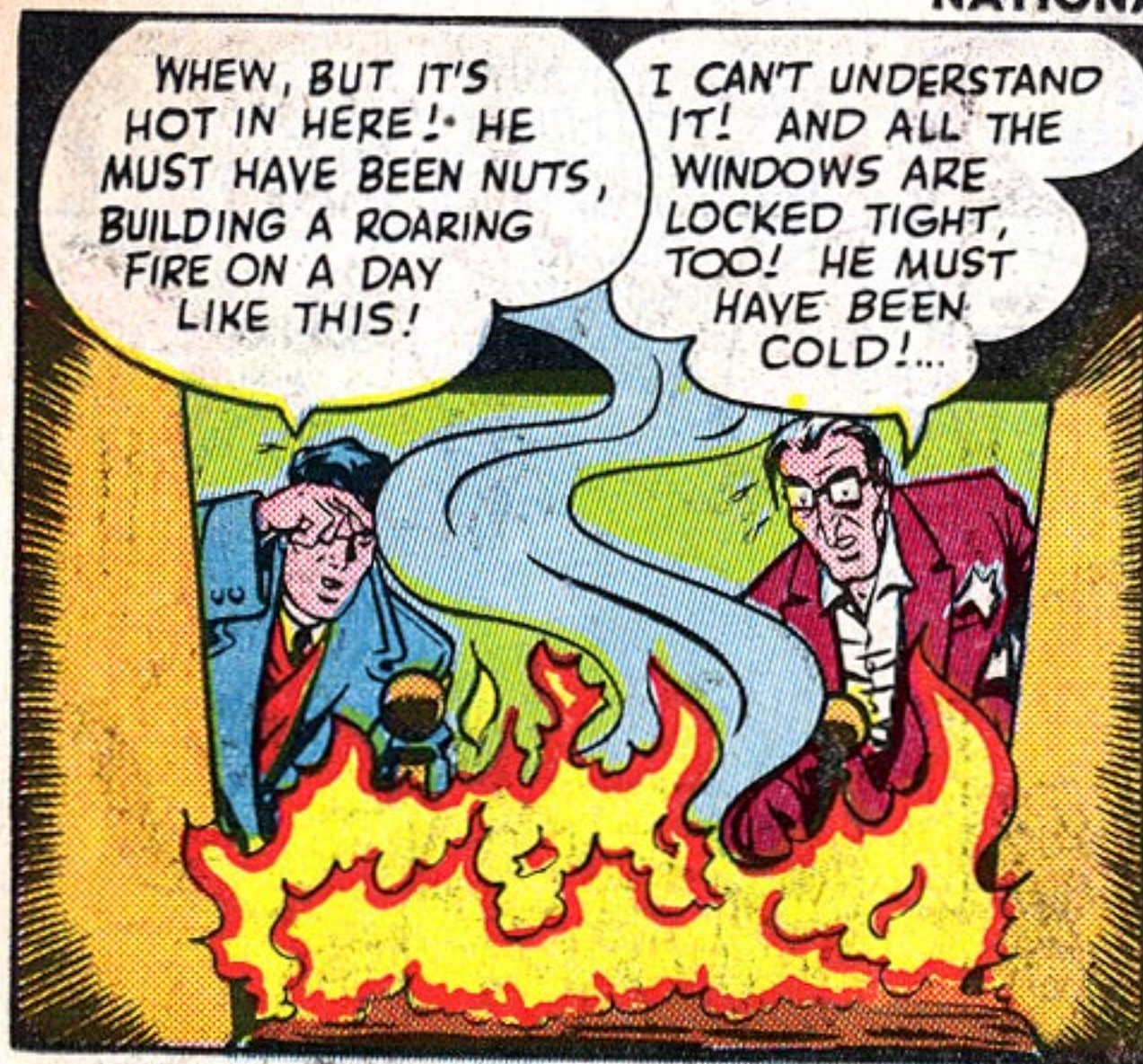
WHAT'S ALL THIS? AM I BEING KIDDED?

WE FOUND AN ICE CAVERN... AN EERIE SORT OF PLACE! THE NATIVES CLAIMED IT WAS THE HAUNT OF AN ICE DEMON!...









WHEW, BUT IT'S HOT IN HERE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN NUTS, BUILDING A ROARING FIRE ON A DAY LIKE THIS!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! AND ALL THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED TIGHT, TOO! HE MUST HAVE BEEN COLD!...



I'LL SAY HE WAS COLD!



HIS WHOLE BODY IS FROZEN SOLID!!

EEEEEEK! THE ICE DEMON GOT HIM!



IT'S WELL OVER A HUNDRED DEGREES IN HERE --AND THAT PLANT IS FROZEN, AND THE INK BOTTLE FROZE UP AND BURST!

SEE? ... I WARNED HIM THE ICE DEMON WOULD STRIKE!



EVEN THE RADIATOR IS HOT! HOW COME?

W-WHY .. I'VE BEEN UNWRAPPING SPECIMENS AND BURNING PAPER IN THE FURNACE! ... I THOUGHT ALL RADIATORS WERE SHUT OFF!



WHAT'S THE BIG REFRIGERATOR FOR?

FOR PRESERVING SPECIMENS! WE BROUGHT BACK SAMPLES OF ARCTIC PLANTS AND ANIMALS WHICH HAVE TO BE KEPT FROZEN!

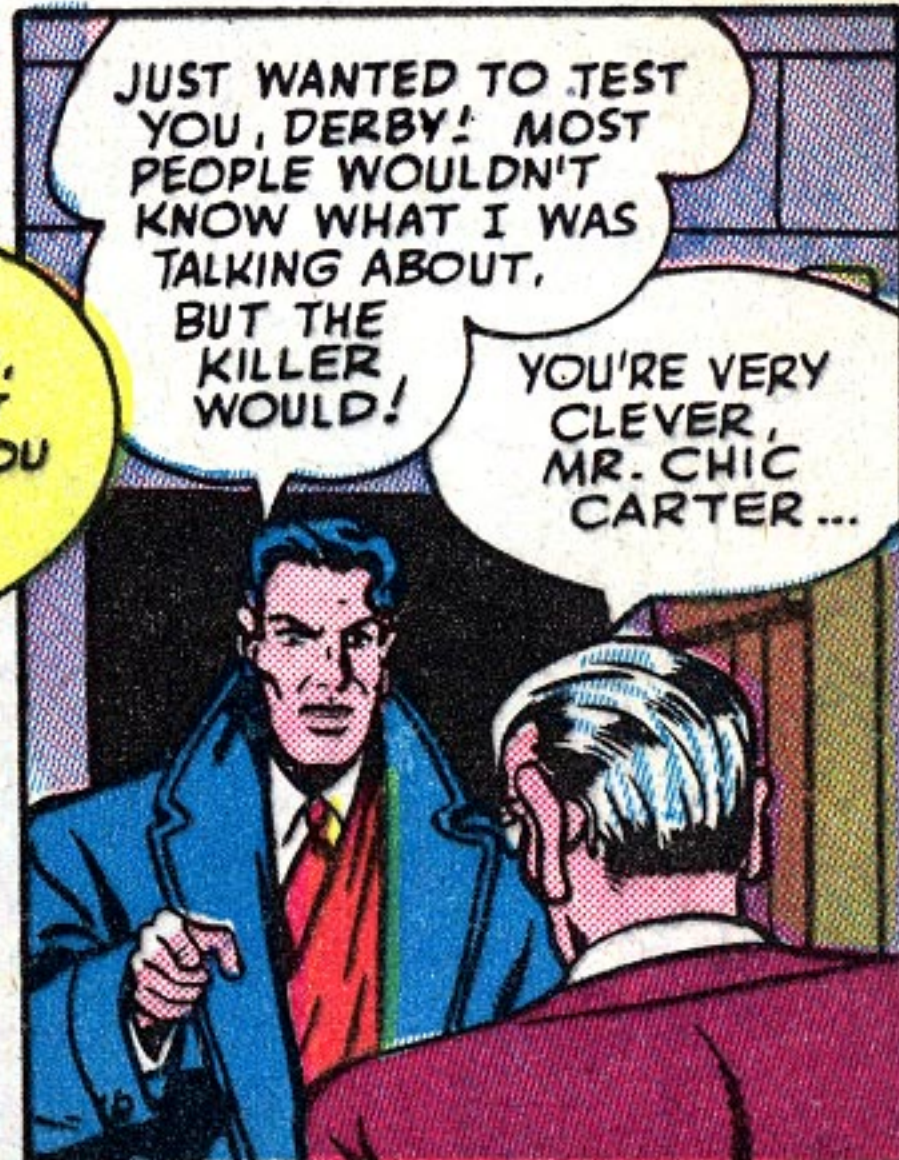
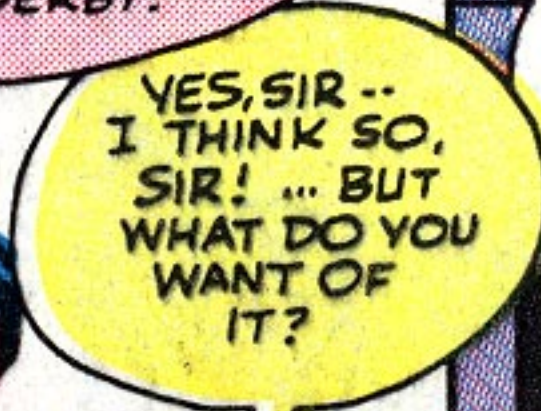


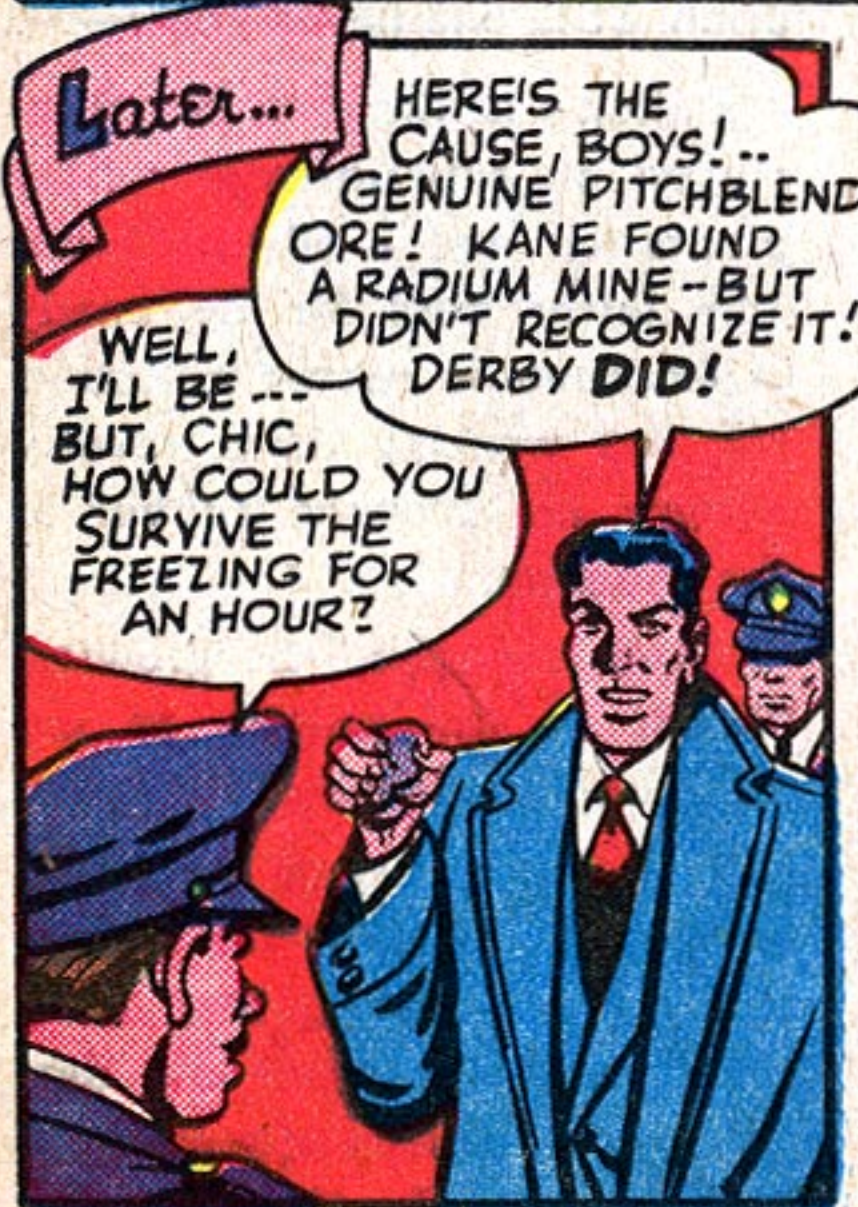
HMMM! NO ROOM TO STUFF A MAN'S BODY IN THERE FOR FREEZING! HE WAS FROZEN IN HIS ROOM, ALL RIGHT!



AND YOU WERE DOWN HERE IN THE BASEMENT ALL AFTERNOON?

Y-YES! YOU CAN'T SUSPECT M-ME! IT WAS THE ICE DEMON, I TELL YOU! WE'D BETTER GET AWAY!





THE DEMON

THE drums began whimpering again. Dull, muffled booming at a great distance.

"What do they say this time, Mojo?" The man who asked the question of the big black was a haggard, sallow chap with a huge form. His eyes, bright with a spot of fever, glared like dark coals deep in his head.

"What do they say?"

"They say, Master," replied the black, "that the devil-devil is in the jungle again and there must be a sacrifice to the gods. They are calling all the jungle tribes together."

Rand Pelton knew what that meant. The tribesmen for miles around would foregather at a secret rendezvous and cook up some devil-bubbling scheme to appease the anger of their heathen gods. It meant trouble. It meant that the planters would have no labor for days—maybe weeks. It meant, very probably, bloodshed.

Mojo waited, watching his white master. They had been together many years and Mojo knew Pelton's every whim.

"How many have gone?" Pelton asked.

"All of them, Master. I could do nothing."

Pelton nodded and took two quinine tablets from a box on the table. He washed them down with a swallow of water. "I know you can't help it, Mojo. Expect trouble?"

Mojo looked apprehensive, not answering immediately.

"Mebbeso," he said, and left quietly.

So it had arrived! Pelton's rubber would go to pot, without labor, even for a few days. The new shoots required almost constant care. He was unable to work himself; a rough siege of fever had knocked him out. He'd need weeks to recuperate.

Pelton's thoughts were mixed. He'd lived in Brazil long enough to acquire all the strange lore of the natives. He knew their superstitions. He knew about 'The Demon.' Few of the natives had ever seen the monstrous thing that haunted, on occasion, the deep jungle.

Imagination? Superstition? Native fol-de-rol? Pelton didn't know. He only knew that the few natives who claimed to have seen the demon had convinced every other native in the jungle that the monster was a terror to be feared—and placated.

Pelton, sitting on the broad verandah of his bungalow, poured himself a drink and leaned back in his chair. It was nearly sunset.

Just at dusk the drums began again. Low, sullen, their dull throb rumbled through the jungle. Those drums had always affected Pelton queerly. Maybe it was because he could never understand them, no white man could. Ancient, mysterious, steeped in the bloodlust of savagery, they evoked in the white man's heart a strange fear. To the natives they meant simply a message to be read—and acted upon accordingly.

"Well," Pelton mused bitterly, "the black devils have started. I wonder what'll happen."

Plenty, if Pelton only could have read the future!

Who or what 'The Demon' was nobody knew exactly. According to natives accounts, it was a huge creature covered with reddish fur, towering about eight feet, with great arms that reached almost to the ground. Its bestial face was a mask of hate. It was supposed to have horns and enormous tusks.

Mojo had, he claimed, seen it on two occasions. Once it had chased him through the jungle, hurling great rocks at him and screaming with rage.

Pelton carried an elephant gun everywhere he went. He didn't know whether to believe the story or not, he just wasn't taking any chances. He was well acquainted with native exaggeration. Still, one never knew—

Pelton's holdings in Brazil included an experimental rubber plantation and a silicate mine. The latter paid for his costly experiments in rubber mutation. He was working on a revolutionary fast-growing rubber at the moment.

"And now this," he growled. "Right in the middle of my most important tests!"

The drums began throbbing at dawn, still calling the natives to a general get-together. They rolled and muttered all day. Pelton's mine was operating on half a crew. By the following

evening, the foreman closed it down. The miners all had gone.

A ghostly gray mist swirled through the jungle, writhing up from the river. The morning was heavy, silent. Silent except for the stealthy cracking of small twigs as a huge body moved cautiously through the undergrowth. For a creature reputed to be so ponderous his progress was uncannily quiet. Bullet head, small, red eyes with great bushy brows, a gash of mouth with slavering fangs. The monster's long arms knuckled the sod. His body was covered with a mat of reddish-gray fur.

The beast reached the river and halted, listening. Then he bent over and drank greedily. Rising, he tested the thick air. A low growl rumbled from his barrel chest and he knotted a huge fist into a ball. His pig-eyes roved the mists. Then he shuffled off.

Rand Pelton, heading a small party of natives, broke into a cleared space bordering the river and held up his hand. Mojo trotted up, carrying a pair of heavy express rifles.

"What do you make of this track, Mojo?" asked the hunter pointing to the wet grass. Huge flattened spots showed on the green, and small grasses were springing up around their edges.

"Something big go this way only a few minutes ago, Master." The black gave a quick glance around.

"The—" began Pelton.

"'The Demon', Master!" exclaimed Mojo. "He is here—near us!"

Pelton took one of the big guns. "I hope so," he said. "I've promised to get 'The Demon' today. Or else. It's the only way we can save the rubber shoots, Mojo."

The big black nodded. A shiver cascaded up his spine. The half dozen other natives huddled in a small knot, their eyes showing much white. Scared to death, thought Pelton. Ready to run at the least noise.

It came then. A mighty crashing and the sound of a tree limb being torn off at the trunk. A terrible scream of rage blasted the mists. Then a monstrous beast hurled itself at the group. Pelton held his fire until the great animal was reaching for the rifle barrel, then he pulled the trigger. A gout of blood spurted from the hairy chest. The beast roared and swung a thick hunk of tree limb over his head. He let it go. It crashed across the clearing, catching two of the madly fleeing blacks. They went down with shattered heads.

Pelton fired again. The beast wavered in his charge. Then his arm shot out and he grabbed the rifle, jerking it from Pelton's grasp. Whirling it around his head, he let it fly. It whizzed over Pelton's head as he ducked and bent around the bole of a tree.

Pelton leaped back as the great animal lunged once more. Then it crashed to the ground on its face with a horrible scream.

Mojo, holding on to the other rifle, shook as if with an ague. His eyes rolled. He said to

Pelton, "Oh, Master, I thought you were lost!"

Pelton grinned. He looked at the dead beast. With Mojo's help they rolled it over and almost cried out at the shocking look of hate on the animal's face.

"Gorilla," said Pelton. "The biggest one I ever saw. But where in heaven's name did he come from?"

Mojo could only stare. "'The Demon!'" he gasped. "He is dead. He can never frighten and kill us again!"

"Yeah, he's dead, all right," said Pelton. "Now I wonder if those crazy people will come back to their jobs and skip this?"

"They come back now," replied Mojo. "They be glad that this terrible beast is dead. Maybeso the gods bless the Master."

Pelton looked at the mighty carcass. "Some circus must have lost this big fellow. Well, that settles 'The Demon' incident, eh? Been quite a problem for quite a few years."

Mojo grinned. "I will tell the headman and the drums will talk, telling the story. The natives will come here and see for themselves. They will be happy, Master, most happy, and they will go back to work."

And that was true. Never again did the Brazilian jungles echo to the scream of a raging gorilla. Pelton's experiments in fast-growing rubber are well under way. Within a year or less there will be plenty of rubber for auto tires not only for America but for all the Allied nations requiring rubber goods.

POLICEWOMAN

Sally O'Neil

By
AL. BRYANT

SCIENCE

DEFIES DEATH!...

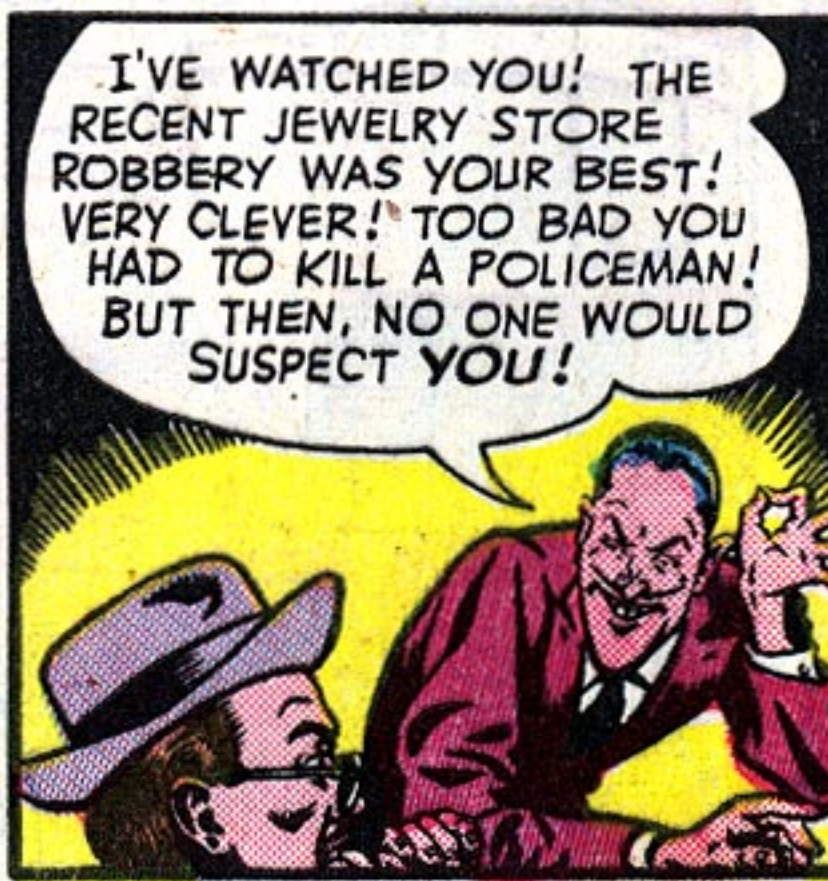
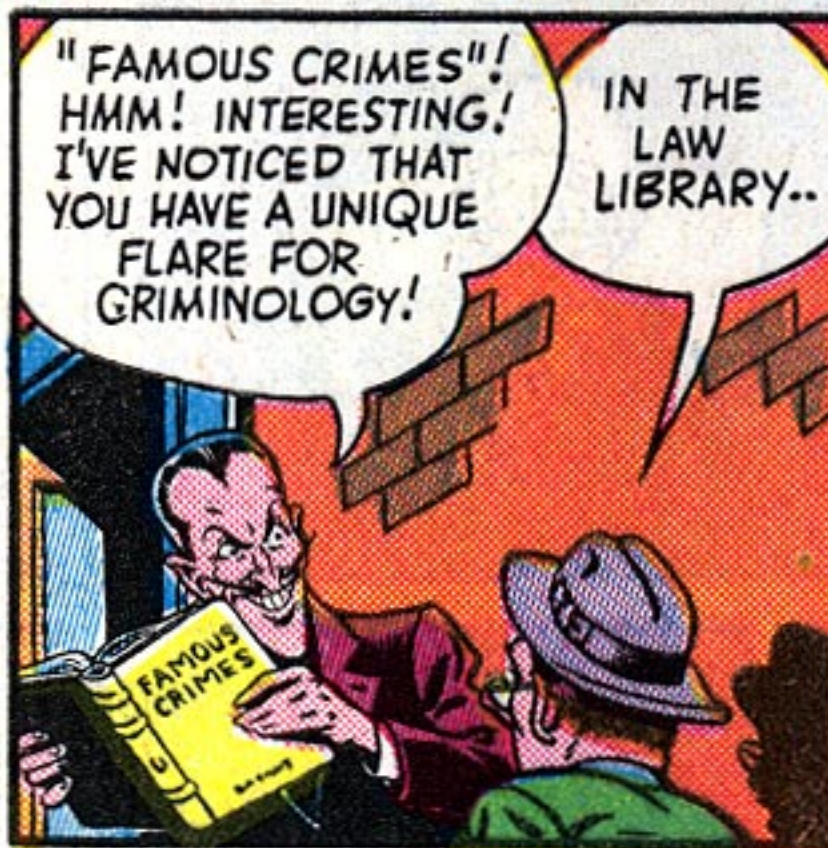
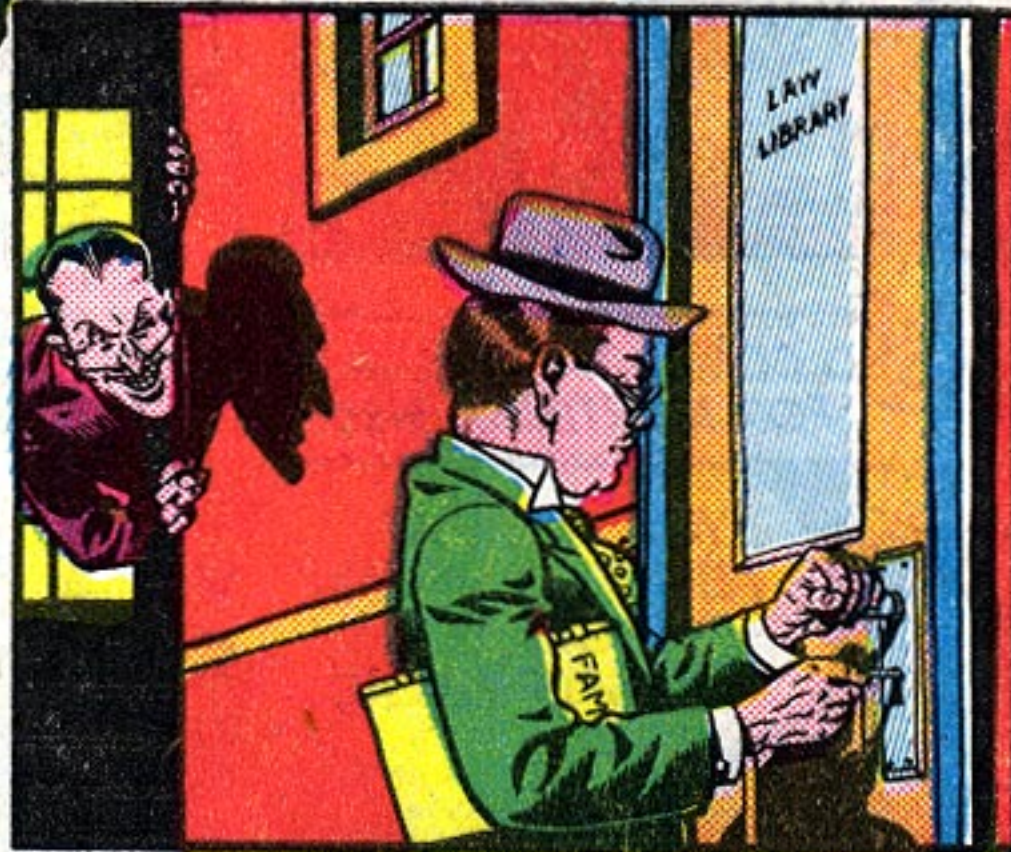
AS THE FIENDISH DR. DOOM
POUNCES UPON HIS PREY,
COMBINING TECHNICAL SKILL
WITH A VICIOUS, EVIL PLOT!

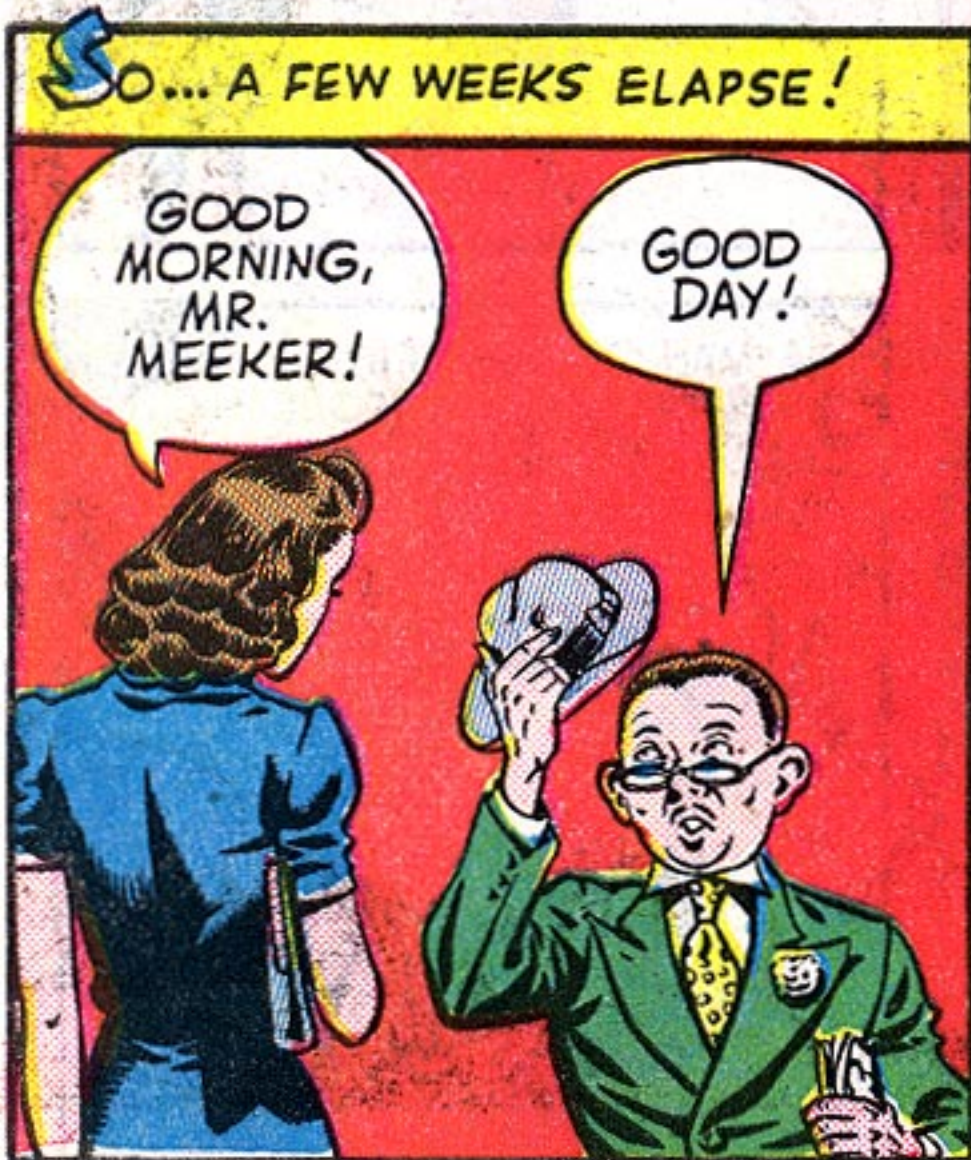
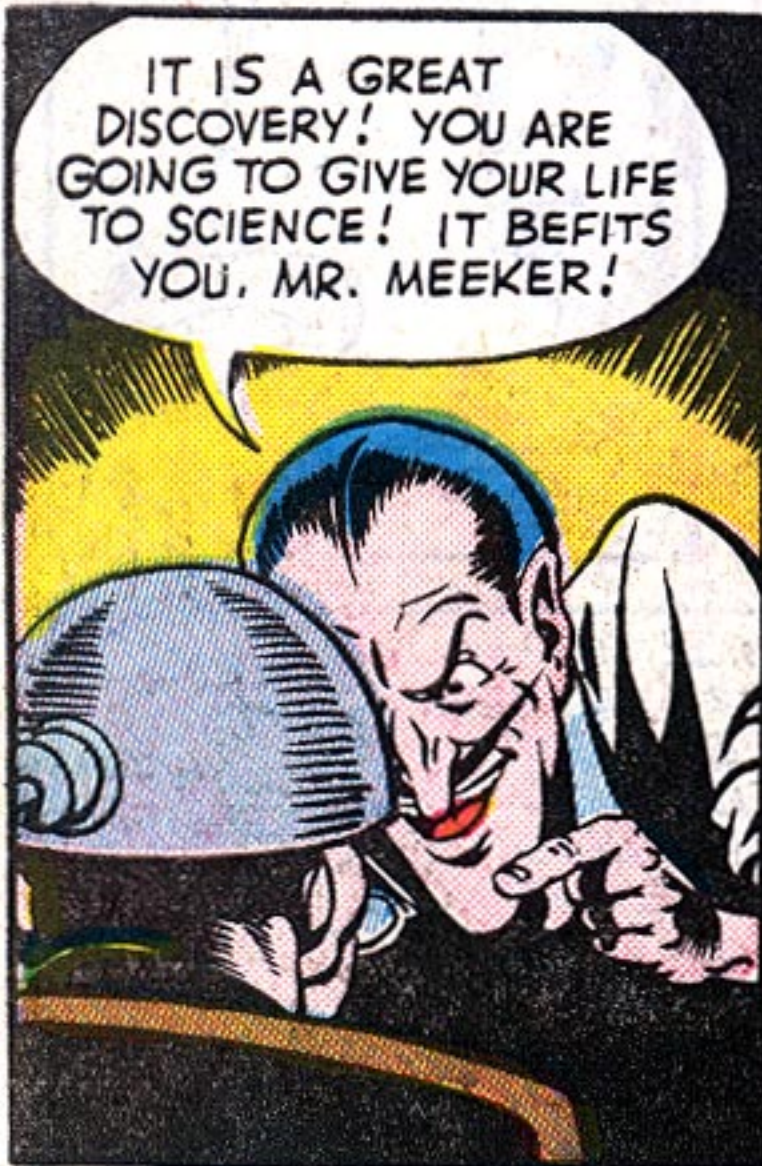
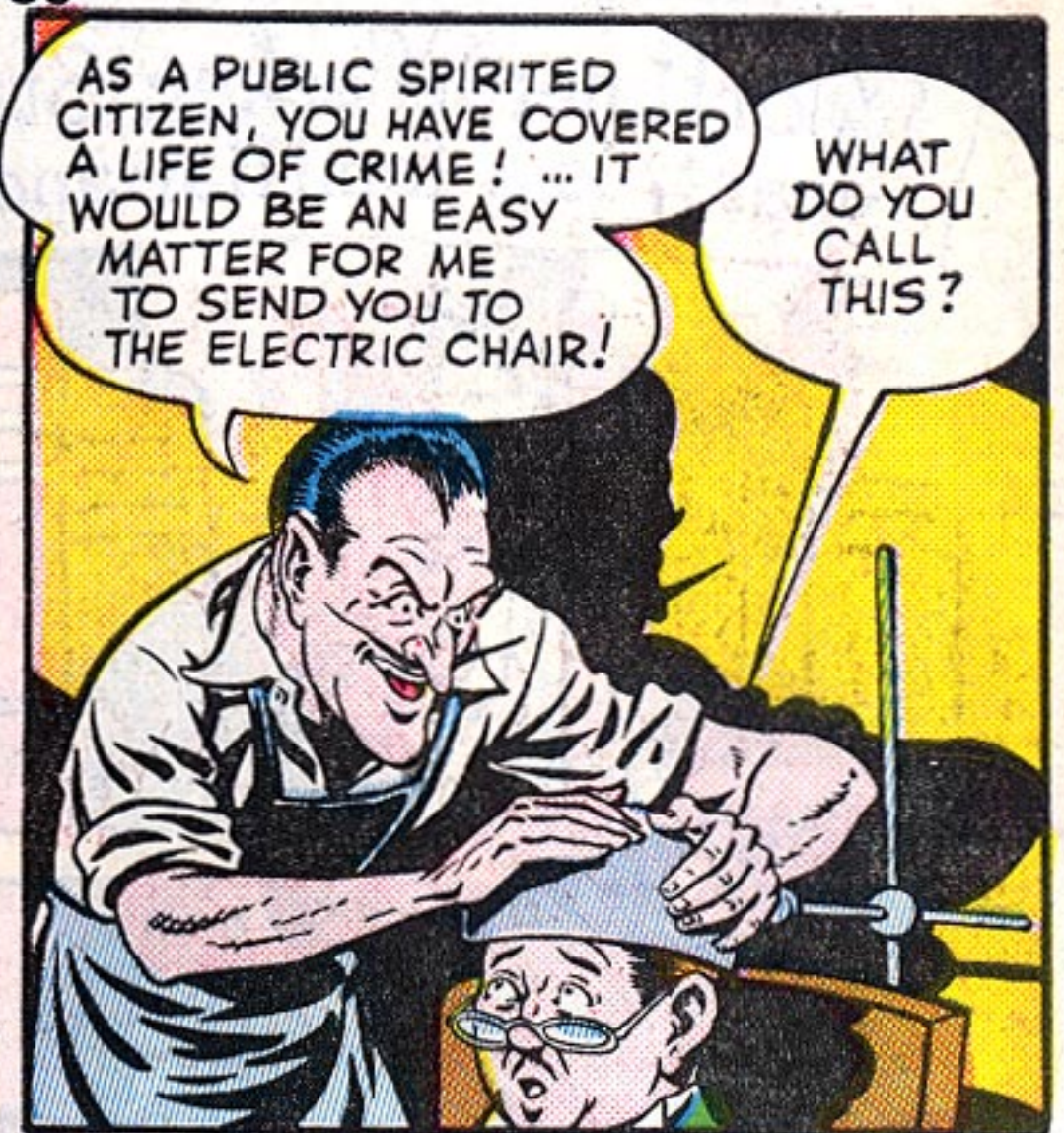
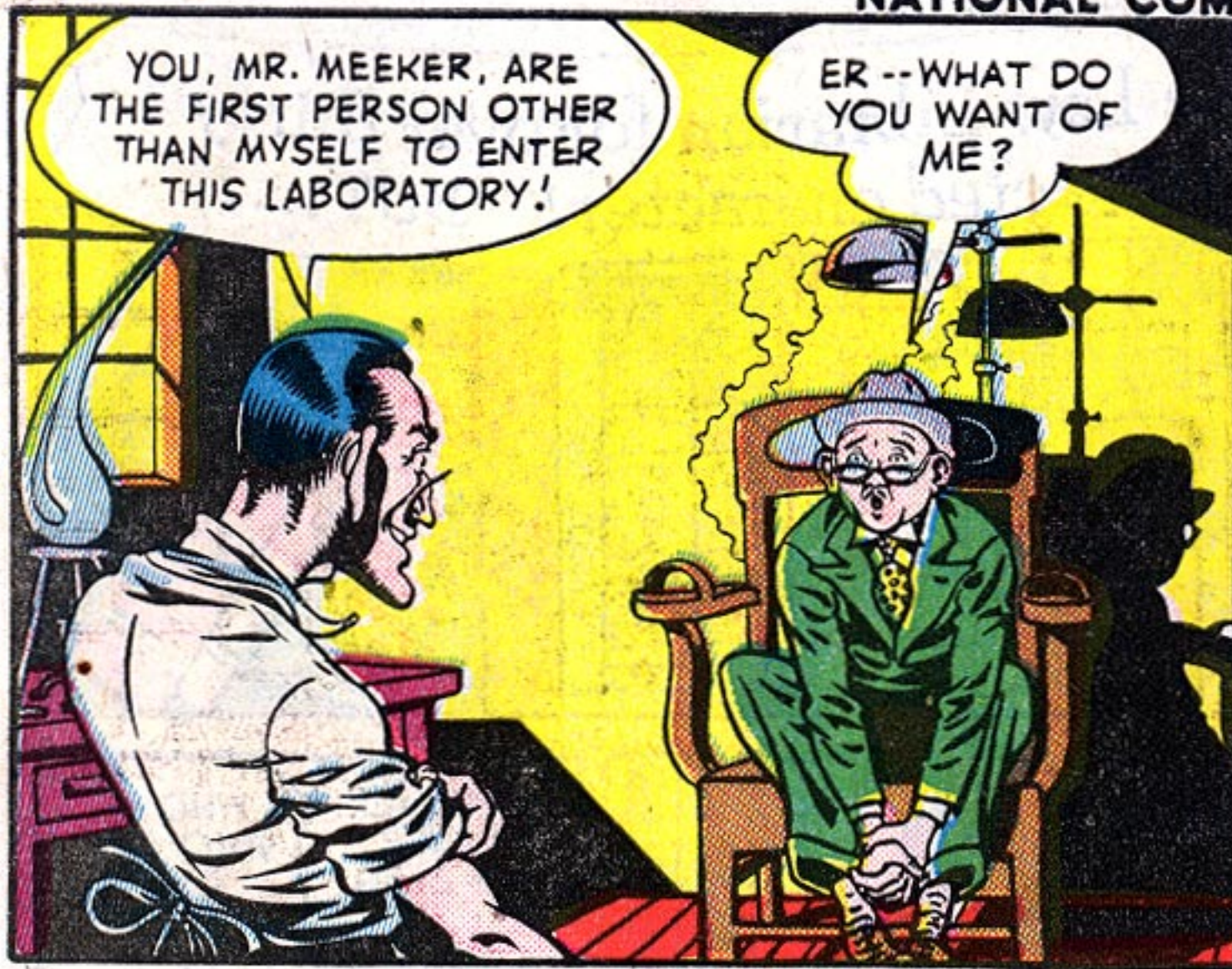
SALLY O'NEIL BARELY
ESCAPES A VIOLENT DEATH,
BUT MAKES A FANTASTIC
DISCOVERY IN ...

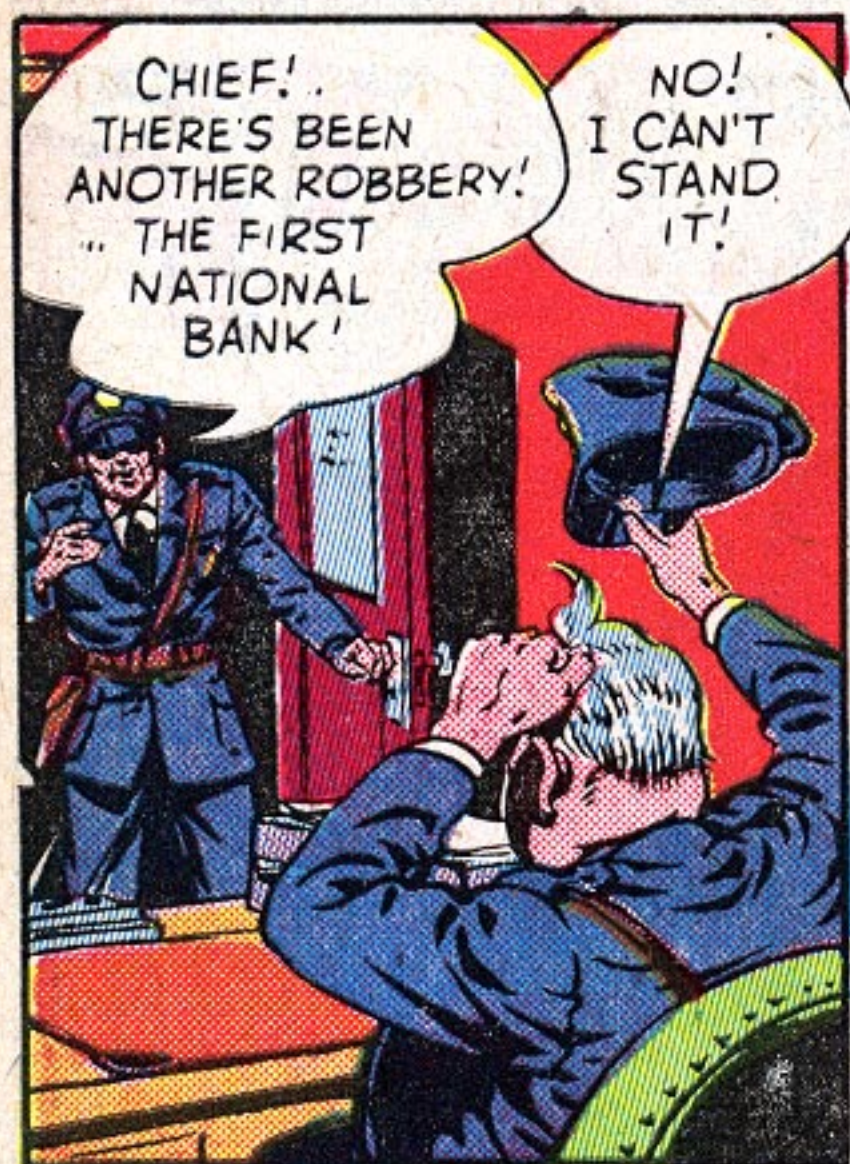
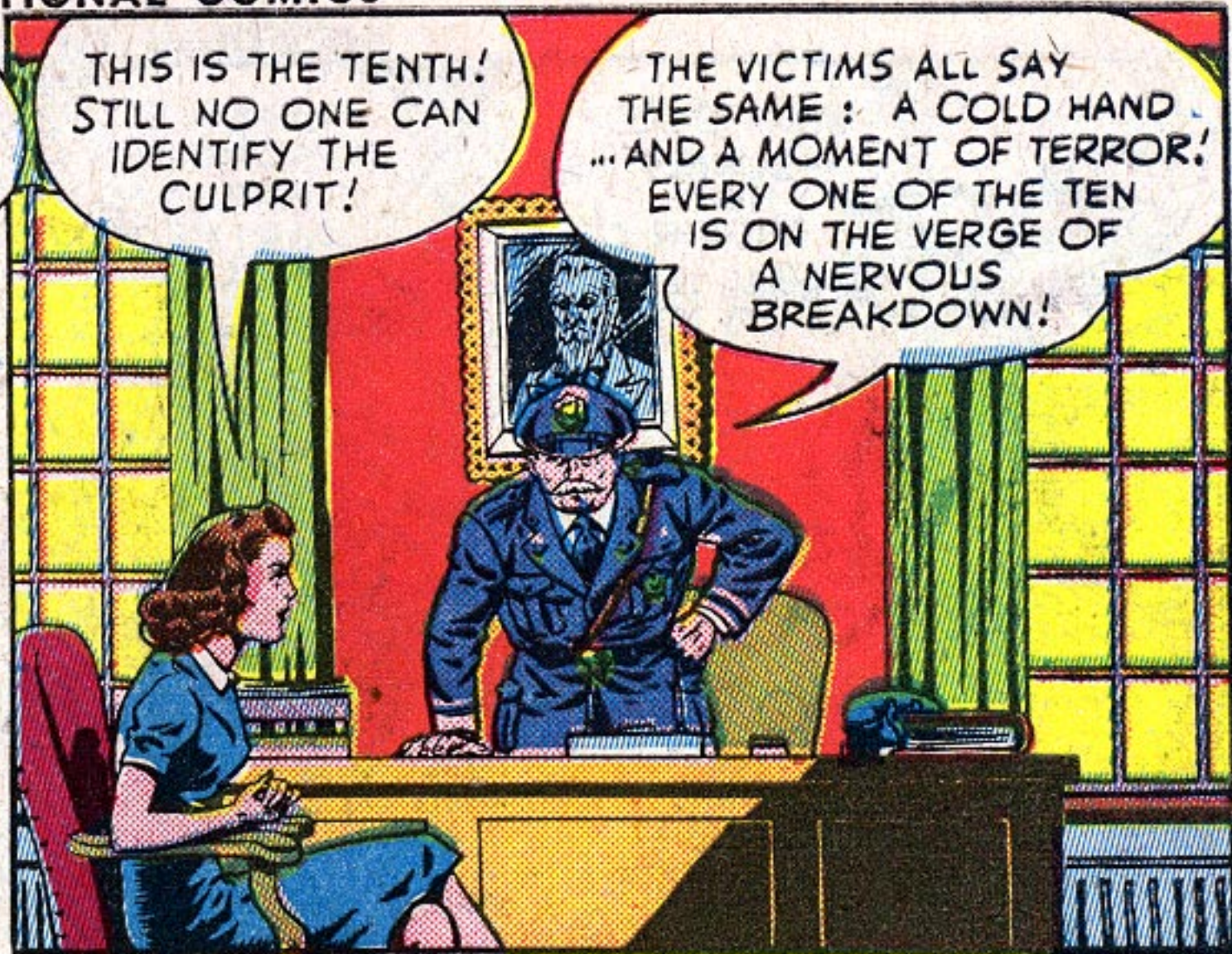
The Case of
**THE CRIMINAL
CORPSE!**



Mortimer Meeker, State Law Librarian for over thirty years, is a familiar and respected character! BUT....









NEXT NIGHT...

WHAT GOES?
--SURELY NOT ANOTHER!



THEY'VE STOPPED
IN FRONT OF THAT HOUSE!
IT LOOKS AS IF A
PARTY'S GOING
ON INSIDE!



STEP ASIDE,
ALL OF YOU! ... BUT
NO ONE MUST
LEAVE THIS
HOUSE!



WHAT
HAPPENED,
MRS. RICHER?

I CAME TO MY
ROOM FOR A
SHAWL!--I FELT
CHILLED! A COLD
HAND COVERED
MY EYES --AND
EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK!



WHEN I CAME
TO, MY JEWELS
WERE GONE!
--IT WAS
HORRIBLE!

CAN I
BE OF
ASSISTANCE?



SHE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!
--SUFFERING
FROM SHOCK!
MR. MEEKER, WERE
YOU A GUEST HERE?
DID YOU NOTICE
ANYTHING
STRANGE!

NOTHING!



WE'VE SEARCHED
EVERYTHING IN THE
HOUSE AND FOUND
NOTHING! WHAT
SHALL WE
DO?

TAKE THEIR
NAMES AND
SEND THEM
HOME!
THIS HAS ME
BAFFLED!

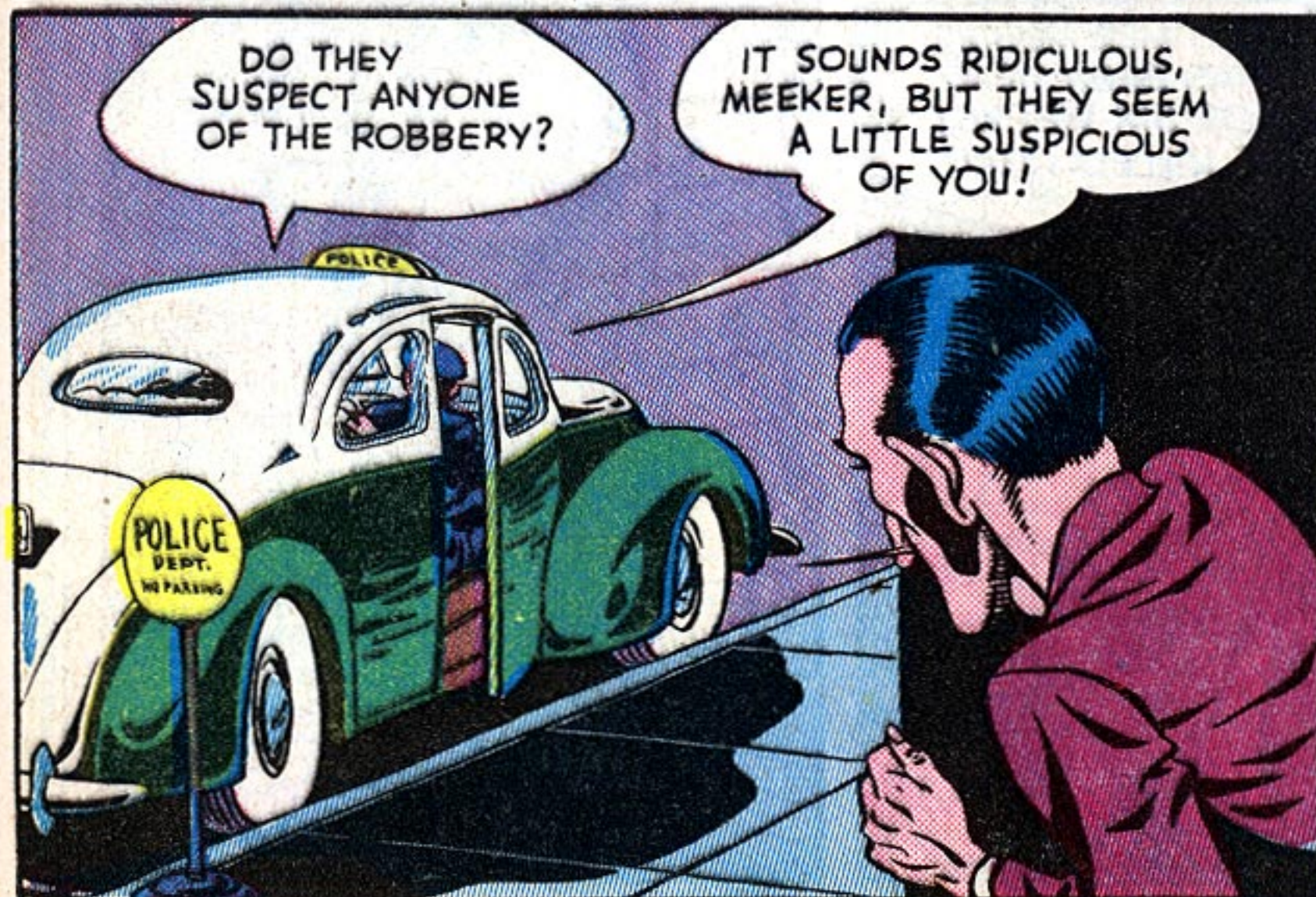


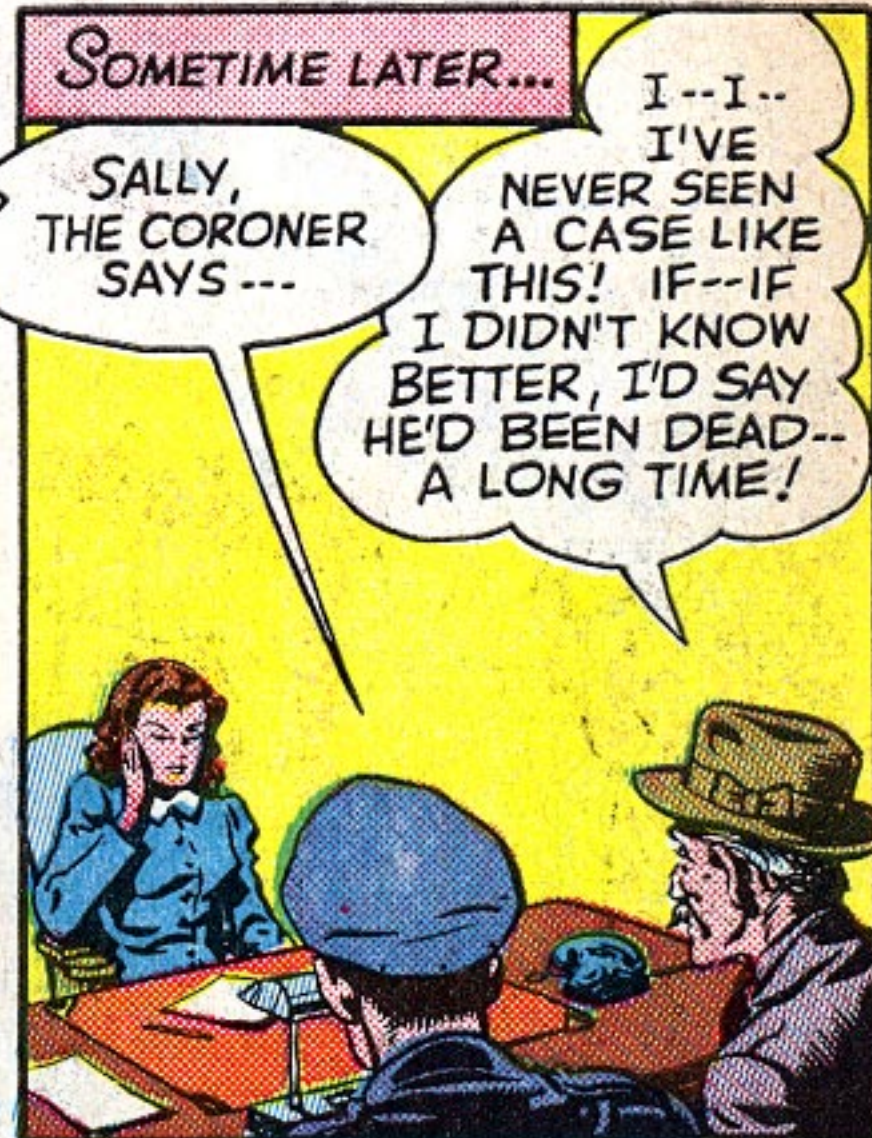
I'LL LEAVE,
UNLESS I
CAN ASSIST
FURTHER!

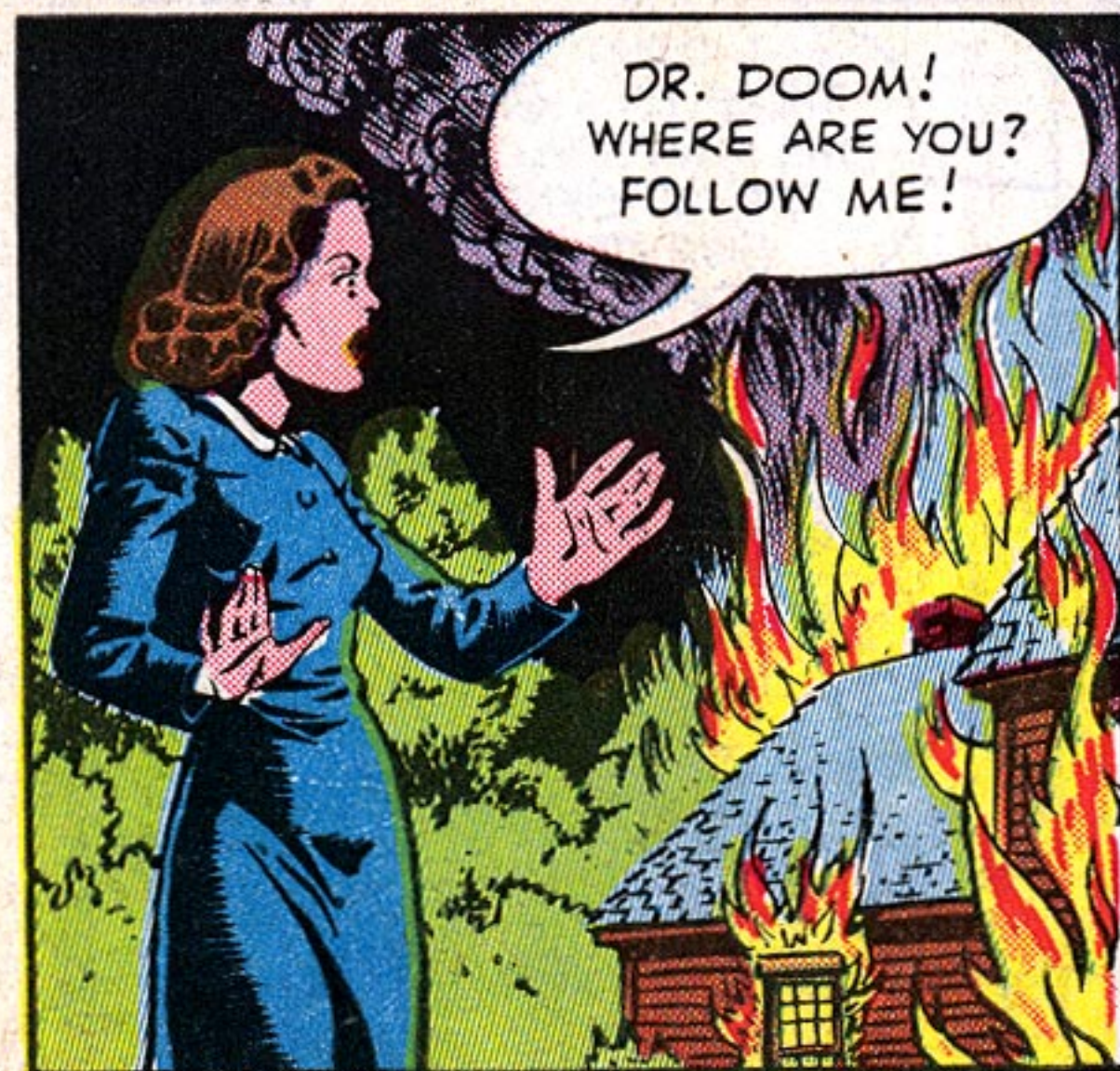
NO-- BUT
THANKS,
ANYWAY!



WHAT'S THIS? ...
IT **COULDN'T**
HAVE BEEN
MORTIMER
MEEKER!





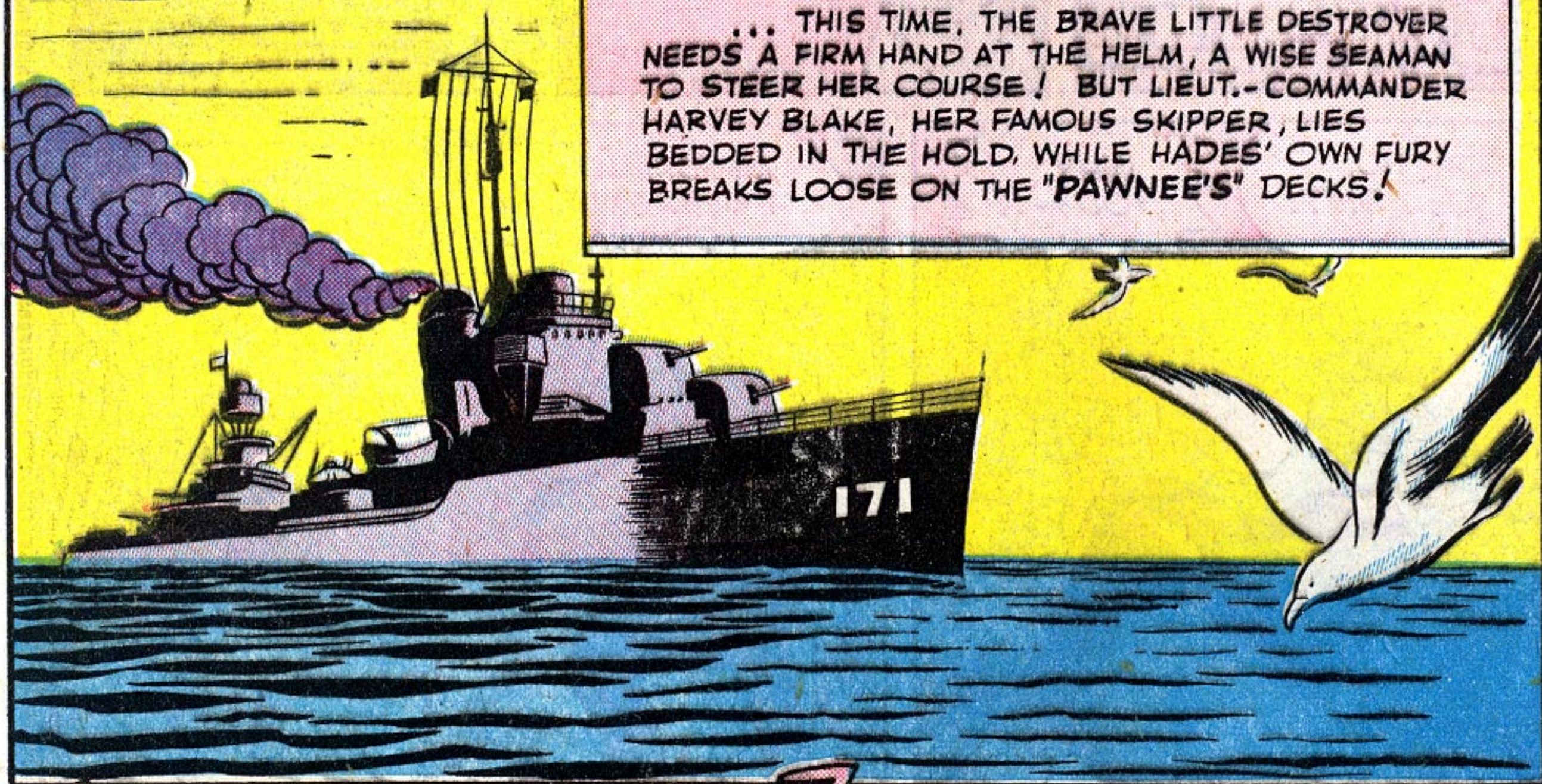


FOLLOW Sally O'Neil IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **National Comics!**

DESTROYER 171

Destroyer 171 EMBARKS ON THE STRANGEST VOYAGE OF HER ADVENTURESOME CAREER WHEN THE MEN OF THE FIGHTING U.S.S. "PAWNEE" PICK UP THE SEA TRAIL OF A GHOST SHIP ... AND FOLLOW THEIR QUARRY INTO THE WEED-CHOKED WATERS OF A MODERN SARGASSO SEA!

... THIS TIME, THE BRAVE LITTLE DESTROYER NEEDS A FIRM HAND AT THE HELM, A WISE SEAMAN TO STEER HER COURSE! BUT LIEUT.-COMMANDER HARVEY BLAKE, HER FAMOUS SKIPPER, LIES BEDDED IN THE HOLD, WHILE HADES' OWN FURY BREAKS LOOSE ON THE "PAWNEE'S" DECKS!

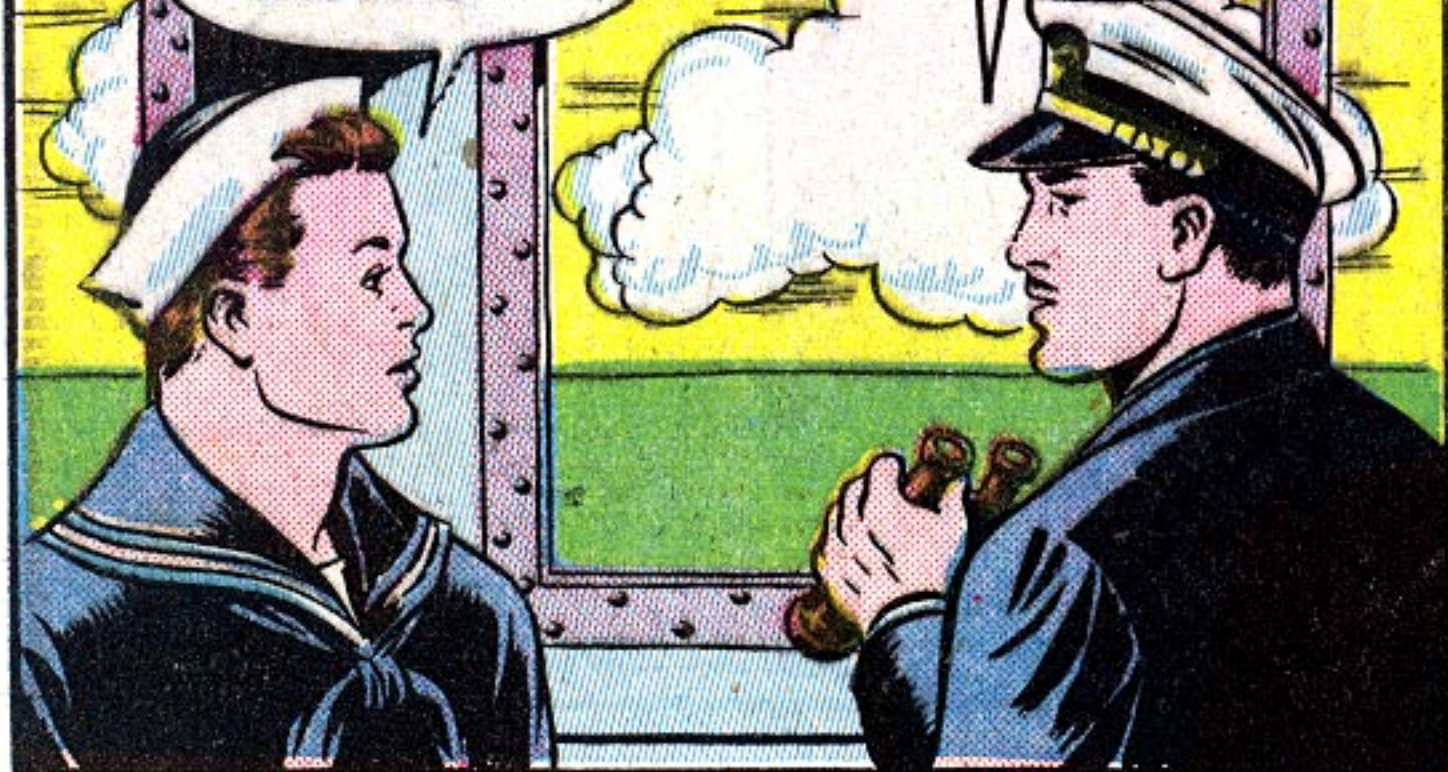


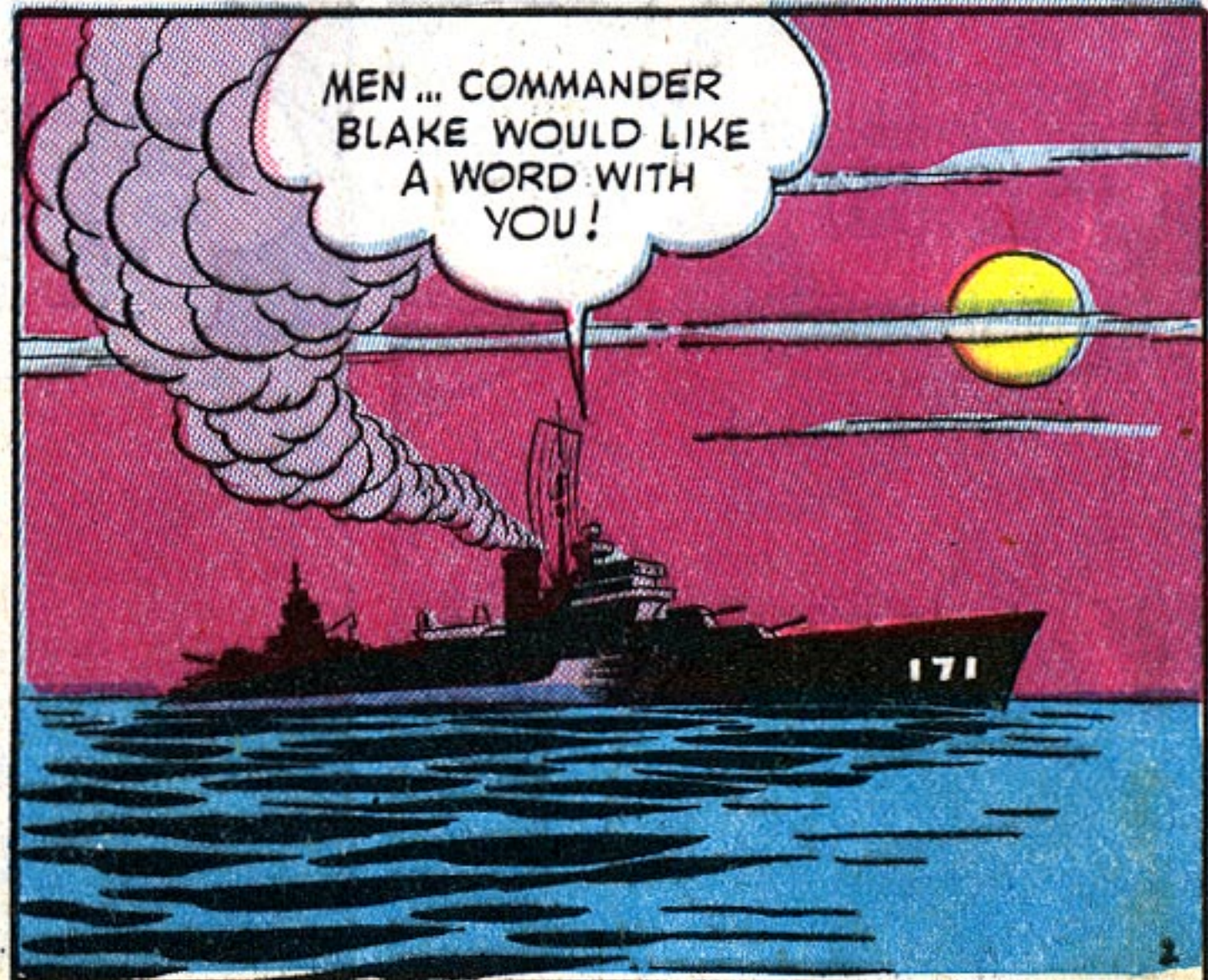
EXECUTIVE OFFICER CONROY RECEIVES A SAILOR ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "PAWNEE"

COMMANDER BLAKE SENDS HIS COMPLIMENTS, SIR! HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'VE SIGHTED THE "GHOST SHIP"!

TELL HIM WE'RE STILL CHASING THE WILD GOOSE!

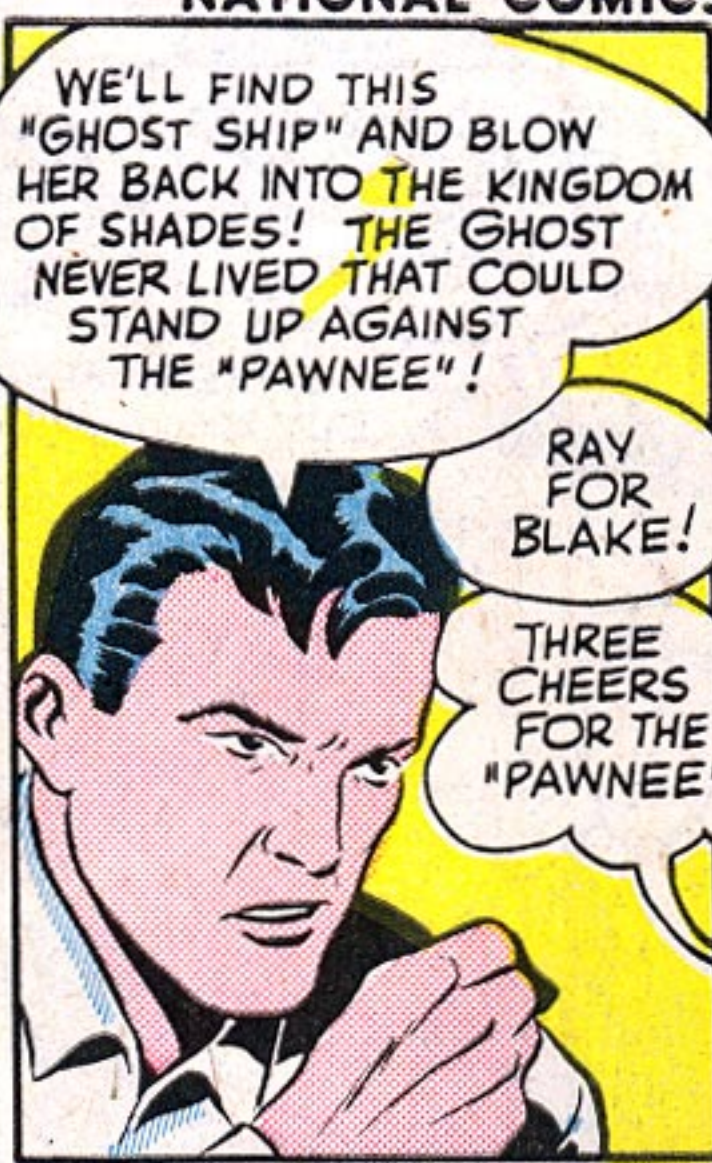
I DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS A GHOST SHIP! THE NAVY'S BLOWN THEIR TOP TO SEND A GOOD SHIP ON SUCH A CRAZY MISSION!







WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TIGHT PLACES BEFORE! WE'VE TAKEN ALL THE ENEMY CAN GIVE US IN STEEL AND FIRE ... AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE FRIGHTENED BY A GHOST!



WE'LL FIND THIS "GHOST SHIP" AND BLOW HER BACK INTO THE KINGDOM OF SHADES! THE GHOST NEVER LIVED THAT COULD STAND UP AGAINST THE "PAWNEE"!

RAY FOR BLAKE!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE "PAWNEE"!



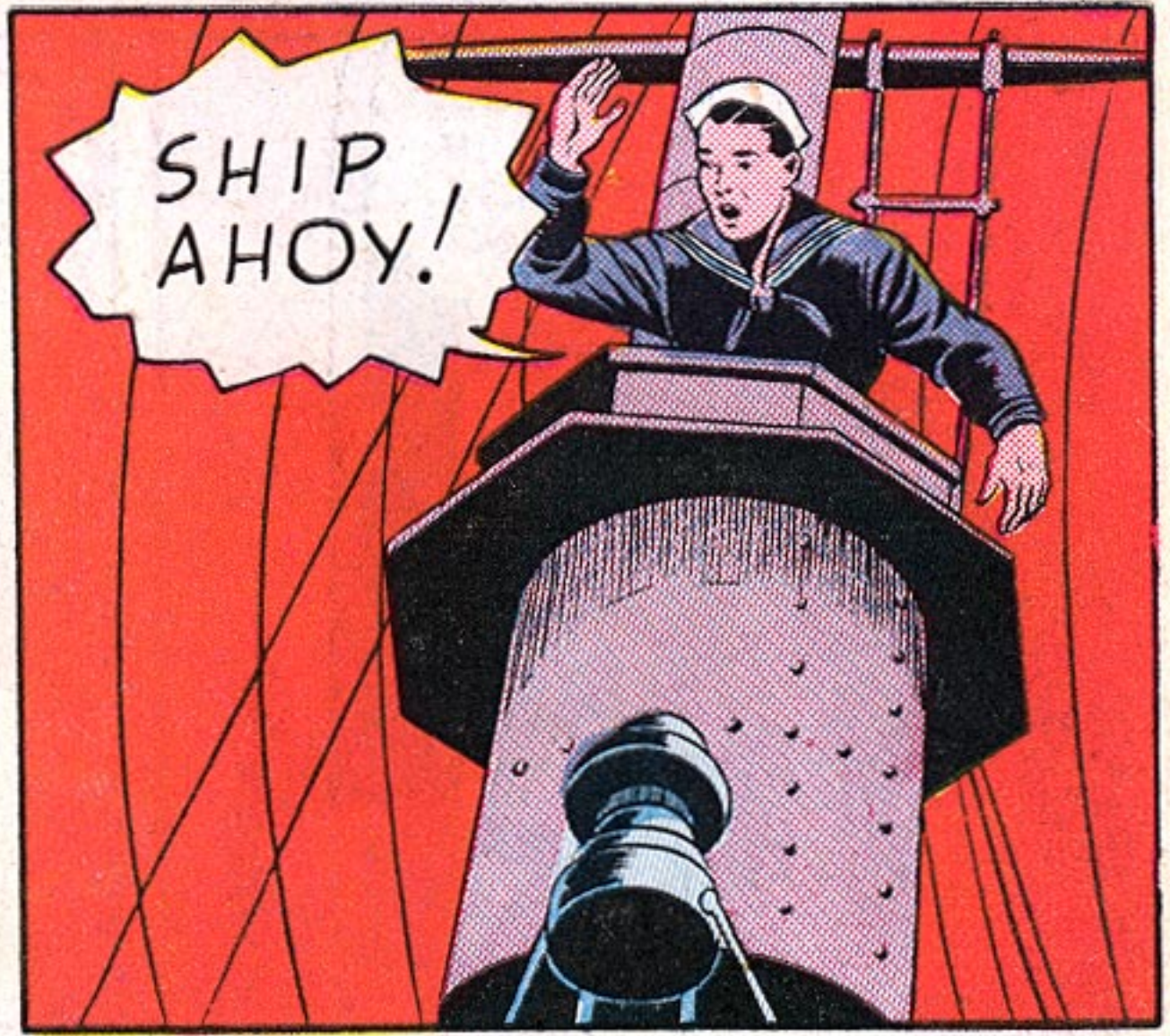
YOU DID IT, SIR! THE MEN WOULD FOLLOW YOU ON A CRUISE TO THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

THIS BUSINESS OF LOOKING FOR A SHIP WHICH NEVER APPEARS IS WEARING ON EVERY MAN'S NERVES! WE'D BETTER FIND THAT "GHOST SHIP" SOON!



I HOPE YOU'LL SOON FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE SHIP! I--I'M JUST NOT SUITED FOR THE JOB!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE AS GOOD A SEAMAN AS ANY I KNOW! YOU JUST LACK THE EXPERIENCE, CONROY!

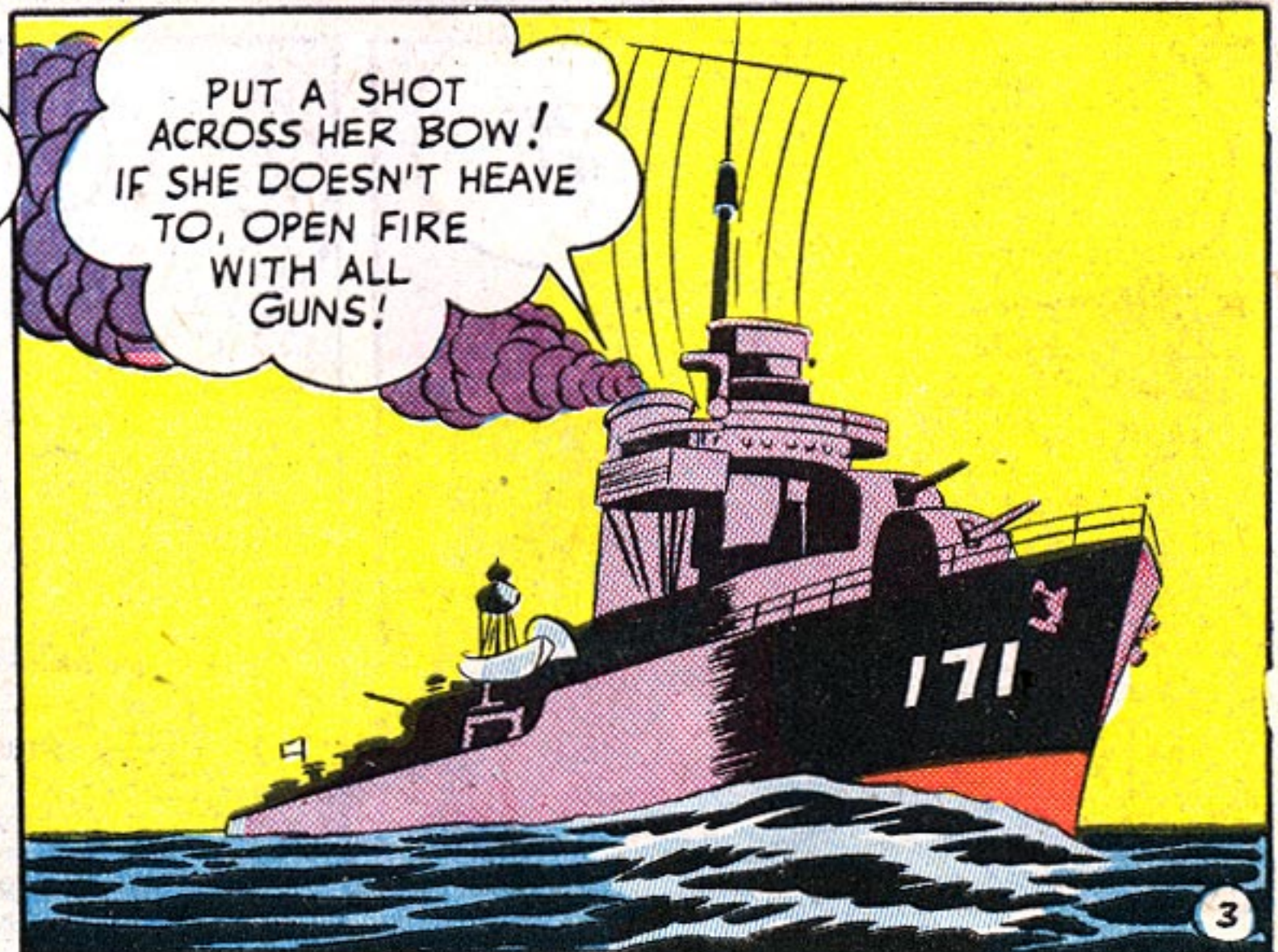


SHIP AHOY!

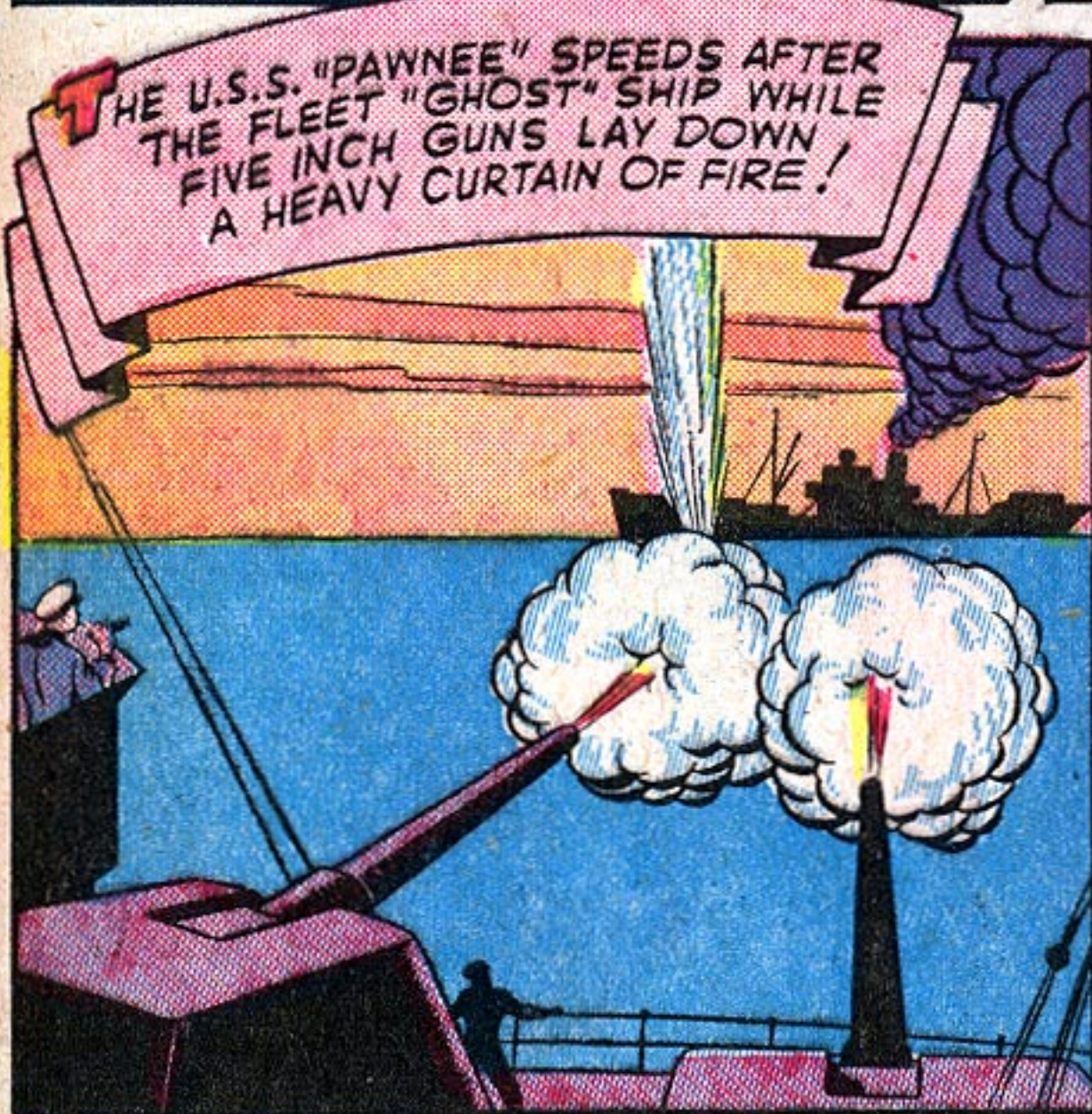
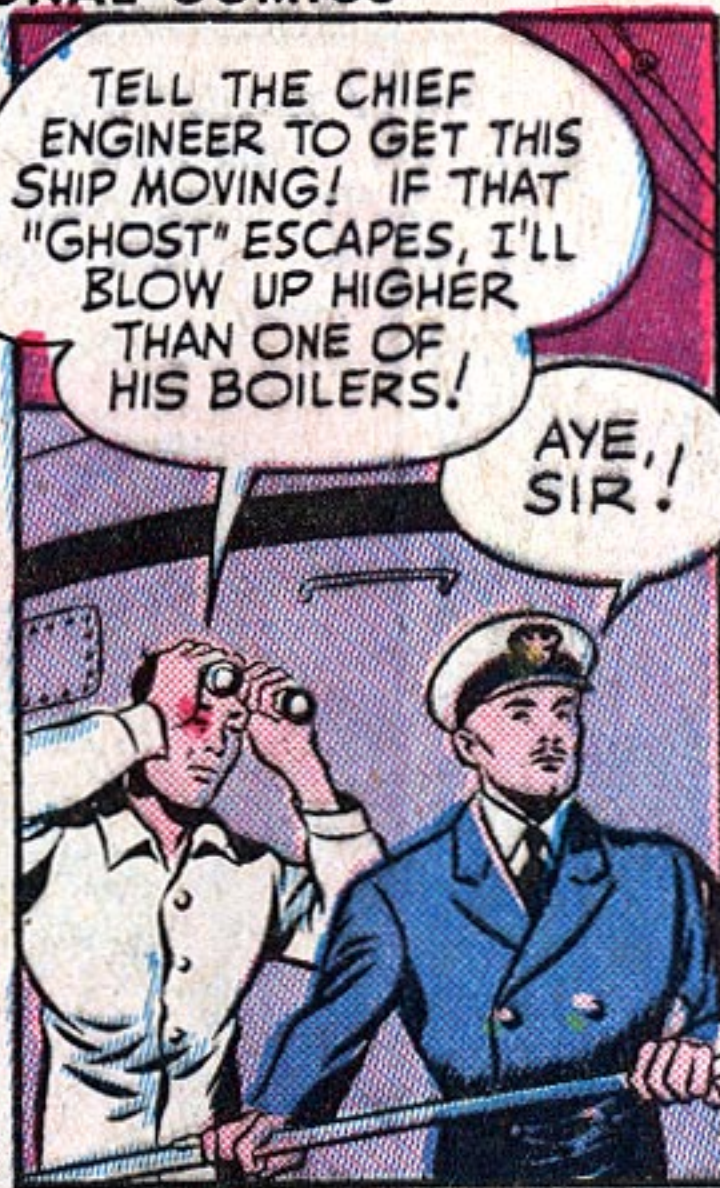


IT'S THE "GHOST"! ... SHE'S CAMOUFLAGED AND NOT SHOWING HER FLAG!

WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?



PUT A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW! IF SHE DOESN'T HEAVE TO, OPEN FIRE WITH ALL GUNS!



SEEKING SAFETY, THE ENEMY MERCHANTMAN PLUNGES INTO A CHANNEL FOULED BY FLOATING MASSES OF SEAWEED!

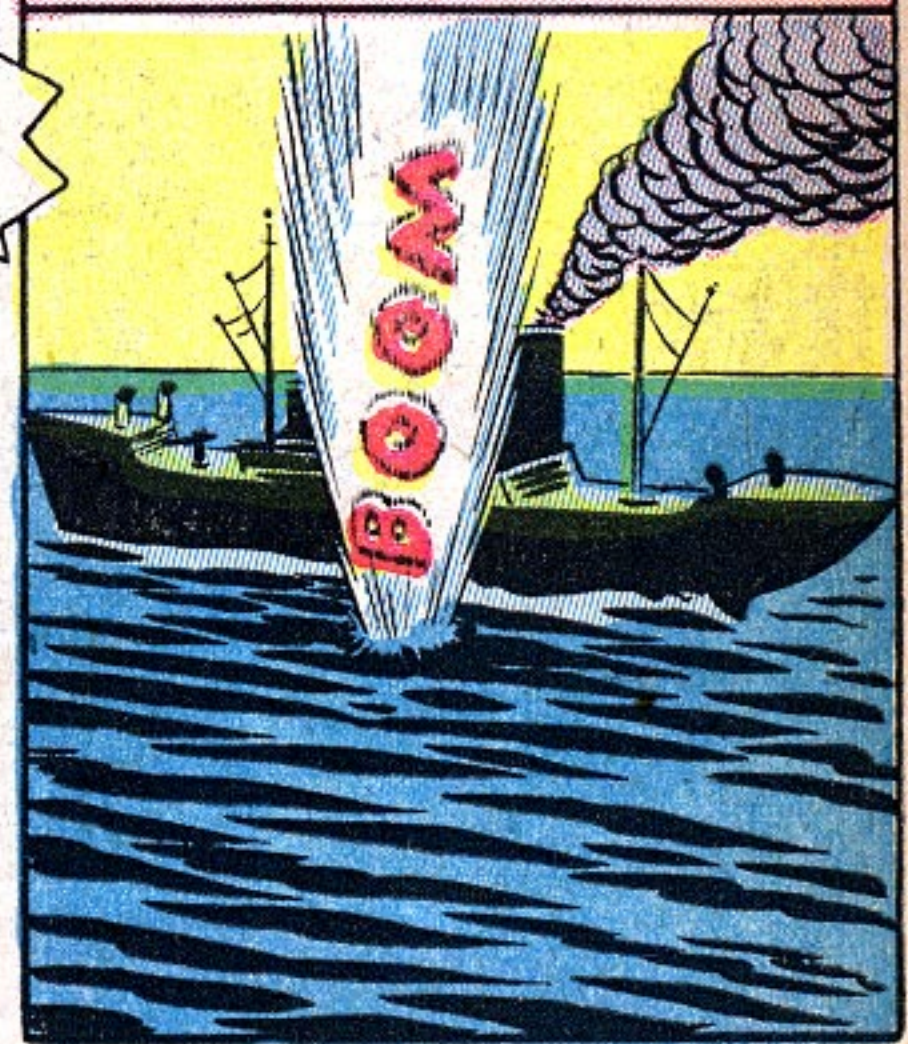


WE CAN'T FOLLOW HER THROUGH THAT MUCK!

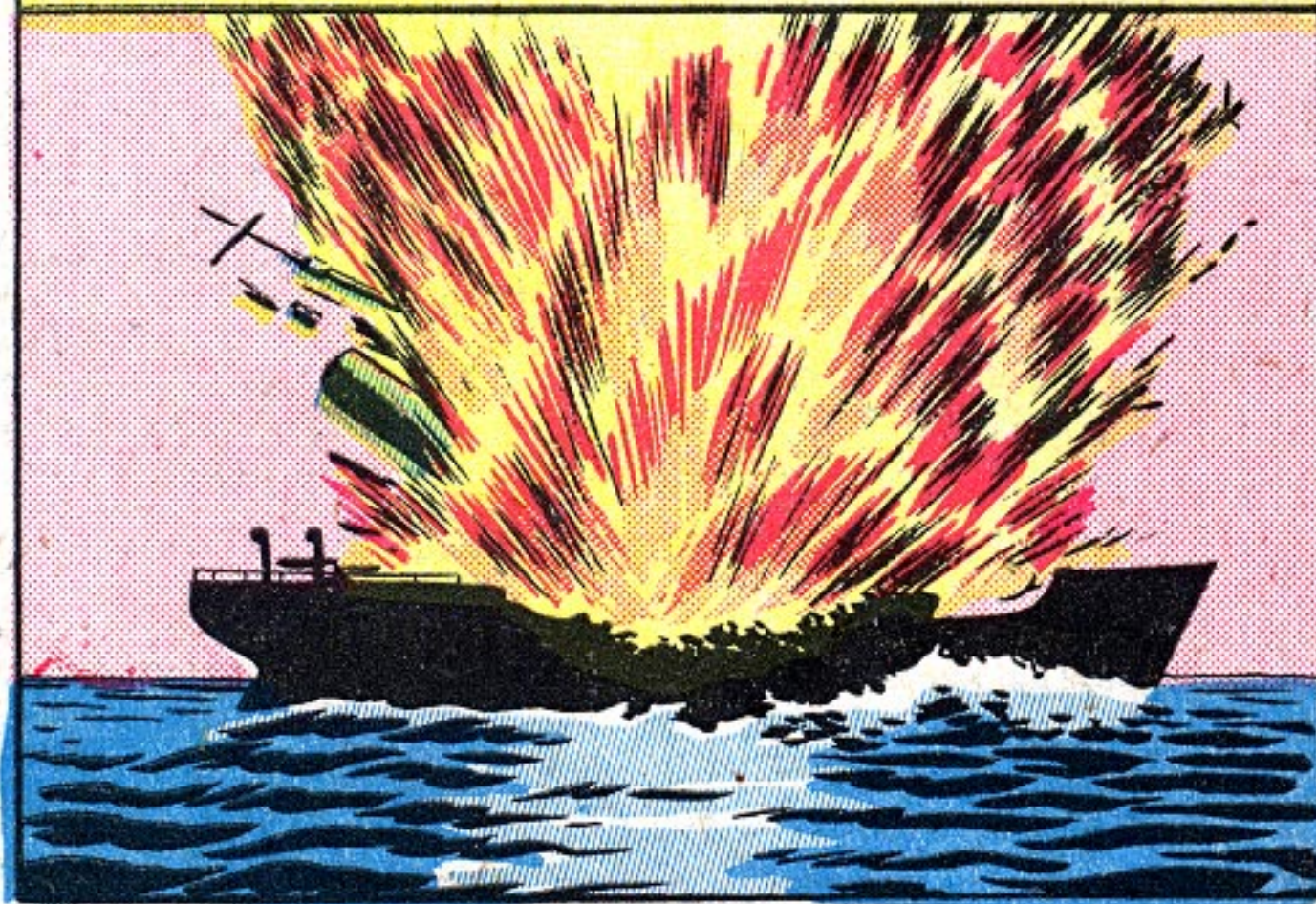
FIRE!



A FINAL SALVO SMASHES INTO THE SHIP JUST BELOW HER PLIMSOLL MARK!



A MOMENT LATER, A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION SIGNALS THE DOOM OF THE "GHOST SHIP"!



I THOUGHT SO! THE "GHOST" WAS LOADED WITH MUNITIONS! THAT LAST SHELL SET 'EM OFF!

WHEW!



THAT'S THE END OF OUR JOB, SIR!

ONLY THE BEGINNING, CONROY! THAT SHIP WAS CARRYING SUPPLIES FOR SUBS SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA! WE MUST... FIND.. AND DESTROY THOSE.. SUBS BEFORE... THEY... REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENED!...



TAKE... COMMAND, CONROY! I'M... ALL THROUGH!

COMMANDER BLAKE!

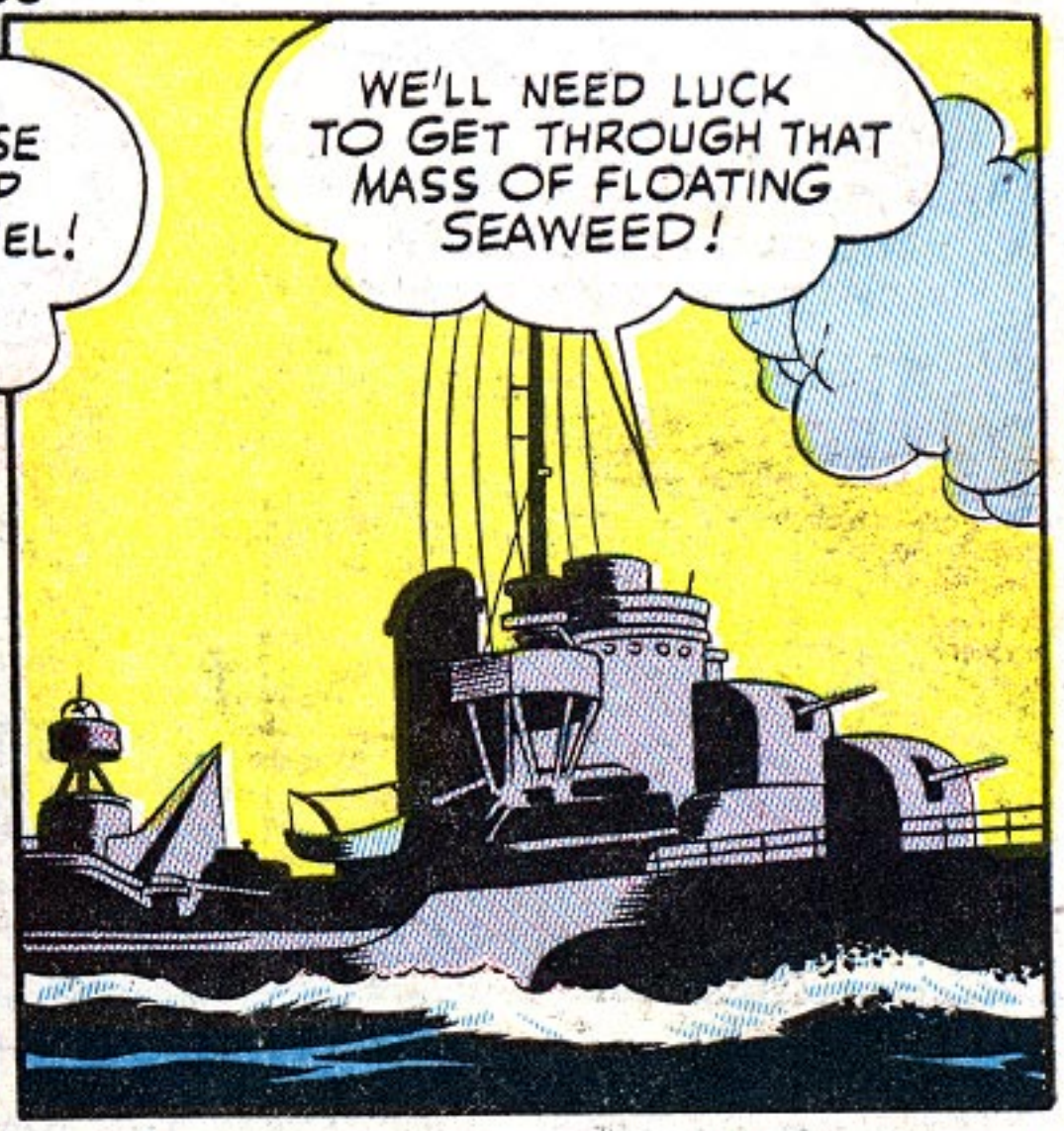




WHAT A MAN! HE CARRIED US THROUGH THAT FIGHT BEFORE HE COLLAPSED!



I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN! I'LL FIND THOSE SUBS! THE SUPPLY SHIP HEADED INTO THE CHANNEL! ... THAT SHOULD BE A PERFECT HIDEOUT FOR RAIDERS!



WE'LL NEED LUCK TO GET THROUGH THAT MASS OF FLOATING SEAWEED!



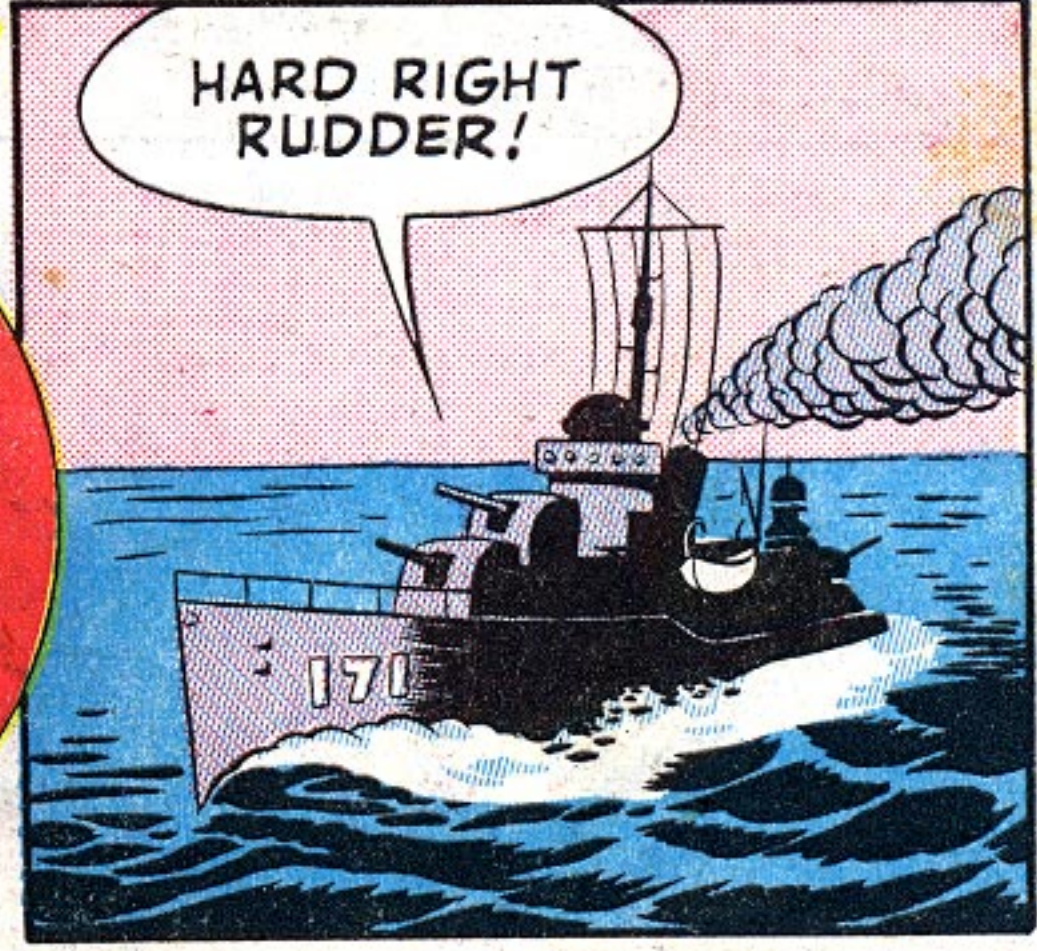
THE WEEDS ARE FOULING THE PROPELLERS, SIR!

KEEP GOING! WE'LL GO THROUGH THIS CHANNEL IF WE HAVE TO TEAR THE SHIP APART TO DO IT!



AT THE HYDROPHONE LISTENING DEVICE BELOW DECKS...

I HEAR A SUB'S MOTORS THREE POINTS TO STARBOARD!



HARD RIGHT RUDDER!



DEPTH BOMBS AWAY!!



CRASHING EXPLOSIONS BRING THE WOUNDED SUBMARINE TO THE SURFACE FOR AN INSTANT BEFORE IT HEELS OVER ON ITS SIDE AND PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM!...



THERE'S ONE SUB WHICH'LL DO NO MORE RAIDING! WE'RE

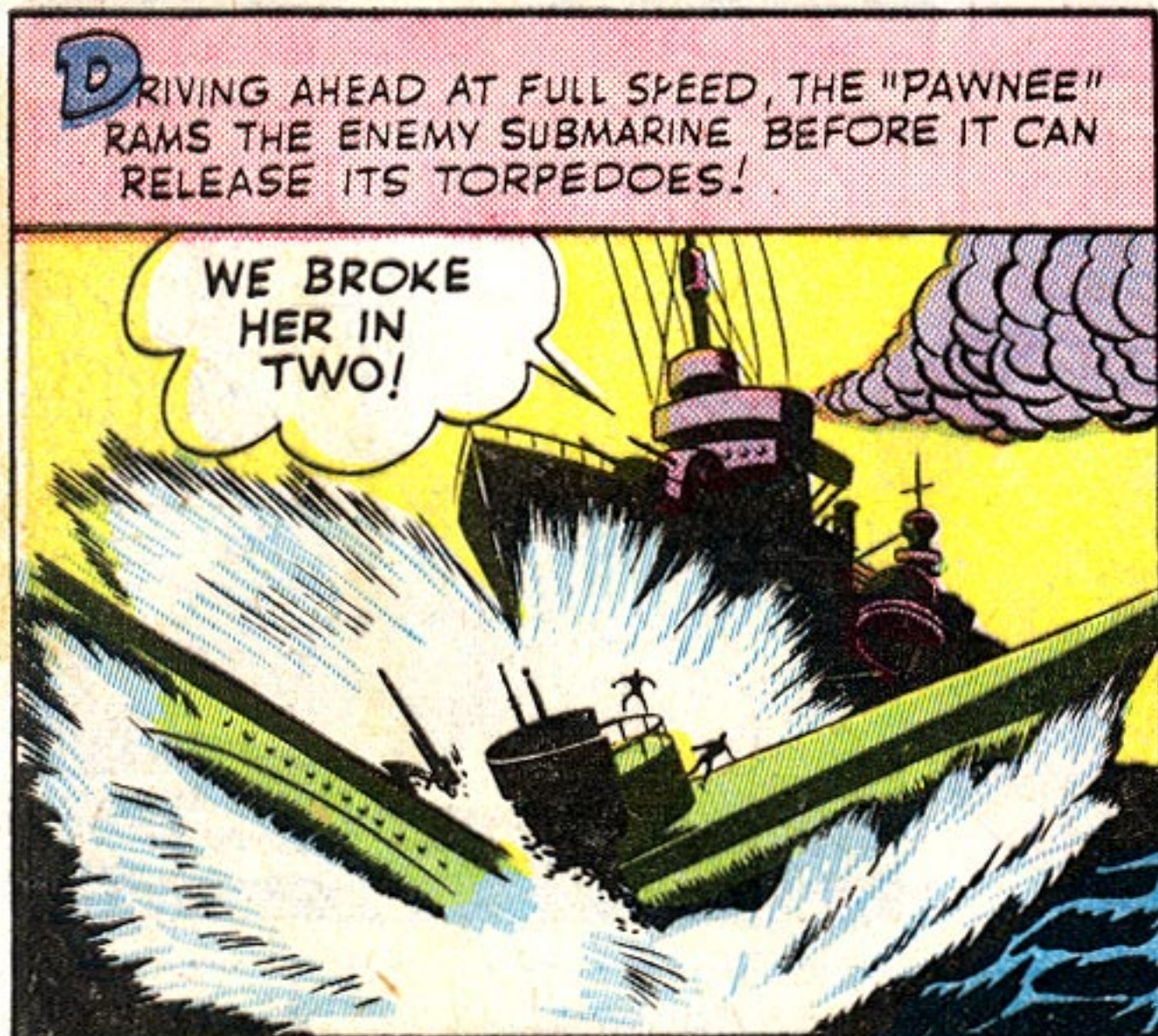
SHIP BEARING RED ONE ZERO!



ANOTHER SUB OFF THE PORT BOW! OUR PROPELLERS ARE TOO CHOKED TO MANEUVER! WE'RE SUNK, UNLESS...



PORT TEN... MIDSHIPS! STEADY AS SHE GOES!



DRIVING AHEAD AT FULL SPEED, THE "PAWNEE" RAMS THE ENEMY SUBMARINE BEFORE IT CAN RELEASE ITS TORPEDOES!

WE BROKE HER IN TWO!



Later... IN COMMANDER BLAKE'S CABIN...

YOU DID A FINE JOB, CONROY! ...

I HOPE SCUTTling THOSE TWO SUBS WILL GIVE YOU THE CONFIDENCE YOU NEED!

I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, SIR!



I'LL BE LAID UP FOR SOME TIME, CONROY! HANDLING THE "PAWNEE" WILL BE YOUR JOB! I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER MAN!

HERE'S THE PHARMACIST'S MATE TO LOOK YOU OVER! I'D BETTER BE LEAVING, SIR!



YOU'RE AS FIT AS A FIDDLE, COMMANDER! THERE HASN'T BEEN ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOU FOR TWO DAYS!

JUST BE SURE YOU DON'T LET CONROY FIND OUT! THAT BOY'S GOING TO MAKE A FINE NAVY MAN-- AS SOON AS HE GETS A LITTLE MORE EXPERIENCE! BESIDES, I NEED A VACATION!

SIGN UP WITH THE CREW OF DESTROYER 171 FOR MORE ACTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

TAKE YOUR PICK!



YOU can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

Boys

EARN THESE PRIZES AND MAKE MONEY TOO

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

MR JIM THAYER DEPT 21
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co
Springfield, Ohio

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 21
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away

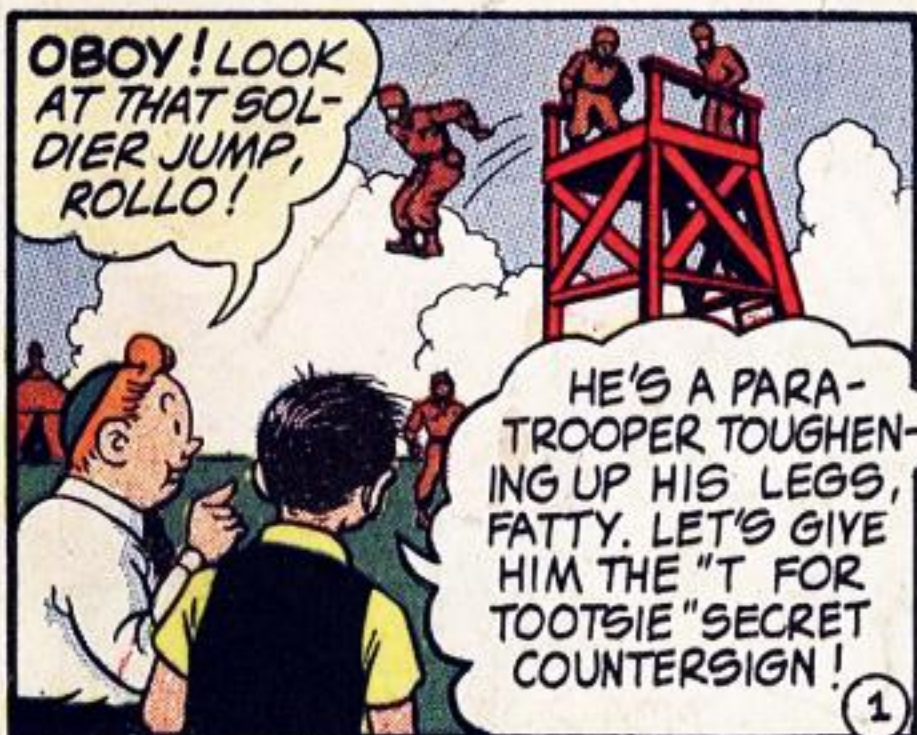
NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ (*)Postal Unit No. _____

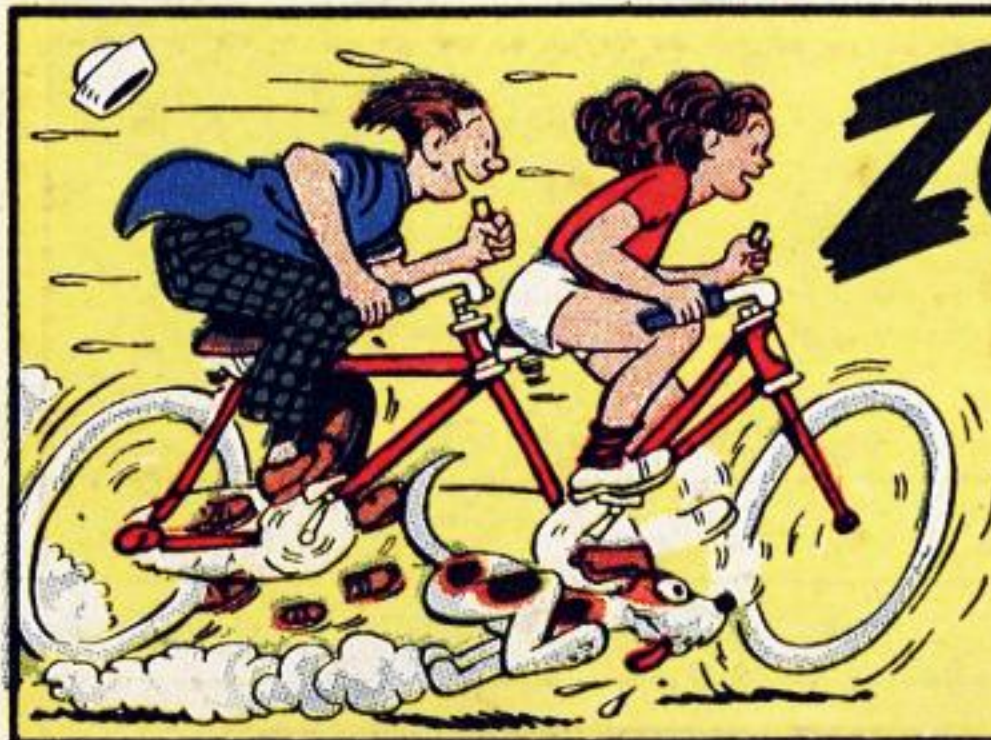
CITY _____ STATE _____ (*) If your city is so divided

Captain TOOTSIE AND THE BUMBERSHOOT JUMP!

BY ROD REED AND C. G. BECK



LATER... FATTY DOES A VERY FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS THING!



ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY from a Chewy, Chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

• Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're fine food! They're made with milk, enriched with dextrose — and give you energy you need to win! And they give you energy fast. You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles seconds after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie!



Still Only 1¢